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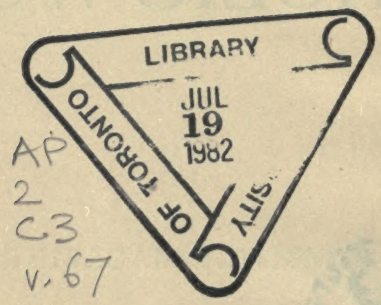

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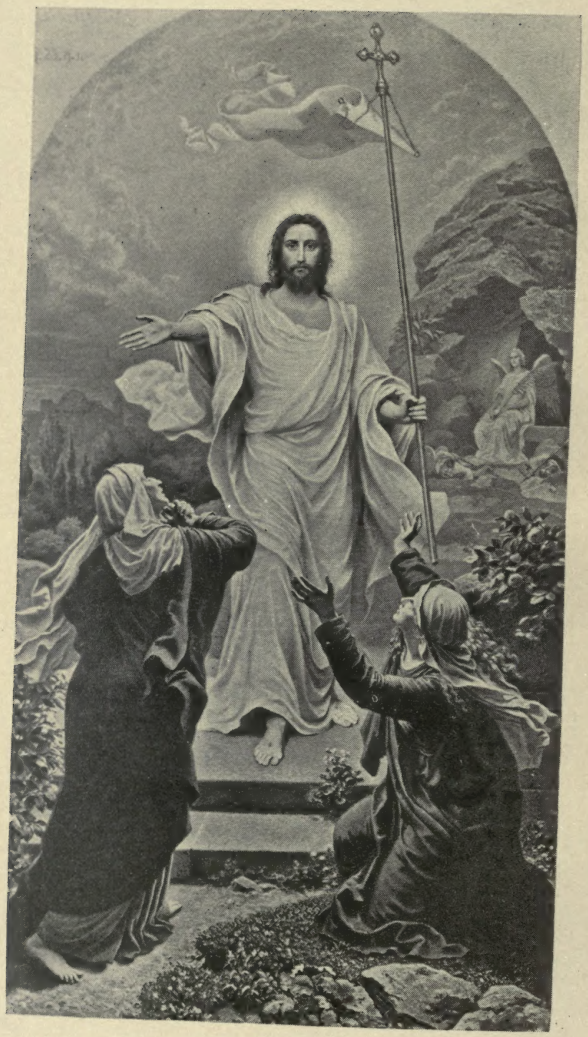

Since Thou, for us, wast crucified and slain,
Hast risen to the life that never dies,
Reveal Thy glory to our waiting eyes,
Come in Thy Majesty, oh Christ, and reign.

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Scimus Christum surrexisse a mortuis vere.

We know in truth, that Thou hast risen again,
Oh Paschal Victim, by whose Life we rise;
Who, in the golden dawn of Easter skies,
Didst triumph over death, and sin and pain:
Since Thou, for us, wast crucified and slain,
Hast risen to the life that never dies,
Reveal Thy glory to our waiting eyes,
Come in Thy Majesty, oh Christ, and reign.

We know that Thou hast risen; King of Life
Have mercy on Thy servants; oh be nigh,
Amid the grief wherewith our eye is rife;
And when in death, as Thou didst once, we lie,
For us, too, finished sorrow, toil and strife,
Call us to reign with Thee, oh Christ, on High

F. W. Grey

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MR. WARD'S CARDINAL WISEMAN.*

BY CHARLES A. L. MORSE.

BITTER experience has taught a good many readers to take up a *Life* of a noted ecclesiastic with only a faint hope that the book may not prove to be an attempt at premature beatification, and that, too, by a process so grotesquely one-sided that the reader blessed (or cursed) with any sense of proportion is apt to find himself, involuntarily, trying to fill the conspicuously neglected *rôle* of "devil's advocate." The biography that flies to the other extreme—that of narrow, venomous criticism masquerading under a thin disguise of candor—is, of course, somewhat in evidence nowadays (as witnesses the amazing Mr. Purcell's *Manning*), but as a description of a great man's character it is quite as false as, and infinitely more unpleasant reading, than the more popular uncritical eulogies. To strike the *via media* between these two extremes, to write with discriminating appreciation, is a task as difficult as it is rarely fulfilled, but it is unquestionably a task which Mr. Wilfrid Ward has accomplished with exquisite nicety of touch in his *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.*

When it was announced that Mr. Ward was to undertake the writing of Wiseman's life, the reading world of two continents awaited the results of his labor with eagerness. His two volumes dealing with his father's life (*William George Ward and the Oxford Movement* and *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival*) proved Mr. Wilfrid Ward an absolute master of the biographer's art. His *Wiseman* can only add to his fame. While it may be possible to differ from his view of certain controversies and transactions with which Cardinal Wiseman was to a greater or less extent concerned, it is not possible to question the honesty of his opinions, the breadth of his knowledge, or the painstaking fairness of his methods. As the title of his book indicates, he has not confined himself to a narration of Wiseman's life alone, but has given us, besides a vivid picture of that great man's personality and

* *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman.* By Wilfrid Ward. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

career, a study, distinguished by a fine sense of proportion, of that significant period of modern history beginning with the restoration of Pius VII. to his capital and ending with the publication of the famous *Syllabus Errorum* of Pius IX.

THE NOTES OF THE CELT IN WISEMAN.

Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, born in Seville in 1802, and destined to be one of the leading spirits in that great transition period for the church in England, which witnessed its emancipation from the catacombs of the era of the penal laws into the bright freedom and vigorous life of its present condition, was not an Englishman. The son of a Spanish merchant of Irish descent, the cardinal retained to his dying day two obvious characteristics of an essentially un-English type—an intense impressionableness, due to his Celtic blood, and what Cardinal Manning described as "a certain grandeur of conception in all that related to the works, the creations, and the worship of the church which [was] evidently from Catholic Spain." His English life, prior to his being named coadjutor to Bishop Walsh in 1840, was limited to a period of six years (1810–16) when he was a pupil at Ushaw, and to a few months in 1835–6 while he delivered a series of lectures in England and founded the *Dublin Review*. From 1816 to 1840 he was almost constantly in residence at Rome, first as student in, and later as rector of, the English College—during which long period he became fairly saturated with the Roman spirit, a fact destined to have the greatest possible effect upon his lines of action in England, and to which he owed, in no small degree, his ultimate triumph over the obstacles he there encountered. Appointed coadjutor to Bishop Walsh, of the old "Central District" of England, at the early age of thirty-eight, but already with a European reputation as a man of brilliant parts, Wiseman took up his residence at Oscott, as president of that college, September 16, 1840. It was the formal beginning of his great life-work—that work which, in his biographer's epigrammatic phrase, "found the Catholics of England a persecuted sect and left them a church."

Probably few Americans will have had any adequate knowledge, before reading Mr. Ward's book, of the difficulties which Wiseman encountered in his work for the Church in England, or of how essential it was that a prelate of just his type should have the task of reanimating the cowed and timorous hereditary English Catholics, and of safely

amalgamating with them the enthusiastic, and not always quite reasonable, element brought into the church by the Oxford movement. The Catholic remnant in England at the time of Wiseman's advent was practically in a state of coma as the result of three hundred years of persecution. Mr. Ward gives us a concise history of those three centuries in a chapter called "The English 'Papists'"—a chapter which is such a masterly bit of history-writing, clear, unprejudiced, absolutely convincing, that one can only wish it may be published in tract form by the Catholic Truth Society of England, and thus appeal to a larger and more mixed audience than it is likely to reach in its present form. With strong, deft touches he traces the sad story of the English Catholics from the last days of Henry VIII. to the time of O'Connell and emancipation in 1829. Fair-minded Catholics can have nothing but praise for his treatment of Mary Tudor's short, unhappy reign—a reign marked by acts of violence on the part of the Catholic party which too many of our historians have sought to palliate to an unwarranted extent (a fact explained, of course, by the malicious exaggerations indulged in by Protestant historians), but which are abhorrent to all right-thinking men, and which form, as Mr. Ward says, "the explanation, although not the justification, of many a flagrant wrong endured by Catholics in later times." Of those wrongs he gives, in his review of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and the Dutch William, a vivid picture and one the more impressive from its simplicity of treatment and total freedom from exaggerated shadows. Mr. Ward calls this historical sketch "the *romantic* story of the English Catholics," but *tragic* might seem the better adjective, for a tragedy it was, and when at last the iron clutch of the penal laws was loosened, their victims lay a crushed, inanimate remnant of less than seventy thousand souls out of a population of twelve millions. A spark of vitality was there, for where the breath of divine faith exists death can never conquer absolutely, and it was Wiseman's task to fan that spark into a steady flame. But centuries of persecution had left upon the English Catholics those two marks which ever distinguish the victims of tyranny, timidity and suspicion. When Wiseman arrived in England time enough had not elapsed since emancipation for the Catholics to free themselves "from the habits of thought which had become hereditary—the sense of hopeless inequality survived when the reality had in great measure passed away"; and the young prelate, naturally impetuous, sanguine as the Celt ever

is, fresh from the invigorating Catholic atmosphere of the city of the popes, encountered from the English clergy a feeling of cold disapprobation for what they considered his dangerous adventuresomeness that caused him untold suffering.

WISEMAN AND THE "TRACTARIANS."

This distrust of Wiseman's policy was heightened by the attitude which he at once assumed towards the Oxford movement in the Established Church. The English Catholics regarded the "Tractarians" with extreme suspicion; in their thought nothing good could come from the persecuting Establishment, and so able a man as Lingard (the historian) distrusted the honesty of the Oxford men, while a Catholic clergyman named Rathbone went so far as to publish a pamphlet exposing what he deemed the treachery of the authors of the *Tracts for the Times* and announced that "the embrace of Mr. Newman is the kiss that will betray us." Wiseman, on the other hand, was full of hope that the teaching of Newman and Pusey would result, in the event, in a Romeward movement on the part of the new party. Confident that the Oxford men were sincere, his one aim was to do all in his power to aid them in their journey towards the truth. Sympathetic gentleness of manner and a judicious statement of the Catholic view of mooted points, he felt, was the proper course for the English Catholics, and he frankly denounced the attitude of cold suspicion which they were inclined to assume towards the "Tractarians." Wiseman had followed closely, even while in Rome, the growth of the Oxford movement, and as he expressed it at a later date, he had "never for an instant wavered in a full conviction that [with that movement] a new era had commenced in England." An article from his pen on St. Augustine and the Donatists, published in the *Dublin Review* for July, 1839, aroused in Newman his first doubts concerning the Anglican communion, and Wiseman's course throughout those critical years prior to Newman's conversion cannot be too highly praised. In 1845 Newman and Ward and Ambrose St. John and Dalgairns and Albany Christie, and a host of followers both clerical and lay—the very flower of intellectual and religious England—renounced Anglicanism and were received into the church; Wiseman's cherished hopes were fulfilled and the wisdom of his course proved beyond question.

It would be interesting to follow in detail Mr. Ward's sympathetic account of Cardinal Wiseman's work in reconciling

the two conflicting elements in English Catholicism due to the incoming of the Oxford converts—elements represented on the one side by the ultra-conservative, somewhat timorous, but solidly pious hereditary Catholics, and on the other side by the enthusiastic, intellectually alert neophytes—but the limits of this paper will not admit of such extended notice. Suffice to say, that the work was done with consummate skill. "Roman" to his finger-tips, Wiseman's long residence in the Eternal City had endowed him with that most distinguishing trait of Rome's spirit—a large tolerance—and he succeeded in the event in amalgamating the two elements to a remarkable degree. To Wiseman's influence at this period may be traced the birth of those qualities which seem, to a trans-Atlantic observer, the obvious marks of English Catholicism to-day—a high degree of intellectual cultivation and fearlessness combined with solid faith and an enthusiastic devotion to the Holy See.

England's Panic over the Re-establishment of an English Hierarchy.

While Wiseman was in the midst of his work of reconciliation an unexpected and peculiarly violent storm of opposition burst upon him from the outside world. In August, 1850, he was summoned to Rome, and at a consistory held September 30 was nominated cardinal priest, with the title of St. Pudentia. The day preceding, Pius IX. had issued his brief re-establishing an hierarchy in England, naming Wiseman as the first Archbishop of Westminster. On October 8 the new cardinal-archbishop formally announced the establishment of an English hierarchy in the celebrated pastoral "from out the Flaminian Gate of Rome." Protestant England was at once convulsed with rage. The *Times* thundered its anathemas against pope and cardinal, the prime minister (Lord John Russell) and the lord chancellor fulminated with tongue and pen against "Papal aggression," the Anglican bishops added their voices to the uproar by a series of utterances of unparalleled violence and intolerance—"Rome's ever-wakeful ambition is plotting for our captivity and ruin," "Rome clings to her abominations," "her claims are profane, blasphemous, and anti-Christian," "England is defiled by her pollutions," "foreign intruders," "foreign bondage," "crafts of Satan," "slough of Romanism," are a few of these reverend gentlemen's shrieks quoted by Mr. Ward. Naturally the example of uncontrolled rancor given by those in high places awakened the mob, and for weeks a series of

popular disturbances kept the country in a state of agitation; the pope and the cardinal were burned in effigy, mobs paraded the different towns carrying placards inscribed "Down with tyranny," "Down with popery," "No foreign priesthood," the windows of Catholic churches were broken and priests were stoned. "In short," to quote Mr. Aubrey de Vere, "one of the wisest nations in the world went mad, and stood for months gesticulating furiously, a spectacle to an astonished world," and for a time it seemed as though the horrors of the Gordon riots of the last century were to be enacted again.

THE CARDINAL'S "APPEAL TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE."

In the midst of the excitement Cardinal Wiseman arrived in England from Rome. His command of the situation was superb. He at once realized that aside from the blatant bigotry which was venting its spleen, the popular fury was caused in some degree by a misconception of his pastoral. That letter, composed in the somewhat bouncing style into which he not infrequently fell in writing, contained expressions easily understood in their true sense by Catholics, but which had aroused the suspicions of a prejudiced and ignorant Protestant people. Within a week of his arrival he wrote and published, amid the constant interruptions of the crisis, an "Appeal to the English People," a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, prefaced by a brief explanation of the true scope of the measure which had caused so great a storm. Its effect was instantaneous; "it did not, indeed, put an end to the battle, but it created a pause—a silence of attention." He took advantage of this "silence of attention" to encourage his somewhat bewildered flock and to make further appeals to the Protestant world in lectures and sermons, and gradually the storm died out. The government had gone too far to back down at once before the advancing restoration of common sense to the people, and Parliament passed the absurd "Ecclesiastical Titles" bill, an act which was never enforced and a few years later was quietly repealed. So the "Papal aggression" tumult died out, thanks largely to Wiseman's course of action, without any worse result (beside that of showing to what folly religious prejudice can commit a sensible people) than the enriching of our language by Newman's lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics," delivered at Wiseman's request soon after the storm, in which Newman's powers of satire, pathos, invective, and pleading reached high-water mark, and which must remain, so long as

the English language lasts, an unapproachable example of that great man's mastery of our common tongue. Wiseman's course throughout this crisis marked him for all time as a man of strength and force. It is best described in the words of Newman, quoted by Mr. Ward: "Highly as I put his gifts, I was not prepared for such a display of vigor, power, judgment, sustained energy, as the last two months brought. . . . It is the event of the time. In my remembrance there has been nothing like it."

THE LAYING OF A GHOST.

The affair of Archbishop Errington and the Westminster succession which troubled the last years of Cardinal Wiseman's career, and of which Mr. Purcell saw fit to give so distorted and distressing a version in his *Manning*, is explained with the utmost candor by Mr. Ward, and he has for ever laid the phantom, composed of equal parts of intrigue, envy, and malice, that Manning's biographer raised for the delectation of a sceptical public. Those who followed the controversy that raged in the periodical press after the publication of Mr. Purcell's book and noted how much was made of Mr. Gladstone's wail (with its innuendo of bad faith) over the alleged destruction of Manning's Anglican letters, will enjoy the quiet irony of the following foot-note in Mr. Ward's book: "The letters referred to, the writer will be glad to know, were never destroyed, but are still where they have long been, among Cardinal Manning's papers."

In 1865 Cardinal Wiseman died, and was buried amid such a demonstration of popular affection and grief as, according to the London *Times*, does "not often mark the funerals of our most illustrious dead." That he had accomplished a work of incalculable value to England in the breaking-down of non-Catholic prejudice, the winning of a respectful attention to the faith from intelligent men, and the upbuilding and strengthening of the Church in that country during a critical period, must be the judgment of every reader of Mr. Ward's history of his life.

Of the marvellous growth in material strength of the church in England under Wiseman some conception may be gained from the following statistics, taken from his *Life*: "In 1830 the number of priests in England was 434; in 1863 they numbered 1,242. The converts in 1830 amounted to only 16; in 1863 they were 162. There were no religious houses of men or monasteries in 1830; in 1863 there were 55."

It has been attempted in the preceding pages to give the merest outline of the picture which his biographer gives us of Cardinal Wiseman as a great English prelate, but that was only one phase of his richly endowed character. He was a man possessed of remarkably diversified gifts—gifts so diversified as to bewilder somewhat his more phlegmatic English critics, who called him "facile"—and in nothing has Mr. Ward shown himself more strikingly the artist than by the skilful way in which he has seized each varying phase of his subject's many-sided personality, so blending them into an harmonious whole as to give us a life-like portrait of the man in his entirety. We see Wiseman as the brilliant orientalist and philologist, who at the early age of twenty-six had won a European reputation by his *Horæ Syriacæ*, as the intellectually alert man, fully abreast of his times, giving at the age of thirty-three a series of lectures in Rome on the "Connection between Science and Revealed Religion"—lectures dealing, as Mr. Ward well says, "with exactly what learned men are most disposed to attend to—the most recent theories and discussions in various sciences."

WISEMAN'S VERSATILITY.

Again, at a later date, we see him, as the man of wide culture, lecturing in London upon such varied themes as "Home Education of the Poor," "Crimean War," "Roman Excavations," "Perception of Beauty in Ancients and Moderns," and "The Best Mode of Collecting and Arranging a National Gallery of Paintings." We are made to realize that in the world he held a recognized position as an original thinker and writer on language, archæology, science, art, and literature, while in the church he was an authority on liturgical questions, and himself declared the "poetry and symbolism of the Catholic liturgy the subject of his greatest interest and enthusiasm."

There, too, is the Wiseman who wrote one of the great successes of modern fiction—*Fabiola*, which scored an instantaneous acknowledgment in England, on the Continent, and in America, and yet retains its hold upon the popular mind in spite of forty-odd years of changing taste since its first appearance. It is, by the way, an amusing thing to learn what a shock a novel-writing cardinal was to Roman ideas of dignity, and what a "terrible commotion" there was among his cardinalitial brethren when they first learned that Wiseman had written "a romance."

THE "HUMAN" SIDE OF THE PRELATE.

The lovable human side of the great prelate's character is delightfully limned by Mr. Ward, when he draws the man who formed strong friendships and was a bit unreasonable in his demands of perfect sympathy for, and harmony with, all his views on the part of his friends, and who found an interest in domestic pets and was the well-beloved companion of little children. His love for children and his genial enjoyment of the "little things" which make life pleasant, are shown in a charming story related to Mr. Ward by Cardinal Vaughan. On a certain occasion Wiseman was to open a church at Hertford. "Great preparations had been made for his reception at the station; but when the train arrived the cardinal would not get out, but sat still, enveloped in his large cloak. 'Send Father Vaughan here,' he insisted. When Father Vaughan made his way to the carriage the cardinal greeted him with a humorous and mysterious expression. 'I have something to give you,' he said, and raising his cloak disclosed a small boy, Father Vaughan's brother Bernard, whom he had brought as a 'surprise' for the occasion; he then sat back in the train laughing like a child at the success of his joke."

This fascinating book gives us, too, a remarkably clear and interesting view of the European Catholic world during the first sixty-five years of the present century. We see Döllinger and Lamennais before they fell—glimpses of pathetic interest in view of what came later. Châteaubriand, De Maistre, Montalembert, Lacordaire, Dupanloup, pass across the stage. That remarkable group of German converts, Schlegel, Görres, Overbeck, Cornelius, L. von Stolberg—are there. The thrilling *renaissance* of Catholic Europe, after the gloom and desolation of the dying eighteenth century, is pictured in vivid colors; we see, too, the Rome that has passed away—Rome before the Piedmontese usurpation laid its disfiguring touch upon her; we catch foregleams of the Vatican Council, and see the advancing shadow of the robbery from the Popes of the Patrimony of St. Peter.

Mr. Ward ends his book with an epilogue on "The Exclusive Church and the Zeitgeist." This is a subtle analysis of that problem which is the basis of the higher controversy of our day—the true relationship between Catholicism and the tendencies of modern thought. It is a chapter of deepest interest to thoughtful American Catholics, as is in fact every chapter of Mr. Ward's masterly book.

"MARY, ANSWERING, SAITH UNTO JESUS, RABBONI: THAT IS TO SAY, MASTER."
—*John xx.* 16.

MADRE MARIA'S HOPE.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

I.

A WAYSIDE CALVARY.

THREE little boys passed under the cross, which stretched its rude arms across the burning sky of Italy. The climb to the mountain-top had tortured a hot scarlet into their cheeks, their eyes had a wild brightness in the sunshine, and the sweat dripped from their faces to their breasts. They could not speak for their beating hearts.

Luigi Roseti ran back for little Margherita Ricardo, who stood in the path with tears in her eyes. She could not make the marching-time the boys did, but the tears only glistened in her eyes, they did not fall. Luigi's strong little heart was thrilled at her courage, for she was little—so little she still wore the coarse white linen slips of a baby. He was sorry she was not as strong as he was, and, although he was wearier than the others, he ran back for her.

"Come, bambino," he cried, dragging her by the hand, "it is the hour."

Margherita looked at him a moment, wondering at the words. Luigi looked at her too, wonderingly, for she was strange to his Southern eyes. She had the flaxen hair and the pallor which make an angel in Italy.

Pietro Valdi was already climbing the cross when they reached the spot.

"No, Pietro," said his brother Nino, a year older than Pietro and then only seven, "come down; Luigi is the oldest. He must be crucified."

"Come down, Pietro," Luigi called. "I will be Jesus."

Pietro came down sadly. Nino twisted a wreath of green thorns and laid it on Luigi's black curls. Little Margherita had heard the women talking about the Passion Play the night before, and her mother had told her that Joseph Meyer, who took the part of Christ, was not hurt, only very tired for many days after. It flashed over her now what the boys were doing.

"I can hang myself to the cross, Nino, but I cannot get free, so you must come back for me at three," said Luigi softly.

He climbed the cross with the might and grace of his little hands and hung himself to it by a flax rope. The boys looked up at him with eyes blinded by the sun.

"Come down, Luigi," said little Margherita; but Luigi did not speak.

"Come home now, Margherita. Nino and I will come back for Luigi at three. We're only practising for the Passion Play. Once, when Luigi was a baby, the fishing-boats did not come home, and the village was starving, and an artist painted a picture of Luigi's mother as the Madonna, and then Madre Maria bought bread for the village. Luigi and Nino and I will soon be men. If the village is in need again, we can have the Passion Play, and many people will come from Rome to see it, and you, Margherita, can be the Madonna; so come home now, bambino."

He and Nino started down the mountain, but Margherita would not follow.

"Luigi," she murmured, winding her little arms around the foot of the cross, "are you thirsty?" But the boy hung there in ecstasy. A thorn pressed into his temple and the blood purled over his cheek.

"Madre Maria will be crying for you, Luigi!"

The lashes fluttered over his eyes at his mother's name.

"Come down, Luigi. Madre Lucia told me last night that Jesus died on the cross to make us happy. Are you happy, Luigi?"

The cross did not tremble under his frail figure and the earth was still. The child Margherita stayed, and the birds gathered on the arms of the cross and sang as if sin had never touched the world.

Luigi never knew how it was that his mother, passing the wayside cross on her way to the convent with the nuns' linens, saw him and took him down from the cross and carried him home on her gray donkey—he and little Margherita and the convent linens, a sorry weight for Giovannino. It was many days before he could go with old Mario to the wine-press. A fever seized him, and he was content to be carried out to the meadow every morning in his mother's arms and to lie in the grass and watch the sheep.

"Madre mia," he said one afternoon, "when I lie still and

close my eyes I can hear the birds singing as they sang when I hung on the cross. It is the music of Good Friday."

Maria laid her hand over his eyes and sat trembling and thrilled. She scarce dared look at Luigi these days, lest the village should see in her eyes the hope in her heart. It was a mighty hope to Maria's pure heart. It made holocausts of her smiles and tears. Only Padre Filippo divined it. It was her secret and his, and it stood between them like an angel of God.

"Luigi," she said to the child, "you must not think so much about the cross and the birds. The cross of Jesus is a gospel of gladness to the world it redeemed. You have a sad nature, like mine. I want you to have your father's soul. He was like the sea, Luigi mio—rough some days, but with the sun ever shining on his heart, as it does on the wild waves. Have you not seen how little Margherita and her mother are always laughing in the fields? Yet Margherita's mother is a saint, and Padre Filippo—he is smiling always and he so poor!"

"Luigi has a poet's heart," Padre Filippo murmured, pausing where the mother sat with the boy's head on her knees. "He needs to watch the flocks and let that wild little Nino light the altar-candles. The scent of the fields, the bleating of the lambs in the dawn, the salting of the sheep in the starlight, the drinking of the grape-juice from old Mario's wine-press—these are what Luigi needs to make his body grow as great as his soul!"

"Yes, padre," said Maria, with a glad smile.

Luigi looked out dreamily over the meadow. The grass ran down to the brook and finished with a fringe of lilies. He raised himself on his elbow to watch old Mario leading the donkey about, with little Margherita on its woolly back. It was his mother's donkey, and for her birth-day old Madre Pellegini had woven him a gay blue bridle to give to her. The laughing child and the donkey and Mario, so black with sunburn, were a wondrous picture to Luigi, who had the Italian love of color. The lambs were drinking in the brook. In the moist air the splashing of their little tongues made a murmur of music. In the distance the women were coming home from the vineyard, singing snatches of Vesper chants.

Maria saw Luigi watching Margherita. The child was growing as beautiful as a seraph. Already he loved her very dearly in his little heart; Maria loved her too, but ever a vision

rose before her eyes. The tapers were aflame in the village chapel, the priest was speaking to his people. *It was not Padre Filippo.* Margherita would go to a convent in Rome to be educated. The Ricardos were wine-sellers and could well afford it. Perhaps she would marry a prince, and Luigi—

"Madonna," said the boy, "I have been thinking of what Padre Filippo says, and I am going to be a shepherd!"

II.

LUIGI'S ANGEL.

"Margherita is coming to-morrow to sit for my statue of the Guardian Angel," murmured Luigi Roseti to his mother, as he helped her up the long flight of stairs to his studio in the old palace.

"Yes?—the sweet child!" said Maria softly.

"Madonna," Luigi cried, "are the stairs too much for you? You are so pale, you look as if you had a veil of some wonderful white tulle over you."

"No, Luigi mio; I am very strong."

But it was true that Maria had paled at Margherita's name. She had come to spend Holy Week with Luigi. He had not tended his flocks in vain; he was now a great young sculptor. All Rome was beginning to praise his genius, as it praised the Madonna for which his mother had posed in the long ago, and which hung in a chamber of the Vatican now, where men and women came and prayed before it, and went away taking the memory of it to light the dark places of their lives.

Margherita Ricardo was at a convent in Rome. One day the old maestro heard her singing in the garden. And now it was decided that she should sing always—sing in opera, if she would. But there was Luigi. He saw her seldom. Once and again he stopped at the convent door to leave flowers for her, and to receive some message from her from the lips of the laughing little portress. He was not afraid of not seeing her often. He knew his own faithful heart and hers. She had sent him a crucifix when he was first in Rome, and he kissed it devoutly very often. Now she was coming, by Madre Maddalena's consent, to pose as the angel for his statue.

He went with his mother to Communion, Holy Thursday.

"Madre," he cried, "take care!" as a crowd whirled past them in the street, and he saw a saintly old bishop pause and

gaze at her. Luigi was very boyish in his love and he wanted the old bishop to know she was his mother.

Her face was still young in its shyness, though fearless too, and with the sad serenity which comes to saints after sorrow. A trinity of dolors had wrought this miracle of beauty upon Maria. Luigi, the sailor, had been lost at sea when little Luigi was a baby in her arms, and the sea was become a church-yard to her; Padre Filippo had died on the child's First Communion day, and there was another grief, a sword of disappointment, thrust into her heart never to be withdrawn. Though the lips smiled, the black eyes seemed to sing an eternal requiem. It mattered not to Luigi that her bodice was of a brilliant blue and her skirts shorter than Roman women wore. She was his mother, and he saw the world gaze at her with joy in his heart. He wanted her to come home with him to lunch and then back again to the church, but she would not leave the church, so he carried a little flagon of wine to her and made her drink it in the porch.

Margherita was waiting for him when he reached his studio.

"Where is Madre Maria?" she cried when she saw Luigi.

"She is still at church," he said, the spirit of the church lingering in his voice as he held out his hands to her.

He stood looking at her, and she returned his gaze, regarding him softly with her blue eyes—eyes which did not know the world, and yet eyes which it would never dazzle.

"I love you, Margherita," he murmured, bending and touching her brow with his lips.

"Yes," she said, just brushing his curls with her fingers.

"The statue is really finished. It is wrought from memory. Memory is so beautiful sometimes that one fears to make it better."

He drew the sheet away. Margherita clasped her hands as at a vision. The studio was darkened; the angel seemed to stand in a twilight between the worlds. The head hung low on the breast, giving a beautiful dreaminess to the ethereal face. The strong light wings swept down, as if a breeze were brushing them, in flight, and the hands touched the shoulders of the child playing in its shadow. It was not a bare theme under Luigi's chisel. It was the angel fluttering between time and eternity.

Luigi himself was thrilled, and yet he stood trembling as he waited for her to speak. She rose and wound her arms around the angel's throat and laid her cheek against the stone

Luigi saw that out of the fire of his heart he had made the marble breathe, even as she was breathing now.

"Luigi, how could you make it so human and so divine? You are the new Angelo!"

"Perhaps Angelo's shade was with me as I worked. Oh, that old man! He had more than a sculptor's chisel—he had a seraph's heart. But, Margherita, my angel is not for fame. It is a little votive-offering which I make—not that the world may tremble at the beautiful art of it, but that the children may look up and smile as they pass, even as I smile, because God has given me a Guardian Angel"—he raised her hands to his lips.

Then he struck the angel's face one or two exquisite blows and the spirit of a smile passed over the lips.

"Tell me, Luigi, how is old Mario? Did not Madre Maria tell you of him?"

"Yes, he is well, and Giovannino—is it not strange that Mario must always have a donkey, Giovannino, to ride the babies about on, since the one he gave my mother when we were little? The present one is wiser than his ancestors, for he goes alone to carry the convent linens, though you must know he meets many on the mountain-path to tempt him from the way of honor."

"Has Madre Pellegini still her rheumatism?"

"Yes; and Padre Filippo's grave has just had a new sod laid on it, and my mother has planted lilies and passion-flowers there."

A shade passed over the two young faces and they looked up at the crucifix.

"Is Nino's little brother tired of being shepherd, in your place?"

"I do not know. My mother says the lambs are beautiful this year."

She was still standing by the angel, with her hands resting on its wings. A breeze swept the hair over her brow, and her young eyes looked out at Luigi through a cobweb of gold.

She was faintly conscious of her own charm. In the school the girls all turned to her, but she tried to conceal her sovereignty. Alas for the veils which human tenderness would draw! A violet may be sorry for its own beautiful blooming and may hide in the deep grass, but the dew falls in its little heart, the sun lights up the dew-drop, and the violet is betrayed! Luigi smiled as he watched her.

"Is there nothing wonderful at the convent now, Margherita?"

"Yes, the queen was there yesterday in her coach. I had sent her a lace handkerchief for her *festa*, and she brought me some red roses and asked Madre Maddalena to let me go on an errand of mercy with her. I took my roses to the old woman. It *was* a sacrifice, Luigi—I loved them so. Last night a package came for me from the queen's jeweller. Fancy, Luigi mio! I trembled to open it. In the purple velvet box was a pearl cross on a chain of gold, and in her majesty's own writing the words: *To my little pearl, Margherita, in memory of a bouquet of red roses.*"

Luigi's eyes flashed gloriously.

"The queen is like other women, isn't she, Margherita?"

"Like a woman, like a queen, like a saint," the girl murmured. "Madre Maddalena was so happy she ran all around the cloister, with the chain flung over her black veil and the pearl cross shining on the blue serge, and the convent dog barking after her. We called her worldly. Were we not brave, Luigi? Madre Maddalena worldly! It was a sweet day, and in the evening we had a feast of strawberries!"

There came a pause after their sweet laughter. The blue paled in the sky. A flight of doves stormed the window for the evening crumbs. Ave Maria sounded in one moment from all the bells in Rome.

Luigi started.

"Would you like to be married in the village church at home, Margherita mia?"

As he spoke Madre Maria stood in the door.

It was Good Friday. Together Madre Maria and Margherita and Luigi went to St. Peter's.

The day flung its shadow over the two women, as they stood waiting in the throng. Maria's eyes were cast down and the lashes trembled on her cheeks. Her gnarled hand clasped her wooden rosary. There was a prayer on her lips for the world. That was its only existence to her. In the midst of it she abandoned herself to God. Beside her Margherita was but a child. Rome had nothing to match her white loveliness, unless it be the lilies waiting at yonder door of St. Peter's in tremendous battalions for the Easter bells.

At last they were within the doors. Was there a garment of death upon the human race, or was it but the darkening of

the sun in St. Peter's? They were almost affrighted in the gloom. Scarlet and purple and gold were dimmed, the blue sky was forgotten, the multitude was as one human heart throbbing before the Presence which the altar-fire betrayed.

Out of the silence, out of the darkness, voices rose. "Stabat Mater Dolorosa."

The Lamb was meeting a new death. His blood wailed in the music.

Night had fallen when Luigi and Margherita left the church. The streets were like snow in the moonlight. They had lost Madre Maria in the crowd, and they paused by one of the columns to wait.

Margherita spoke at last.

"Luigi, Padre Filippo's little donkey is waiting to take you far and wide across the mountains, on missions of love. There is none to take his place but you, Luigi—I know it now—you are chosen."

"Yes, I will break the Bread of Life to Padre Filippo's people."

She lifted his hand with sweet reverence to her lips, as if his words had already consecrated it. He looked into her eyes.

"And I?" she murmured—"I will sing for the world. God has given me song."

They found Madre Maria sitting on the steps in the moonlight. She had lost her way, but she was not afraid. In the church she had confessed to her own heart that she had sinned in her blind yearning to see Luigi a priest of God. Now a smile waited on her wan lips, to bless his betrothal to Margherita.

"Madre Maria," the girl whispered; just at that moment a breeze swept the lilies at yonder door, and they bent their heads—"the shepherd is going back to his lambs."

At last Maria realized. Tears splashed on Margherita's hand.

"Madonna!" Luigi cried, kneeling for his mother's blessing.

THE CATHOLIC LIFE OF BOSTON.

BY A. A. McGINLEY.

A PICTURE is before me as I take up this subject—the Catholic Life of Boston—which shows a little group of travellers—an old man worn with toil and journeyings, a slim young maiden tired out, too, with arduous travel across the trackless desert, and an Infant on the Mother's breast, sleeping in childhood's apparent unconsciousness of the great world and all its manifold needs and sorrows. They are all asleep, the old man stretched wearily upon the sand, and the young Mother, half reclining with her Infant, upon the broad stone breast of a heathen idol reared in the desert as a monument to a false god. The time is nineteen centuries ago and the circumstance is the flight of Jesus, Mary and Joseph into Egypt. And these are the ones who have come to heal the world! But while they sleep the world tosses to and fro in the restless agony of its sin and sorrow, and they sleep on as though they knew or cared not. Yet they have with them the Power that could heal it all by one uplifting of his tiny finger; by one glance of his eye the Omnipotence that is veiled under the closed lids of that little Babe could obliterate from the face of the earth its broken and disfigured features and transform it into the beauty of the primal Eden.

Faith keeps us from asking openly why he does not, and from questioning his designs; yet Catholics to-day are tacitly questioning them, though they realize it not. They are turning round upon their religion and demanding of it evidence of its usefulness to humanity—not its service to God. They have caught the spirit of the heresy of the day, that religion means, *first*, service to humanity as human beings, not as human souls; and *second*, service to God—an inversion of the law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and with thy whole strength. This is the first commandment." They, too, are judging of religion by what it does for them in a material way. Does it clothe them, and feed them, and house them, and make this life agreeable to them?

And religion appears silent and unconscious of their questioning, but keeps on its unwavering way as did those three travellers in the desert. Yet after they had passed, mere shadows going along unseen in the night, the path they left behind them was strewn with fragments of the broken idols of false gods, and the desert bloomed in the places where their feet had trod.

Such has been the journey of religion on the earth, typified in the Flight into Egypt centuries ago. Such is it found to be in tracing its course through the history of the cities of this new world: in each one the same beginning—the silent coming of a little band pursued and hated by the world around it, winning its way at last only by the mere argument its own insignificance seemed to be against the accusation that it had come as a usurper, who was to dethrone the powers that be.

Perhaps there is no city in this country in which such a history can be traced more truly than in the capital of the New England States. The beginnings of the Church in Boston were hard and bitter. No more despised or persecuted beings ever sought the blessings of life under the Constitution of these United States than those who first brought the faith to New England shores. But the memory of this is to-day put away from the minds of those who are ready to forgive and forget, and it is recorded only in the archives of the city, from which its citizens would even blot it out that it would not bear witness in future against them.

The Catholic Life of Boston has grown with that slow,

CONSUMPTIVES' HOME NOW BEING ERECTED.

sure, and steady growth that is like nature's own process of growing. Even though the soil was hard when the seed was first planted, it has grown from its own innate strength and virtue, fed from the undying germ of faith within that must force itself upward and outward, and assume visible form in material organizations, in religious orders and societies, in churches and schools, in hospitals and asylums, because these are the fruits of Catholic faith and of the Christ-love upon which it feeds. And so in this old stronghold of Puritan intolerance and bigotry, where at one time the hound on the street would be served with kinder treatment than a Catholic, the church has reared its monuments to the faith, and its children are as much a part and a necessity of the commonwealth and well-being of the city, and share as much in its civic rights and privileges, as any portion of the community. Their purposes are understood and respected, their works are praised, and their charities have prospered under the support and encouragement of public approval.

A GROUP OF PIONEERS.

VERY REV. JOHN B. HOGAN, SS., D.D.

REV. PETER RONAN.

REV. DENIS O'CALLAGHAN.

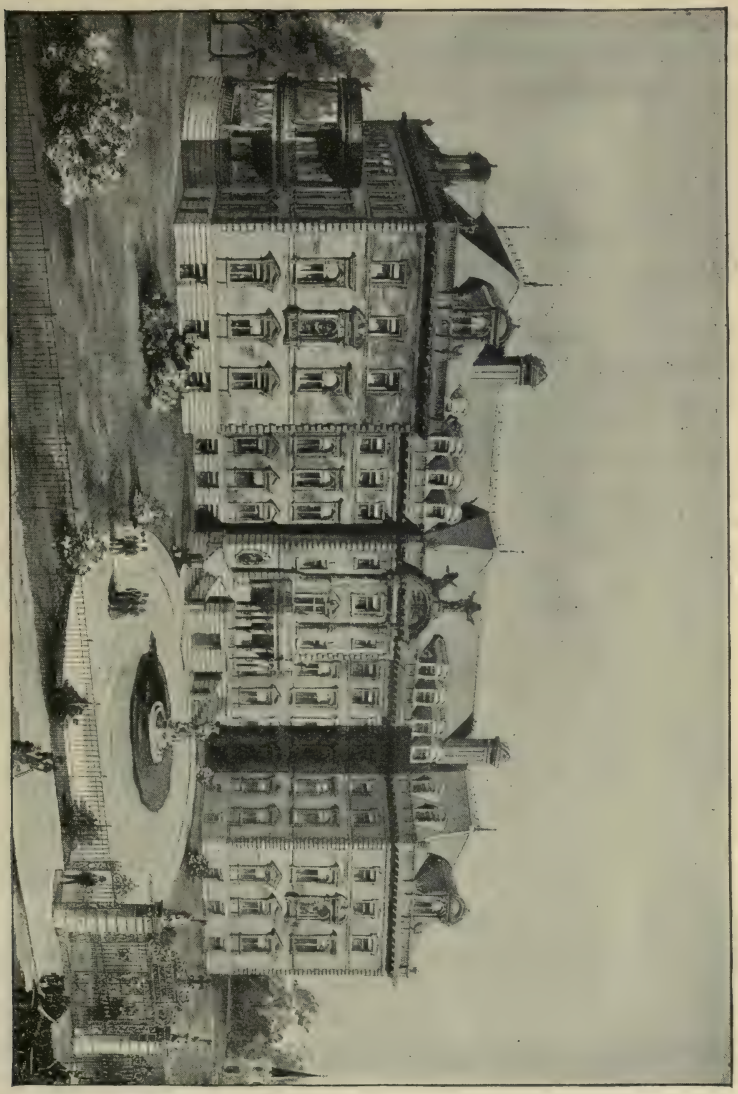
Catholic influence in the life of the city has worked its way silently but surely. Against the unchristianizing influence of its Emersons and its Parkers the unwavering spirit of Catholic faith has kept on its way, no less unyielding and uncompromising before the fine philosophy of intellects that influenced whole systems of belief by a single sentence, than it was in the days when enmity to it was open and violent. Its only argument has been to live and prosper, and let itself be known by its fruits.

VERY REV. THOMAS MAGENNIS, P.R.

It would be a long story to tell of all of these. There are a few, however, so eminent in the city's list of charities and social organizations that they may serve to illustrate the Catholic spirit of the city.

Several years ago a few young Catholic women gathered

together, on the impulse of a charitable desire to discover a means of providing a home for the incurable sick of the city. No such thing existed among all its charities, except one



HOME FOR INCURABLES, CAMBRIDGE.

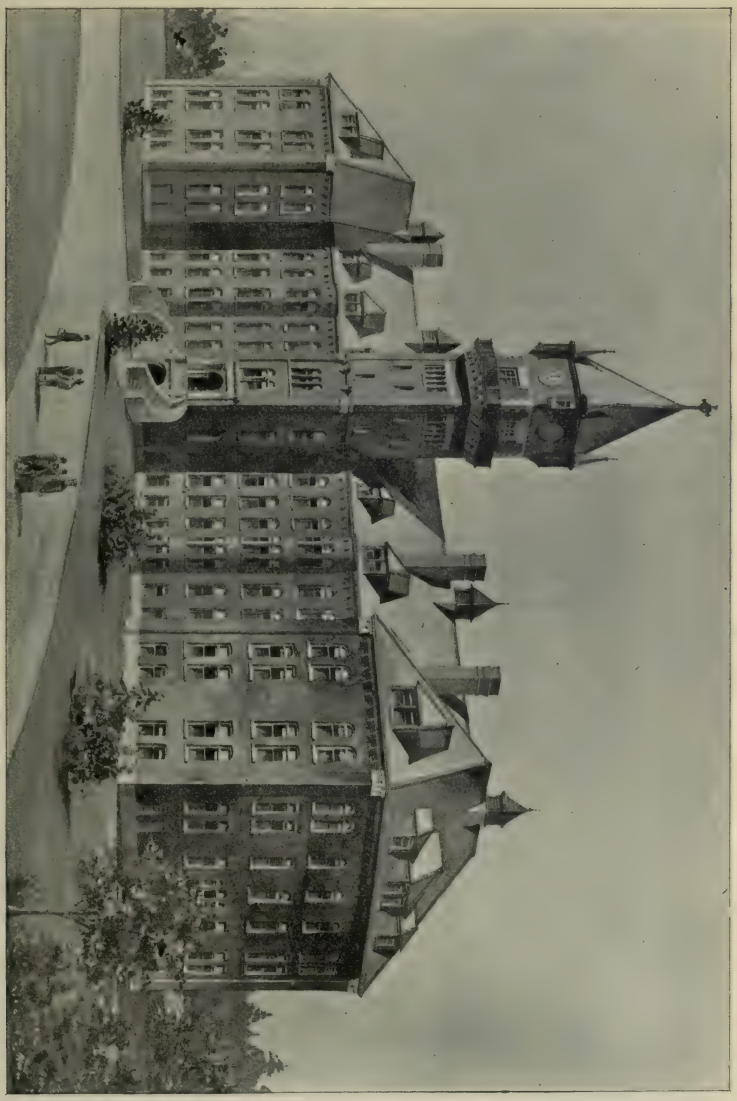
under the control of a Protestant sect which had drawn even the criticism of the public upon it for a narrow-minded intolerance of any one not of its own religious persuasion.

It did not take these energetic young women very long to consider the problem. They went in and out among their friends and told them that they were going to found a Free Home for Consumptives. There were thirty of them at first, and they called themselves the Young Ladies' Charitable Association. Their numbers grew rapidly until they were increased from thirty members to thirty bands, each allotted to as many districts throughout Boston and the suburbs, including Lawrence and Milford, each band caring for the sick poor in its own respective district, and collecting money for the general fund that was to build their permanent Home for Consumptives. Each member of the association pledged herself to contribute a dollar every month to this purpose, asking ten cents from each one of her friends to make up this sum, and if she failed to collect it in full to complete it from her own purse, and very many among the members are young women who work for their own support. There was no appropriation from the city's funds, no donations from wealthy philanthropists, nor backing from millionaire friends and relatives, to start them on their courageous enterprise, but simply their own good will and the zeal and confidence of young hearts. And they founded their Home, and are now preparing a newer and better one to replace their temporary residence, in which they have cared for over five hundred patients till death, burying them, where they were without friends, at the expense of the association, in the Home cemetery lot. They announce that "the Home is open to all poor consumptives, without regard to creed or color, no pay patients being admitted. Also there is a voluntary association caring for the sick poor in their own homes, supplying nourishment and securing medical assistance."

This is but one, and the best known because the latest, of the city's Catholic charities. The Home for Incurables now being established in Cambridge is another monument to the Catholic charity of Boston, and the part it is performing in helping to solve the social problems of the age, not from the spirit of mere altruistic fervor that is abroad over the land, but from the motives and inspiration supplied by a religion which claims the poor and the unfortunate as its eternal possession; which does not teach, however, that the trouble is at an end when "bread alone" has been supplied to ease the miseries of the human race, but that its wounds need a Diviner healing than mortal hands can bestow.

There has been a healthy, active character about the work-

ings out of these social problems in Boston which has enlisted the sympathy and support of all. The Working-Boys' Home, the Working-Girls' Home, the House of the Angel Guardian,



Industrial School of Working-Boys' Home, West Newton.

are institutions which do not deal with that helpless, hopeless portion of the community which only charity can assist out of its misery.

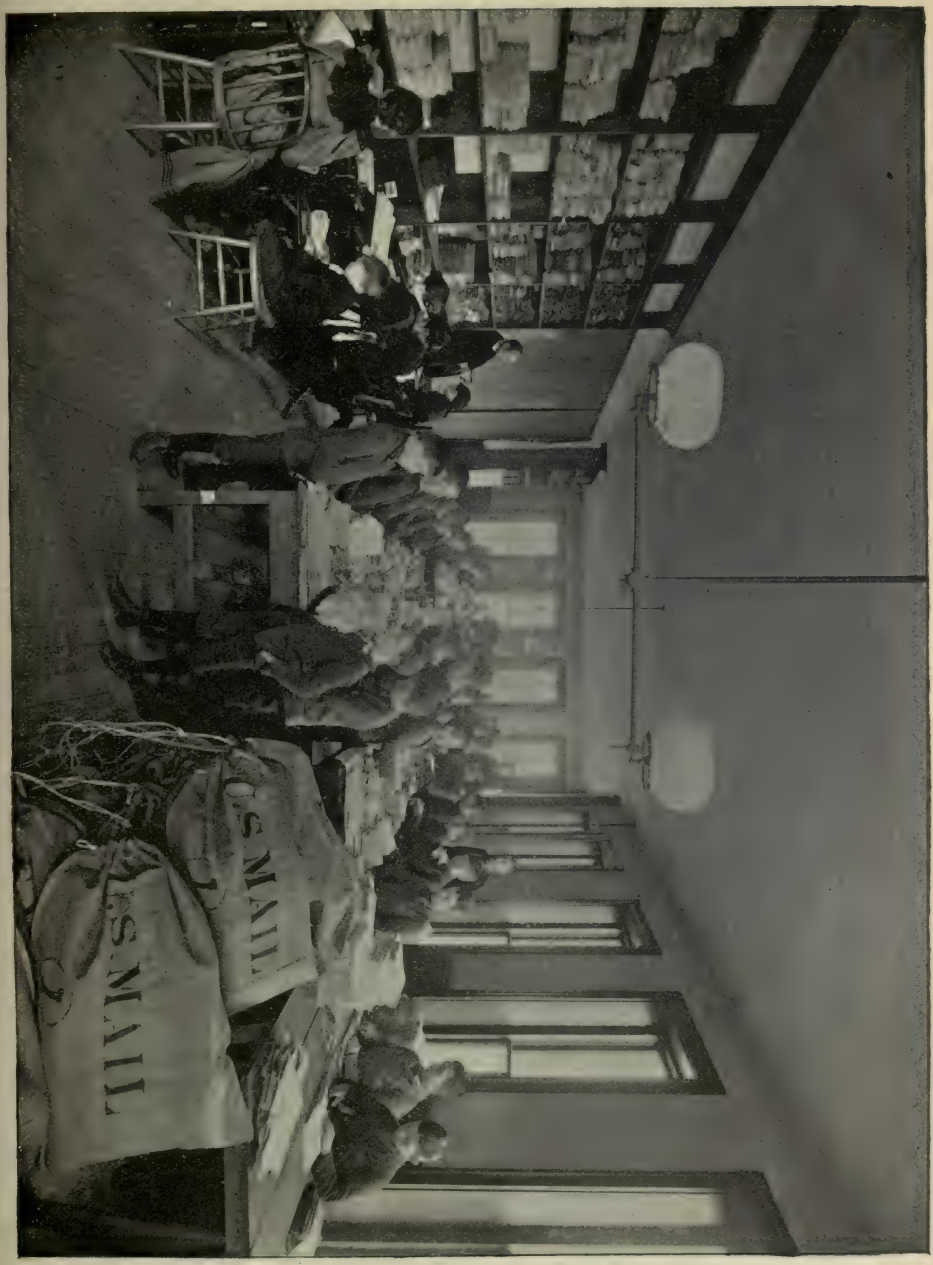
The Working-Boys' Home was established fifteen years ago to provide a place of shelter for the houseless, orphaned waifs whose home was the streets and alley-ways of the city. Since its foundation 3,000 boys have shared its hospitality, which is generous and unrestricted. It has built a substantial city house and is completing a splendid Industrial School in West Newton. Like the Consumptives' Home, "question of race, creed, or color there is none." The need of the individual is his only passport. It strives manfully to support its always overcrowded household by the minimum of board paid by lads who have been taught the value of working and paying for their own living, by the proceeds of occasional lectures, concerts, etc., and by the publication of *The Working-Boy*, a monthly paper which is a favorite in each household in Boston that loves the cause of the working-boy, and this means every one.

The Working-Girls' Home was founded a few years ago by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston, to provide a place for the numberless Catholic working-girls of the city who leave the comfort and protection of distant country homes to earn their living in the city. It is not a convent or an institution, in the common significance of that word, though it is cared for and managed by the Gray Nuns. But these are really the hostesses of a large household of independent, energetic young women supporting themselves. There is nothing wanting in this ample home to complete the proper equipment of such an institution. It has been planned on the broadest lines of domestic and social economy, and the girl who would chafe under the mild discipline or regulations by which it is safeguarded as a Christian household, would find the guardianship of her own parents' home a restriction and a discomfort.

The House of the Angel Guardian is another home supported by Catholic charity, independent of city funds. Like the working-boys, the youthful inmates bring their message to the outside world through an ambitious little paper, well and widely known and liked, *The Orphan's Bouquet*. The house has also a splendid industrial school in full working order, under the charge of the Brothers of Charity.

REV. JOHN FORD,
Director Working-Boys' Home.

Then there are the homes for the more helpless, more afflicted ones among the population, all doing their meed of work—they themselves would say, in their humility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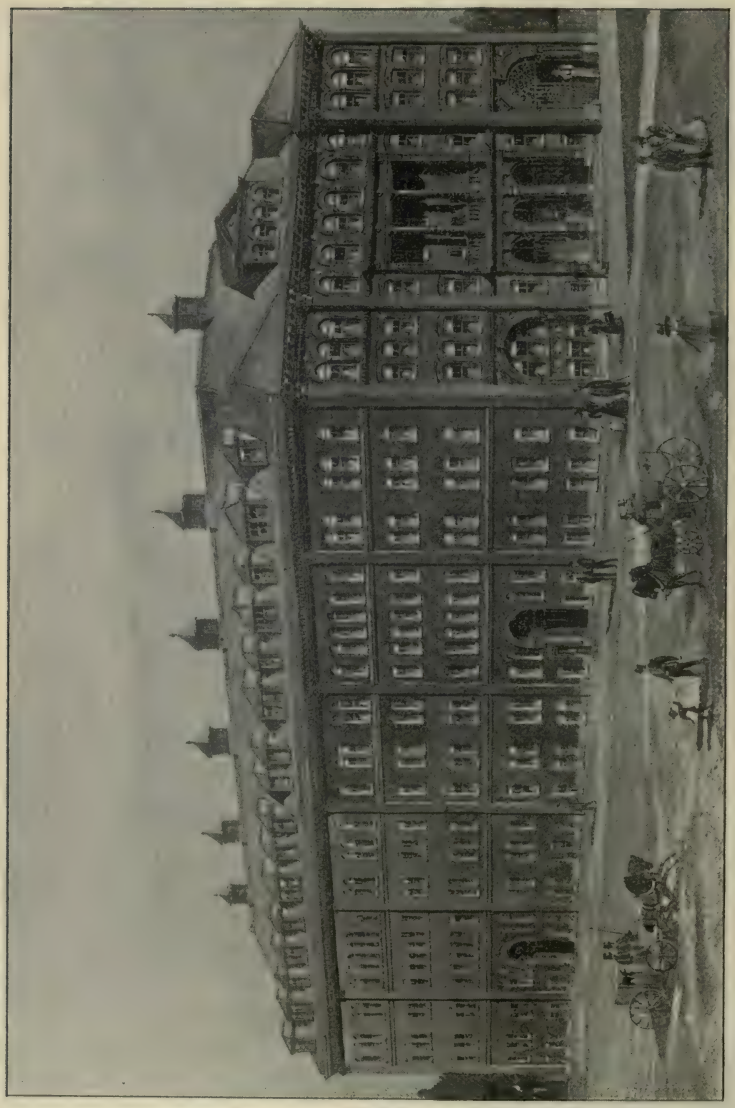
and in the desire that possesses them of giving all that is in them for those friends of Christ, the poor and helpless, that it is a small meed indeed. But their records, when they will publish such,



WORKING-GIRLS' HOME, UNION PARK STREET, BOSTON.

tell what they will not boast of. It is difficult to obtain from themselves any evidence of their own labors. In these days, when charity poses before the multitude in any guise that will

obtain for it the greatest applause, when every alms it bestows and the manner of bestowal are told in startling head-lines in the daily press, the backwardness of Catholic charity in getting itself before the public eye offers an argument for the genuineness of its motive and spirit which is irrefutable. Repeated requests were made to each of the institutions named in this article before sufficient facts concerning their work could be obtained from them. The following letter is the humble reply received from the Little Sisters of the Poor in answer to the request sent to them:

J. M. J.

ROXBURY, MASS., January 13, 1898.

The Catholic World Magazine:

We regret that we cannot oblige you with photographs of the Home, etc. We haven't any. In April, 1870, the foundation of our Home in Boston opened in a small, rented house on Springfield Street, where we remained about two years. We then bought the Bartlett estate on Dudley Street, Roxbury, removed into the old mansion while the first wing was building and have added several additions from time to time since.

At present there are 213 inmates—100 old men and 113 old ladies—and 16 sisters in charge. The Home is always overcrowded. We have another home in Somerville, accommodating nearly 300 old people. No doubt you know of our Homes in New York and Brooklyn, and they are the same everywhere.

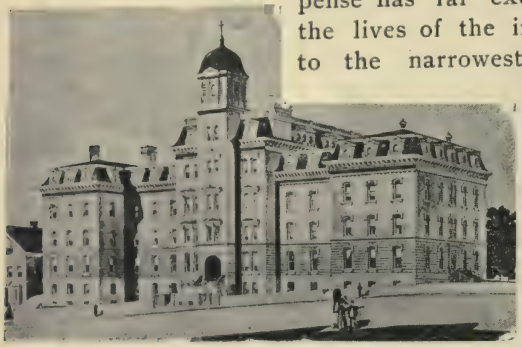
Yours respectfully,

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR,
424 Dudley Street.

The Home for Destitute Catholic Children, with its record of 3,139 children cared for during the past eight years, by the sole motive and means that Christian charity has supplied; the Carney Hospital, that noble monument to the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, thorough in its management, progressive in its methods, and attaining an eminence among the city institutions —without the city support—excelled by none, whose work and history would be done an injustice if an attempt were made here in these few lines to outline it, an institution of a character that appeals to all hearts—the Infant Asylum in Dorchester, together with the Home for Destitute Children and the Orphan Asylum for Girls on Camden Street, are all

in the hands of these same women of charity. The records of all these tell a story of work nobly and faithfully done. No officials here are drawing ample salaries and living in comfortable homes under the guise of charity; always instead are undeniable figures proving that expense has far exceeded income, that the lives of the inmates are confined to the narrowest possible limits of evangelical poverty to enable them to provide even the very necessaries of existence to those whom they serve. When Catholics are fain to look outward with admiring eyes to the colossal undertakings that are sometimes started in the name of philanthropy outside the church, and wonder why their religion does not produce the like, it might be well for them to take a nearer glimpse into the self-denying lives of these servants of the poor.

ST. MARY'S INFANT ASYLUM.



CARNEY HOSPITAL.

Charity, however, does not constitute the whole character of the Cath-

HOME FOR DESTITUTE CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

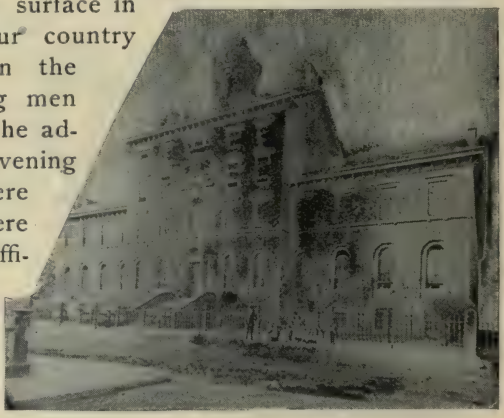
olic life of Boston. It is influenced much by the educational character of the city, and has responded thoroughly to the advantages of this feature of its civic affairs. Perhaps among no members of the community have these advantages been made more strikingly apparent than among the Catholic popu-

The Nursery, St. Mary's Infant Asylum.

lation, they being so largely without the other helps in the development of the natural character—the advantages of wealth and social environment. None go in more boldly and energetically for the prizes that education offers so freely for feats of intellect, and few win them with greater honor than the Catholic youth of Boston.

BROTHER JUDE,
Superior House Angel Guardian.

That most generous system of free education, the evening High Schools, in which is culminated the highest ambition of the city, to leave no one within its limits without the means of obtaining a thorough education, is a source that is undoubtedly drawn upon by the Catholic element among the working-classes more than any other. Those ambitious traits in the Irish-American temperament which have urged it on in working its way up to the surface in the social system of our country are well portrayed in the characters of the young men and women who seek the advantages of these evening schools, and persevere through the courses there supplied, against the difficulty of spurring on their flagging energies, when the day's work is done, to renewed mental exertion, often without the physical strength to maintain it.



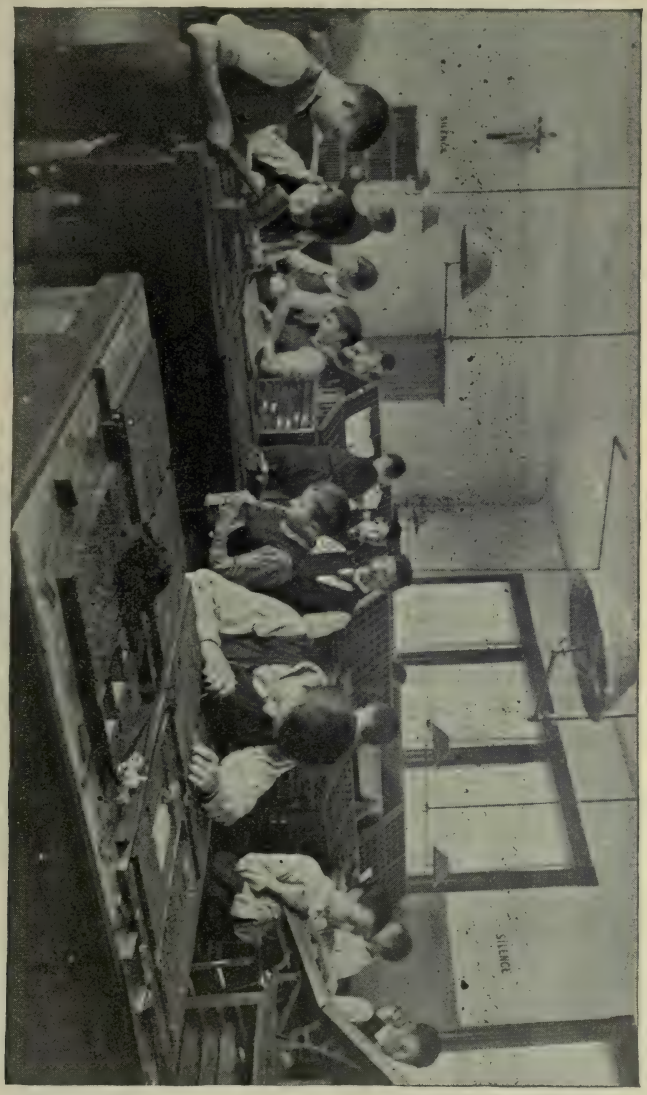
HOUSE OF ANGEL GUARDIAN.

The evening High Schools of Boston are a burning and a shining light among all the institutions of learning in which the city takes its greatest pride.

FOLDING *The Bouquet.*

The social or worldly side of the Catholic life has not had that necessary element in it upon which great social successes depend. Catholic wealth in Boston has been

but an item in the aggregate of the city's finance. Very little of it has been drained from the treasury of the municipality;



GETTING *The Orphan's Bouquet* INTO TYPE.

it has mostly been gathered together by the slow process of laboring for it.

A laudable ambition, however, in this direction is the outlet found for social life in such organizations as the Catholic

Union, a large club of the representative Catholic men, and the Young Men's Catholic Association, together with the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, an outgrowth of the Columbian Reading Union, boasting the largest memties in that siderable note

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION AND BOSTON COLLEGE.

REV. TIMOTHY BROSNAHAN, President Boston College.

bership of any of the socie- Union, and attaining con- by its literary ambitions.

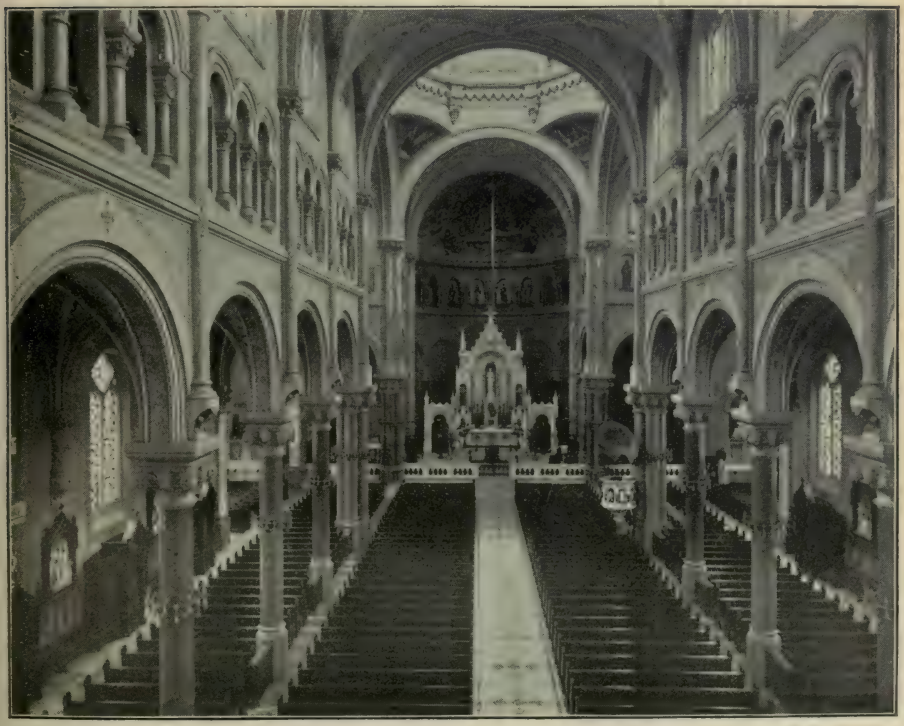
Among the churches of Boston are buildings rich in magnificence and beauty, and fitting temples to the glory of the faith. The one that pleases most the artistic sense, that delights the eye of the lover of beauty and grace in architecture, that uplifts the soul of the devotee till imagination blends the material with the unearthly and immaterial beauties of Heaven, is the Church of the Immaculate Conception, whose exquisite interior has been made to symbolize, as far as wood and stone and form and coloring can do it, the homage which the church pays to Our Lady in the transcending glory of her Immaculate Conception.

Another of her shrines, and also one of the most beautiful of the churches in the city, is the one that has been built to her honor as Our Lady of Perpetual Help, the church that the people know and love under its popular title, "The Mission Church." The interior of this has lately been completed by the Redemptorist Fathers, assisted by

NOTRE DAME ACADEMY, ROXBURY, MASS.

REV. JOHN J. FRAWLEY,
Rector of Redemptorist Church.

their faithful and loyal people, who gaze now in wonder at the result which stands before them of the work that they have helped to build up inch by inch, almost doubting, as they look upon the richness of wall and arch and pillar, that their small offerings could have been transmuted into such wondrous material in form and color as they see there. And they are busy now upon another work, a magnificent building for their young men, never thinking that they can do too much for the church which is the light and joy of their lives; for here in this section of the city the faith of the people has singularly retained that quality of loyalty and devotion to church and priest which belonged more to their forefathers of several generations back—the kind of faith which made that generation build their churches with more ambition than they



INTERIOR CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP.

would their own houses, which made them willing to toil all day for their own support and come home after the day's work was done to put in a few more hours of labor upon the parish church they were struggling to build. Such is the manner in which some of those earlier temples of the faith were built up in the old days.

The last contribution to the purely religious side of the church in the city has been the foundation of the Carmelite Monastery, which has become the centre and the feeder of a devotional spirit that has permeated the interior life of the people with unmistakable religious influence and been the channel of many graces through the powerful means of prayer.

The constitution of the city is such that the influences of the religious, the ethical, and the educational elements in it are more distinctly noted in the lives of the people than in cities more dominated by commerciality.

It is not too much to say that a fairer, better field for the Catholic Church is not within our land, though the efforts needed to work it may require herculean strength and unyielding perseverance from those who bear the message of the faith. The Catholics of this city, however, should be ready to make such an effort in return for the blessings which the faith has brought to them. Atheistical and unchristianizing influences have worked their way over the minds of the people, but to offset these has been at work, too, a spiritualizing power in the constant strivings for the highest standards in an educational direction, which has done good work in keeping down the development of pure materialism, and the pursuit of mere commercial ends that have grown with such abnormal and alarming rapidity with the growth of our great cities in the new world.

CARMELITE CONVENT.

THE HUGUENOTS.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

THE Huguenots in France, which is not a pleasant subject, has been forced upon me by an extraordinary document in a New York paper signed by a person describing himself as a Rear-Admiral* of the United States navy, and entitled "History of the Huguenots." It professes to be a statement put forward on behalf of the Huguenot Society of America to prepare men's minds for the Congress of American and foreign descendants of Huguenots to be held this month in New York. I read it with amazement; not because anything written in the interests of men of Huguenot descent should surprise me, but because the writer abused his position as an officer of the government to insult more than twelve millions of American Catholics. If a similar document appeared over the name of a British officer, I have no doubt whatever but that the writer would be compelled to retire by the good feeling of the navy and the sentiment of the nation, or at least that he should make an ample apology for the outrage. I know nothing about the descendants of the Huguenots in this country, but I know that the Huguenots who reached England and Ireland were mendicants supported by public charity. If I had space I could give proofs that the Huguenots were mendicants everywhere in Europe, and I doubt very much indeed that the ancestors of those who are now in America took means with them out of France. I should like to know where they came from, whether they came directly from France or from some other European state.

AN APPEAL TO PARTY SPIRIT.

The view put forward in the document of the naval officer is that the descendants of Huguenots in this country are well-off and are cultivated people. This has a meaning as he uses the point—there is some cunning in it. He appeals to the descendants of the old Dutch settlers and of the Puritans to unite with the Huguenots, as if all were bound together by common sentiments and the memory of common sufferings. These are respectable classes, and he tries to hang on to their skirts. He calls all three by the name of Puritans, and the flattery he bestows on the other two is as unlimited as the spleen which

* Rear-Admiral Roe, U.S.N., in New York *Times*, Feb. 6, 1898.

he manifests against the Catholic Church. As I have said, I know nothing about the descendants of the Huguenots in this country; but there is a pretence that they took out of France enormous wealth and all the elements of commercial and industrial activity. I deny this. I have no space for my reasons —it is improbable on the face of it—so let those who are interested give some proof of it. I have no interest in the matter. This writer has no authority to support him when he says six hundred of the flower of the French nobility left France in consequence of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. I can control this statement at once. I may say distinctly that in 1671—some years before the revocation of the Edict—there was hardly one of the nobility who belonged to the Huguenot body. I am not speaking of petty gentlemen of the provinces; I am speaking of the nobility in the substantial sense. Of those who settled in Ireland in the reign of William and Mary not one could have belonged to a considerable family, though many held commissions in the mercenary regiments of William. These Irish Huguenots were treated with exceptional indulgence, and in return displayed true French audacity. Though they had received from the government and parliament of Ireland the privileges of members of the State Church, yet wherever they could muster a few families they insisted upon a church and minister of their own. I am not condemning them for this; it looks like arrogance, it is a proof they were favored.

THE FAVOR ACCORDED HUGUENOTS IN IRELAND.

No Presbyterian—and the Presbyterians were more numerous than the Churchmen even — could enjoy political and municipal rights in his own country, while those Frenchmen who had landed poor as Lazarus were put in the way of advancement, with a solicitude for which I have no words. Their sons became bankers, manufacturers, officers in the army, lawyers, members of the House of Commons and peers, their daughters were married to country gentlemen of rank and fortune. I must impress this more closely, drive home this idea more strenuously. I say, when the Latouches, by petty thrift, were laying the means to found their bank in the beginning of the last century, when one or two rising Huguenot families—I have their names—were earning blood-money as French tutors of young Catholics going to France to study for the priesthood or to enter the service of the French king; when the Dubedats were becoming rich as agents for wealthy

Catholics who feared to be thought rich; when the Delmars (Delamere) were priest-hunting; when others of them by combining the profession of ultra-Protestantism with the pretence of friendship to Catholics were gradually obtaining possession of an influence in the enormous wealth and patronage of the Dublin corporation, Irish Presbyterians were flying to America from a Protestant government that would not allow them—any more than it would allow Catholics—to enjoy civil and religious liberty at home.

THE FEW PROSPEROUS BY THEIR OWN MERIT.

At the same time I am more than ready to acknowledge that there were among the descendants of Huguenots some who deserved to prosper. The first-named family, spread by connection and relationship through county families, was distinguished for hospitality and refinement in a nation remarkable for those qualities. Their masques, theatricals, concerts in Dublin or in the country were equal in decoration and performance to those of Leinster House, the town residence of the most magnificent noble in the three kingdoms. The dinners and balls of the Latouches could not be surpassed in houses like Lord Aldborough's, Lord Charlemont's, the Malones' or the Floods', where dinner-giving and rout-arranging were arts cultivated to acquire political success. But it is a mistake to suppose that in Ireland or England, even with the favors bestowed upon them owing to circumstances readily understood when one bears in mind the politico-religious atmosphere of the time, all the Huguenots were persons of such high character and intelligence that they rose at once to rank and station. A prosecution for religious frauds was instituted against some in England soon after their landing; English parsons protested against disturbances by more of them. The slums of London have their proportion of Huguenot names, so have the Dublin Liberties—which means their proportion of poor or unthrifty among the general population of both cities. This is the more remarkable in Dublin, when one knows that to a late period the descendants of the Huguenots possessed such influence in the city government that they could have provided for every Huguenot in the world. They had a share in the civic administration when the corporation of Dublin alienated vast estates and saddled the city with a legacy of debt the interest upon which amounts to four times the annual expenditure for all purposes of improvement, government, and police. They were jobbing away places and contracts, they were guzzling and guttling, when the Huguenot gladiator of the cor-

poration, D'Esterre, challenged Mr. O'Connell for speaking disparagingly of that body. One more observation and I shall pass from the Irish Huguenots. General Calliemotte, the highest of them, was a man of no family; what could the rest, then, have been? Calliemotte was killed at the Boyne; he was the most conspicuous of those who went to Ireland, was their head from a military and social point of view, for he was the friend of Duke Schomberg, yet General Calliemotte's name clearly shows that he had never been anything, could never have been anything, except a soldier of fortune. He commanded the three thousand Huguenot mercenaries that served in Ireland against James II., and certainly those of them who survived the war which effected the final ruin of the old race fell upon pleasant lines in that country. A French pedlar got part of the vast estates of the last McCarthy More,* a French serving-man part of those of the Earl of Clare, known in French history as the Count de Clare.

ARE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TO BE ALLOWED TO APPEAL TO RELIGIOUS PREJUDICES?

I have already expressed regret that this strange paper should have been issued by an officer of the government. I add, I regret its issue on behalf of the American Huguenot Society. It is time, on the threshold of the twentieth century, to put away the exciting element in the politico-religious controversies which began in the sixteenth. The study of history from the point of view of policy and philosophy is the most important in which men can be engaged. It is the vehicle on which the origin and development of related truths in the march of morals is carried to the modern mind; it is, therefore, the background for all municipal and all international law, as it is for all government which is not party politics or red tape. The American Huguenot Society professes to be a historical one; but the document I refer to does not sound in the tone of an academical body. It reminds one of the hot-gospellers who used to speak of the pope as the "arch-horned," of those prophets who lifted their testimony against the Whore of Babylon—even against her that sat upon the seven hills and gave to men to drink of the cup of her abominations; it reminds one of the divines whose zeal decreed death to the spawn of idolatry—even the infant at the mother's breast—and the edge of the sword for the strong men of the Canaanite and the

* He was Earl of Clancarthy, with £30,000 a year—equal to ten times that now.

Jebusite from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, whose sweetness enjoined the landsknecht and the camp-follower to take captive the maidens and lead their women to the tents of Israel, to bind their kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of strong iron, so that the work of the Lord might not be done negligently—the gentle preachers who could combine with their fire a keen perception of material values, and so point out what a spoiling of the Egyptians meant: the taking of the gold and the silver, the purple and fine linen, the soft couches and carpets, the steeds and the armor, and, lest religion should not bear a part in the business, the slaying of the priests and the breaking of the idols.

THE FRUIT OF FANATICAL HARANGUES.

The evil caused by such appeals—this is the prevailing tone of them—may be judged to some extent by the terrible wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The fury of the Reformers was imitated by those whom they had attacked; and thinking of such misery to mankind, one can hardly write with patience when he reads similar incitements in our own day. Mutual charity should have been, among wise men, the practical result of what we know about the consequences of this over-zeal. It is sad to think how much of the happiness or misery of nations depends on a few men. An ill-tempered preacher can start a Thirty Years' War. In consequence of fanatical harangues Europe ran with blood from end to end from the first bursting forth of the Reformation. Nuns became the prey of soldiers; cities, towns, villages were given up to every kind of military license; storms of fire blasted forest and garden, hill and plain; ancient manuscripts which had escaped the Barbarians and which were preserved by the church were destroyed, the manuscripts containing the records of all Europe were burned with as much delight as if there were a priest or monk at the stake—and nowhere did the fury of the Reformers display itself more terribly than in France. A combination of grotesque horror and cruelty among the Protestants of that country anticipated the Terror and the Commune. The necklaces of priests' ears, the acrobatic performances of prisoners forced to leap from high battlements down to the Huguenot spears waiting in the moats below, were part of the contribution supplied by that French gaiety which the Rear-Admiral praises to the more phlegmatic cruelty of the Teuton.

WHERE THE RIGHT OF FREE SPEECH ENDS.

If on an investigation of the religious quarrels in Europe one finds incitements of the kind mentioned on one side, there should be no difficulty in fixing, at least in apportioning, the responsibility. Where, in addition to the denunciations of the hot-headed and reckless preachers everywhere, he find principles laid down by the authority of the leading Reformers—men like Calvin and Beza—principles incompatible with religious liberty for any one outside their own sect, and principles opposed to the exercise of rule by a Catholic prince, the candid student of political philosophy in the nineteenth century ought to ask himself: Is it safe for a government to tolerate such a system of opinion? I am not referring to speculative matters at all—predestinarianism leads to curious results no doubt—but I am considering principles enunciated by Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, maxims which are to govern the relations of religion with the state and both religion and the state with dissidents; and I think I am justified in stating that if such principles rendered government by a Catholic king impossible, it would be his right to prevent their obtaining an entrance in his dominions or to suppress them if they had found an entrance. I will venture even to go so far as to say a sovereign's right in this respect should not be diminished, even though such principles were propagated by assassination and rebellion, or, in other words, by the methods of French Protestants.

CALVINISM CULMINATED IN THE REIGN OF TERROR.

The truth is, that the maxims of Calvin would dissolve society. For a time they would be, no doubt, favorable to a Calvinistic ruler; they would justify despotism within his state and an attack upon every state whose sovereign differed by a hair's-breadth from the gospel according to Calvin. But no government could long continue when such principles encountered the force of desperate social conditions and the influence of political doctrines springing from them. Macaulay, who is for ever getting within touch with, but never touching important historical conclusions, saw a connection between the excesses of the French Revolution and the disorganizing principles of Calvin, embodied as these were in the rebellions of the Huguenots. I am very clearly of opinion that, if there be such a thing at all as political evolution, the conspiracy of Amboise—when the Huguenots plotted to seize the king, the queen-

mother, the princes, and the reins of government—was the first scene of a tragedy which terminated only when Louis XVI. bowed his head to the ignominy of the guillotine. The politico-religious doctrines of Calvin bore their fruit when the Reign of Terror was at the highest; he had paved the way for Robespierre, as Condé had for Égalité, Coligni for Marat, Chatillon for every recreant priest, the liar Renaudie* for the liar Barère.

In that history of faction, the massacre of St. Bartholomew is an incident—I will not say a La Vendee—amid the carnage that pursued every good man and woman in France, in the overthrow of the church, in the ruin of the monarchy, in the dissolution of all the moral forces which make a state possible in any land; it is an incident terrible and afflicting indeed, but one for which the Huguenots are responsible. They are responsible for it, because they plotted the assassination of the Duke of Guise, caused civil war after civil war, countless local tumults, murders, conflagrations, plunder, committed the surpassing treason of inviting the enemies of France into the country, of giving two great seaports to England, and of giving Normandy to the German Protestants.

A SCRAP OF THE TRUTH ABOUT ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Detestable as the crime of St. Bartholomew was, I hold that Coligni was as much the cause of it as Catherine de' Medici or her son. He who assaults must allow the right of self-defence as a consequence of his act. It was believed, and I consider rightly believed, that if Coligni and his adherents were not got rid of, the king, the queen-mother, and the Catholic nobles would be massacred. It would have been more meek to have given their necks to the knife, no doubt, as Louis XVI., his queen, and his nobles did two centuries later, but one must consider the time, the dangers round the king and his mother, the threats of Coligni, the violence of his followers, the pitiless and irreconcilable character of the Huguenots everywhere, and the atrocious principles by which their leaders guided them. Calvin, Bezá, and the other lights whose Christian charity went through Europe in sword and fire gave to kings a bitter food for reflection. Owing to their principles society has suffered since in the crimes of policy and power, of violence and plunder, in the cruelty of the strong, the suffering of the weak, in unprincipled aggres-

*It is right to say Renaudie was a man of courage.

sion and the lust of wealth—in whatever distinguishes these three last centuries in ferocity, faithlessness, and greed from the impulsive anger and the waste of the previous ones. Thinking in this manner, it is not fair to try Charles by the standard of a cold philosophy with only two terms before it, a king and his subjects, instead of a king threatened by a small minority of his subjects, his kingdom wasted by them, his loyal subjects trampled upon by them, his sacred person outraged by them, his life depending upon whether he or they should strike the first blow. If the insults and injuries inflicted upon Charles since his eleventh year had been done by a small minority of Catholic subjects to a Protestant monarch with power in his hands, then the Rear-Admiral's comparison with the worst of the Roman emperors and the Turkish sultans would be in point, then a parallel would, perhaps, have been found whose only limit was the number to be destroyed.

If the Huguenot Society, as an academical body seeking truth, explains to us the justification for taking up arms by a small body of the people, the real question as to the measure of censure to be pronounced on Charles IX. and Louis XIV. will be ripe for hearing. I decline to look at the massacre of St. Bartholomew as an isolated fact standing in the region of speculative morality. I decline to take the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes as an act in the unrelated politics of an imaginary state. Any man can sketch a Republic or an Utopia and discuss learnedly the laws of his ideal state. I have no doubt, if men were perfect, what is understood as anarchy might be a suitable condition of life; but it would not be a state. Because men are not perfect, there must be government and laws which express a large part of the relations of authority to those who are to obey it.

GOVERNMENTAL RIGHT TO EXIST.

In France, in the sixteenth century, the government was in possession; it possessed the right of self-defence which belongs to every being, and, superadded to that, the imperative duty of maintaining law and order even when there is no immediate danger to the existence of the state. I think when treating of phenomena like those before us we are bound to have regard for all the ascertainable influences involved in producing them, if we are to do justice to men and to events, if we mean at all to reach a profitable conclusion. This philosophical temper of mind has been absent from the manifesto so often alluded

to in this article. It should be remembered that loyalty to the throne in the sixteenth century was a conviction from habit, a duty from moral principles preceding habit. The throne was, at the very least, the symbol by which all that is meant by life in society was represented. The theory of the divine right of kings, which is a Protestant not a Catholic one in the sense ordinarily employed, has nothing to do with the symbolical meaning of reciprocal duties and relations contained in the word throne. Call the power the state, the republic, the commonwealth, still society must be maintained even though men assassinate in the name of religion and rebel in the name of liberty to overthrow the power. It makes no difference whether a Calvin is behind a conspiracy of Amboise,* or a Condé,† fresh from his harem, raises an insurrection against his king, law and order must be defended.

That intense sense of loyalty I speak of was woven into the life of the Christian commonwealth. Kings may have taken exaggerated conceptions of what was due to them, fantastic loyalty may have now and then on the part of particular subjects encouraged this exaggerated estimate, but upon the whole it worked well; it tended to what Burke so well described as the cheap defence of nations, as it was a security for peace, the greatest blessing of a state and without which liberty is license, might is right.

For subjects to rise rightfully against society there must be intolerable grievances, no other hope of redress, and a reasonable prospect of success. Not one of those conditions was present in the Huguenot rebellions. It was not for liberty of conscience that they first rose against the government. They had enjoyed the protection of Francis I. to a degree which made him repent before his death; they had become a danger to the government on the death of Henry II., and in order to obtain supreme power, they joined the political faction of the Bourbons against Francis II. If freedom of religion had been their object, why did they not live as good subjects under their king? There was no demand of conscience to aid the ambitious projects of the profligate Condé or to join Antoine of Navarre's intrigues against the house of Guise. The young king had entrusted the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine with the government, and because he did so Calvin sent emissaries from Geneva to France, Condé sent Renaudie to Throgmorton,

* Ranke denies his complicity.

† Henry Morley tells us that Condé, while adopting the doctrines of the Reformers, did not lessen the number of his mistresses.

the English ambassador; Throgmorton went to Elizabeth, and she promised aid to a conspiracy to seize the king and the queen and the Guises. It is idle to pretend there was no intention of assassinating the king—Ranke affects ignorance of the object of the conspiracy—but any one who knew Europe then would understand the maxim, that for a king a prison was the step nearest to the grave. To satisfy uneasy consciences among the Huguenots, theologians and jurisconsults attested that no human or divine law would be violated by the proposed stroke. That is to say, there were some among them who did not think a reform in religion freed men from the obligations of morality; but their doctrinal guides drugged their consciences by taking more than human responsibility upon themselves. However, the outbreak of the conspiracy was crushed by Guise; and the issue affords an instructive instance of the honesty of those leaders. To escape the consequences of their treason Condé and Coligni fought against their adherents, thereby showing that human and divine law could be observed whether they called black white to-day or white black to-morrow. As usual, the more honest leaders suffered—they perished in the field or were taken and executed; while Condé and Coligni survived to plot anew and to rebel.

RANKE'S OWN EVIDENCE SHOWS THE HUGUENOTS THE AGGRESSORS.

This was the beginning of the civil wars. The Huguenot apologists have a reason for fixing the affray at Vassy as the commencement. The circumstances could be so used as to make the conflict appear to have been caused by an unprovoked attack on a Huguenot meeting by the followers of Guise. I am very clear as to my opinion of that affray. The evidence supplied by Ranke shows that the Huguenots were to blame, though Ranke himself throws the responsibility upon the duke's men, while acquitting the duke himself. But the conspiracy of Amboise was another matter. Nothing could erase its infamy. If words have any meaning, if law has any obligation, if religion is not a pretence, and the government of the country anything better than a nightmare, it would not do for "the men of the religion" to be involved in that conspiracy.

But in the affair at Vassy the clever shifting of incidents and the use of words which strike the popular imagination could be made to do yeoman service to the cause of truth. "This Christian Church," as the Rear-Admiral contemptuously

describes the church, could be made to bear the odium coupled with the king and court, whose depravity, he tells us, surpassed that of sultans. The Huguenots, laying hold of this affray, had the chance of stirring men's hearts by appeals to liberty of conscience, by pointing to the proud serving-men who went before their masters' words, and to the first Catholic in the realm, who had pledged his life and fortune to preserve the faith of his fathers at any cost of suffering to others. So the hand-bills and the ballads, the sermons and the broad-sheets, would spread far and wide the yoke that lay upon them "of the religion." If they desired to worship God, they should be prepared for war, or else to abandon the fair fields of France, her skies, her pleasant rivers, to see no more "the line of the blue Pyrenees," and so on in Huguenot imitation ballads—in a word, leaving no alternative between war and exile. This was the stage at which to take the controversy with the Catholics; but the court of France might decline to draw its pleadings on the frame supplied by the enemy. The impudence of all this astounds one who knows that at this time the Huguenots were in the possession of all religious and political rights—even the rights of riot and robbery. As an instance of their power and influence with the court, we find that the good citizens of Paris were disarmed in order that Condé and his marauders, his ministers and his bravoes, his chaplains and his mistresses, would be free to trample them and their families like the dust beneath their feet.

PERSECUTION NOT UNKNOWN IN PROTESTANTISM.

I intended giving some views concerning the massacre of St. Bartholomew* and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and what has been said concerning the consequences of the latter to France. I have already reached the limit of space allowed by the magazine. The student of history knows the importance of authoritative opinions in directing the movements of men at a time of great excitement. The pronouncements of those who have originated or led a moral or social revolution are looked to as lights in time of difficulty with the confidence which made them inspirations before trial came. Whatever may be the logical results of Protestant principles when carried to their

* Elizabeth was so satisfied with the reasons given by Charles IX. for the sudden action of the court that she expressed her belief he would protect the Huguenots. Their violence had undoubtedly exposed them to attack from the people in the provinces; and this no one knew better than Throgmorton and Cecil, who had been all along using the Huguenots to paralyze the power of France.

legitimate issue, it cannot be denied that persecution of all who differed from them was the practice of the Reformers. Protestantism was a rebellion whose plea was liberty and right, and when it became a revolution it restricted liberty and right to what a particular teacher, Calvin or Luther, deemed to be their meaning. Not one of them was free from this intolerance; even the mild Melancthon utterly proscribed the Anabaptists as beyond the pale of justice and of life. Calvin could brook no opposition; he expelled a sect called the Libertines from Geneva, he burned Servetus, beheaded Gruet. All the crimes that have been committed in the name of religion would find their vindication in the political principles of Calvin in relation to his church. His favorite, Beza, the idol of French Protestants because he was thought to have some touch of the letters of the Humanists and the grace of chivalry, declared there was no *locus pœnitentiæ* for anti-Trinitarians. When they could deal with as good Reformers as themselves in this manner, there can be no doubt but that all methods were right by which the Catholic Church should be stamped out.

Indeed, there is a singular character of inconsistency in the counsels of the Huguenots like that which governs the policy of Calvin. At one time you do not know what they believe, at another you think some of them have no belief at all. In the advice they gave to Henry IV. to become a Catholic, they spoke of the church as the same ancient church which it had ever been, in doctrine, order, and usages.* This gives up the whole case for the Reformation and puts them in the state and condition of a revolutionary faction. It converts them into a lawless association which during seven reigns drenched France in blood, broke asunder all moral and social ties, checked the prosperity of the country, opened the way to foreign invasion. They were, in the light of their own words, an *imperium in imperio*, like some of the secret societies which ruled along the Rhine in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, like the assassination societies of a later date, which used the knife or the bowl if they thought that the fortune of war was not a safe experiment to be tried. Only, indeed, that men are often better than their principles, the doctrines and political theories of the Huguenots, as formulated by Calvin, would have made them the greatest criminals that history tells of; and that many of them lived up to their doctrines and political theories is proved by the calamities of France for a hundred years.

* Ranke, *Civil Wars.*

GOOD-BY.

BY DOROTHY GRESHAM.

A SOFT May evening, calm and peaceful; through the country roads shut in by the hedges fresh with their new green dress, the air is laden with the perfume of the hawthorn, the meadows are shimmering in the gentle breeze, and all nature is springing into life and joyousness to welcome the month of bird and blossom! Back from the Rosary in the village chapel Kitty and I are slowly wending homewards. The scene is so enchanting that our steps are slow, as if we could not bear to tear ourselves away from the beauties that greet us at every turn in the road. Kitty has returned to be with me for my last week among the mountains. Were my departure in the winter, perhaps I could have borne it; but now, when bough and wood and hillside are wooing me in all their loveliness, it seems as if I could never, never leave them. We are speaking of it now, and Kitty, who always looks on the bright side of life and professes profound horror of anything approaching sentiment, twits me on my lamentations and poetical rhapsodies. I do not mind her, and declare I shall be just as miserable and as sorry for myself as ever I can. It is all the consolation I shall get!

I dive into the hedges and gather the fair, white, tiny lily-of-the-valley, or "Ave Maria," as the children call it, scorning the botanical name; pull down branches of pink and white hawthorn, and search among the bushes for that sweet, clinging woodbine, or honeysuckle, as they call it in England and with us, that sends out such delicious odors. Over a stile we are in the green fields, and begin to climb. The lambs are holding high revels, and running races in and out among the yellow furze and purple broom. Arrived on the mountain-top, we stand and look down at the wild, glowing, lovely view at our feet. The sun is giving his last peep at all things, animate and inanimate, that he has gladdened to-day by his radiance. In a great ball of fire he rests on the mountain-top. The lough is glinting with ruddy tints and the yachts are lying idly below as if resting, like nature, after tossing all day on the blue

waters; green fields, oh! so green, stretch away for miles down to the shore, the blue smoke from the farm-houses shoots up through the elms, a shepherd's song or whistle falls on the ear, and rest, peace, love, come over me as I stand longing.

"Oh!" I cry, "is it not too beautiful? If only I could put it in my pocket and carry it off with me."

No response from Kitty. Her eyes are gazing as mine, but I hold forth without sympathy. When one cannot get what she wants, let her go on without! Disgusted, at last, at her lack of responsiveness, I say angrily:

"How would you feel if you were leaving it all in a few days, probably for ever!"

No answer again—and astonished at this, her unusual silence, were it only to rebuke or tease, I look at my companion—and am amazed. Her whole face is changed; her eyes full of tears, and an ardent, longing, wistful, sad though sweet look steals over her as if, I think, she were looking on the face of the dead! Unconsciously I turn away my head; her thoughts are too sacred, evidently, to break in on. For five minutes or more there is dead silence, and then in a dreamy, far-off voice she says:

"How quiet you are, Dolly. What is the matter?"

Delighted that she has found her voice at last, I cry, in an injured tone:

"It is you who are silent. I have been talking at you for the last half-hour, and you never took the least notice of me."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," in a subdued, sad voice. "I have been thinking of what you have just said about—seeing it all—for the—last time."

I look at her intently. Can this be the same old Kitty who was laughing at my outbursts an hour since? Something in her whole attitude strikes me as unnatural, and a queer feeling of impending change and loss comes over me. I put my hand heavily on her shoulder and say earnestly, "You are not going away, are you?"

Her eyes meet mine sadly for a moment, and then—well my first fears are confirmed. All at once some words of Aunt Eva's come to me! But where?

Kitty says at length: "I have been trying to tell you, but could not—you Americans have such strange, almost un-Catholic ideas about things." Another long pause, and then

she jerks out, nervously but so joyously: "I am to enter the Sacred Heart in Roehampton in a few weeks, and—and this is my last visit to Crusheen!"

My hand falls to my side; I look at her as one dazed. The sun falls behind the peak, leaving a shadow over the bright scene, all the light and joy of the evening seem to darken with Kitty's words. I drop on the grass and give vent to my surprised, outraged feelings, as women always do, in copious showers. I turn my back on Kitty and leave her to her woe, and hope she is suffering twice as much as I. What possessed her to come to such a decision? Kitty—bright, laughing, adventurous, sunny, mirth-loving Kitty—a nun! And in the Sacred Heart too! I had always heard they were so cold, stiff, and stately, and so "English"! How could she ever stand it to have her wild spirits, her dashing riding, her irresistible jokes all crushed out of existence? Oh, it cannot be true! I like nuns very much and admire them beyond words; but then I thought they were all born so—not Kitties, to be moulded into a perfect pattern! I rage, storm, protest to myself over and over again, and a fresh tear-fall punctuates each outburst. At last Kitty's arm steals round me, and never has her voice sounded so sweet, so dear.

"Dolly, dear, you must not say those things; they hurt me very much. Besides, why should you care? You would not want me to be unhappy all my life, and I should be were I not to follow the Voice that surely calls me to a higher and better way than I know I could ever find in this Eden of yours." With a smile she says: "Come now, dear, and be sensible, and we will go home; to-morrow you will think differently about it all." She leads me away, still in tears, still denouncing religious orders in general, the Sacred Heart in particular, and English novitiates most of all. I am furious, and say all the nasty, hateful things I can think of to let off steam.

"But why must you enter in England?"—getting somewhat reasonable. "They will never understand you there, I know; and how you will miss everything!—the mountains, the people, your horse, the walks—everything,"—with a long wail in a minor key. Kitty is beginning to find my tragic air funny, and she actually mimics my tone and teases more than ever. Evidently she thinks the wiser course is to answer a fool according to her folly.

"I tell you, Dolly, you had better come with me and teach them how to treat me, and between us both we shall turn all

those good mothers out on a sensible pattern. What do you say?"

"Oh!" with a disgusted air; "and will you not be homesick?

"No doubt; but there are plenty who will be in the same condition, and you know there is consolation in numbers. Never mind, Dolly; you shall teach them in England how to treat, yes, and appreciate, Irish homesick maidens." We are skirting Crusheen by this, but without letting me know, Kitty is coming out of her way to see me to Dungar before leaving me in this amiable frame of mind.

"And do you know any one there?"—relenting a little.

"Oh, yes! numbers. Some of our girls are in Roehampton now, others in Melbourne, New Zealand, San Francisco, Chili, and other adjacent little places, where I could call on them at any moment to uphold my Irish rights."

"And would they send you there?"

"Of course, if they think I am worthy; that is the goal all are longing for. Fergus is sure, when he enters the Jesuits next month, that after a few years they will send him to China. He told me the other day, in a burst of confidence, that it would be glorious to have a martyr in the family."

"Oh, you queer people! Fergus going too? He in Dublin, you in London; he in China, you in Chili; how delightful! And is this how you expect to spend your lives when your roads part next month?"

"Oh! we shall always meet in the Heart of our Lord, and the farther apart we are in this world the nearer we shall be, perhaps, in the next."

I have nothing more to say against such arguments as these, and having nothing to say—I say it! In silence we reach the park, and then I realize how selfish I have been in my lamentations in allowing Kitty to come two miles out of her way. I feebly tell her so; but she chides my scruples, and I respond coldly to her loving good-night, though as I look back before she has disappeared in the woods, her voice gaily singing snatches of the hymn they sang at the Rosary, never has she seemed more winsome, never am I less inclined to give her up for ever.

Three days later I set off from Dungar in the little pony trap to see all my old friends for the last time. By my express desire, Nell consents to let me go alone and unattended. I want no one's eyes to see my emotions, for I know there

will be tears everywhere, and I have an utter contempt for any such display.

In cabin and farm-house I linger longest; take farewell looks at the kitchen dressers, the turf fires, the well-remembered scenes where so many happy hours have been spent, and gaze lovingly on the dear old faces I shall see in dreams in days to come; try to impress every one that I shall be back next summer, am as gay as a May morning; but when it comes to the very last steps on the familiar, quaint old thresholds, then—well I am the most contemptible of my sex. At Nancy Carthy's I outdo myself as the old gate swings behind me, and I pull the donkey's long ears in a parting tug. The old woman takes me in her arms and has actually to put me in the trap and send me off. In drawing-room and boudoir there are small scenes, and Mrs. Bayley waves me adieu with a tearful "We'll meet at Philippi!" I am so very mournful every one seems to think, to be polite, she ought to shed a small tear-shower over me, and with true Irish consideration to the last, every woman and small child—even the babies—do their duty!

Back through the village street I pull up before Father Tom's little gate. In his old parlor he speaks kindly words of wisdom that will do me good service in many a trial to come. I kneel for his blessing, and solemnly he pronounces the benediction. Laying his hands on my bowed head he says: "God bless you, child, and may you be always as good and innocent as to-day! An old priest's blessing and prayers will follow you across the ocean." Peggy, the ancient housekeeper, stands on the door-step waiting, her apron mopping her falling showers. Silently she thrusts a little picture into my hand with a broken "Miss Eveleen herself sent me this by the priest when he was over at the convent, and I thought, Miss Dolly, you'd like to take it home with you." Dear, generous old soul! she has sacrificed her most precious treasure, coming from her idol, Miss Eveleen.

And now comes the great tug—Kitty. Aunt Eva and Uncle Desmond are coming with Nell and Kevin to see me on board at Queenstown. Through the open door up the well-known stairway to Kitty's room, where I know she awaits me. She tries to look as if it were an ordinary call of mine to haul her off for a tramp or a ride, but my face is too suggestive of recent woe, and we launch into the present and future. An hour goes by and then another, and I must go; but oh! I cannot. At last she says, in a broken sort of voice:

"Dolly, dear, it is almost dark, and the pony is spirited, and—" Well, I know what she means.

"It must be good-by," I say.

"It must, and, Dolly, I want to ask you: let the renunciation be complete. Do not write, except on special occasions!" No half-measures about Kitty; it must be all or nothing. "Do you mind?"—seeing my enraged countenance.

"Yes, I do very much; but since you are giving everything, I ought to be generous enough to give something"; and she smiles approval. I am conquered. Before the altar we kneel for our last prayer together, and make a few resolutions to be kept till we meet again—when? where? Eternity, in all probability. And with Our Lady's mild eyes looking down on us, the parting is gone through, solemnly, holily, reverently, completely, and we set forth on our different paths, to meet again when He shall call us Home!

With blinding eyes I go out, and know no more till I find myself in the trap, the pony galloping down the drive. I look my last on my beloved mountains, the blue lough, the green woods, charming Crusheen, the towers of Dungar, and in the dusky, gathering twilight, silently, longingly, fondly, cry out in the lonely night, "Good-by!"

EASTER-FLOWER.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

S on earth's rim, so wide and gray and low,
The flower of dawn unfolds its pearly glow,
Beside the sepulchre of stony gray
An angel, bending, takes the seal away,
And forth there comes the Flower of Earth and Heaven—
And man, redeemed, to God again is given!

LUDWIG PASTOR, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF LIVING CATHOLIC HISTORIANS.

LUDWIG PASTOR, THE GREAT GERMAN HISTORIAN.

BY M. LALOR MITCHELL.

NO one who has followed the progress of German historical research since the middle of the last century can fail to wonder at the changed spirit in this particular province, as well as the result of this change.

Lessing was one of the best critics of the literature of his time. In his *Briefen die neueste Litteratur betreffend* he says to a friend: "I cannot deny that you are right in saying that the literary outlook is of the worst. You may also be right in saying that at present we possess no remarkable writer of history. Our wits are seldom scholars, and our scholars are seldom wits. The former are unwilling to study, to think, or to work, which the latter require to do. The former are wanting in material, and the latter are wanting in the power of producing their material."

This severe verdict on the historical literature of his time did not hold good very long. The German nation has given proof of possessing a very decided talent for historical research. While Lessing accords only medium praise to Burnan and

Mascau, shortly after his death the German school of history was universally in evidence and to this day holds a prominent rank in the world of letters.

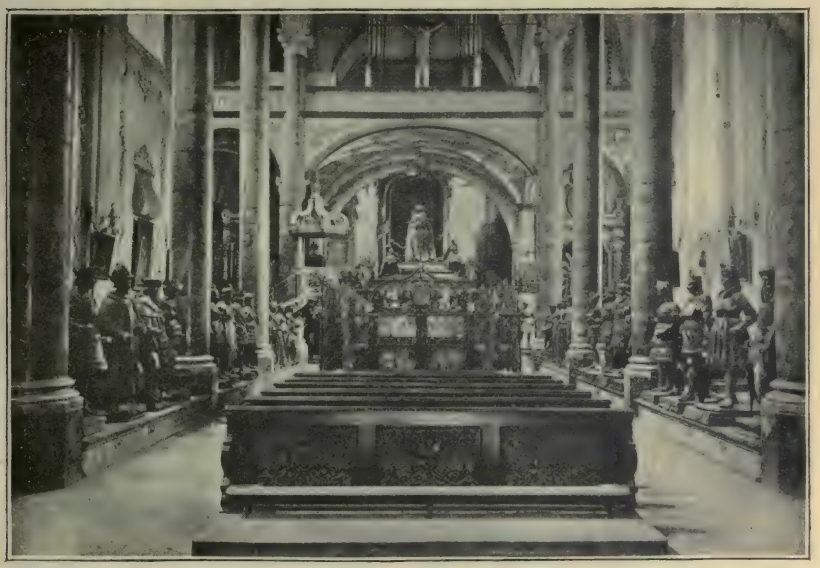
Although in the first half of the century Protestant historians were conspicuous, the latter half brought with it a changed state of things, and their Catholic fellow-students have won laurels in this particular branch, and now that the great Janssen is gone to his eternal reward we turn our eyes to his brilliant pupil, successor, and literary executor, Ludwig Pastor, of whom a short sketch must be of interest to all intelligent readers.

The Pastors belong to one of the oldest patrician families of Aix-la-Chapelle. In the sixteenth century they played a conspicuous part in the old imperial city as burgomasters and judges; also wielding a strong influence in diplomatic circles. The family was divided into three branches, all bearing the same coat of arms—a clover-leaf between two wings. One branch remained Catholic and retained the family residence in Aix-la-Chapelle, the second became Protestant and removed to the neighboring town of Butsheid, where they still hold a prominent position. They adopted the motto "With God's help all is accomplished." The third branch went to Cologne.

Ludwig belongs to the Butsheid branch, and his father, born in 1800, for whom he was named, was a firm believer of the Protestant religion. He married a Catholic, Anna Sibylla Onnan, and it was agreed that the sons born of this union should follow the religion of their father, the daughters that of the mother, and according to this agreement Ludwig, born January 31, 1854, who was in time to become the successor of Janssen, was baptized a Protestant. The elder Pastor died in 1864, having four years previously removed to Frankfort-on-the-Main. Among the intimate friends of the Pastor family in Frankfort were school-inspector Thissen, Dr. Wedewer, and the immortal Janssen, all of whom had a great influence in shaping the thoughts of the subject of our sketch. Rev. Emil Siering was chosen by the widow as tutor to her children; he devoted himself with the greatest earnestness to his task.

It goes without saying that the winning personality and learning of the broad-minded Janssen made a deep impression upon the studious boy, who soon convinced his teachers that he had no calling to mercantile pursuits. Janssen loved to relate how clearly he saw the future historian in one of Ludwig's essays.

In the autumn of 1867 Rev. Siering and his pupil undertook a journey down the Rhine and into Holland. All who visit this territory, so rich in relics of the middle ages, must become deeply interested, and the impression made on Pastor



JOHANNESKIRCHE, INNSBRÜCK.

was so great that after his return home he determined at any cost to devote himself to literature. As such a resolution involved the abandoning of his father's flourishing business, it was strongly opposed by his mother, but she yielded to the representations of Janssen and Siering.

With the greatest assiduity Pastor now commenced the study of Greek and Latin. Easter, 1870, he entered the Frankfort Gymnasium, where Janssen was teacher of history to the Catholic students, and thenceforward a warm friendship, as between father and son, sprung up and continued until death separated them. Here he became acquainted also with the historical painter, Edward von Steinle, Augustus Reichensperger, the pastor Munzenberger, Karl von Savigny, and Baron von Ketteler, bishop; all of whom have been honors to Catholicity in Germany during her struggle for right and justice since 1870.

With the greatest zeal Pastor went to Bonn in 1873, where he studied under Von Floss, Karl Menzel, and M. Ritter. He

was interested in all branches of learning, and was encouraged and assisted by the priceless friendship of his master, Janssen. Indeed, it would appear that in the future the two names are to be indissolubly united in the field of history.

Under this leadership he applied himself to writing essays on historical themes, one of which, under the title of *New Views of the Reformer, Albrecht von Brandenburg*, published by Janssen in *The Catholic*, attracted the attention of the cathedral dean, Heinrich of Mentz, a man whom no one ever approached without being benefited. Pastor fully appreciated the intimacy with such a man, and until the death of the eminent theologian there existed a close friendship between the two. On account of this friendship Bishop Haffner has entrusted the letters of Heinrich to Pastor, who will make them the foundation of a published life. Through Heinrich, Pastor was introduced into the learned circle comprising such men as Haffner, Moufang, Schneider, and Raisch, residing in Mentz. At this time he had entered the Catholic Church.

At Bonn, Pastor was admitted into the club "Armenia," and later into the Berlin reading circles, "The Askania" and "The Burgundia." Like Janssen, his guiding spirit, he did not allow his zeal for study to make him indifferent to his societies. In 1876, in company with his former tutor, he made an eight weeks' trip into Italy, and was commissioned by his club to present an address of allegiance to Pius IX. in Rome, receiving in return the papal benediction for the club.

The most invaluable opportunities were given the young historical student in the Eternal City to find unpublished MSS. which are now enabling him to write from rarely known authorities—authorities potent in changing the trend of history, since the opening to scholars of the Vatican archives by the broad-minded Leo XIII. To make use of the words of Vikor Helm: "Not alone the fate of the world depended on Rome; Latin, the language of culture, art, wisdom, and faith, all, by a mystic influence, returned to Rome."

The position of the Papacy troubled Pastor. The power and truth of the church struck him with masterful influence, and he acknowledged the justice of the words of Baron Frederick Leopold von Stolberg on a similar trip: "All this remnant of human greatness and human changeableness will be outshone by the Cross, which teaches and promises greatness and eternity."

In the autumn of 1876 Pastor went to Berlin in order to

Innsbrück, Pastor's chosen Field of Labor.

study at the historical seminary the technique and science of research under George Waitz (†1886), and to attend the far-famed lectures of Professor Karl Wilhelm Nitzsch (†1880) on German history. Here he also had recourse to valuable French MSS., in the Royal Library, for future use in his *History of the Popes*, which he had planned while yet at the Gymnasium.* No wonder that such a man and such a student should in our day be pronounced, by one of our Protestant professors of history, "one of the two reliable authorities of the Reformation period."

At Easter, 1877, he went to the University of Vienna, where the MS. treasures of the royal and state libraries were thrown open to him. There he made the acquaintance of the most prominent men of letters; amongst others J. B. Weiss, who induced him to go to Grätz, where the degree of Ph.D. was

* In a criticism of the third volume of this great work we read: ". . . This third volume has the qualities of its predecessors—the abundant erudition, the sane and self-reliant criticism, the quiet, sustained, and self-respecting narrative, but also the excessive caution, the half-apologetic flavor, the close adherence to the form of its authorities, the mosaic method by which, to the umbrage of his critics, its author makes even moderns furnish whole paragraphs of his text. Yet, as to this last, it were unfair not to add that he frankly disclaims the wish 'to say better what has once been well said'—and, while he so loyally credits his loans, he may well be right. . . ."—*The American Historical Review*, April, 1896.

conferred upon him in 1878. His thesis, only the first part of which he presented to the faculty, treated of *The Church's Efforts for Reunion under Charles V.* He then returned to Berlin, where he remained until December, when he made his second trip to Italy, and there undertook the weary task of procuring material for his great work, *The History of the Popes.* Until then the papal archives had been inaccessible. Pastor, through the influence of the papal nuncio at Vienna, Jacobini, and the Cardinals Nina and Franzelin, sought permission to study those treasures which were unknown to Ranke, Gregorovius, and Reumont, and in January, 1879, the favor was granted to him. Thus was he the instrument which brought about the famous brief, "Sæpenumero considerantes," of August 13, 1883, in which the Pope says: "The authentic monuments of history are for those who with unprejudiced and clear minds defend the church and the papacy."

Pastor remained in Rome until 1879, and at Easter visited the national archives of Naples, where he discovered so much matter to be found in his *History of the Popes.*

In 1879 appeared his great work already mentioned, *The Church's Attempts to effect Reunion in the Time of Charles V.*, with which the young historian fairly entered the ranks of the students of the Reformation period, filling an important gap, gratefully acknowledged by students of history. That this work is criticised by staunch upholders of the Reformation cannot be wondered at, but from a broad, Catholic stand-point there could not be a more fair-minded statement of the causes of the schism.

Now Pastor was undecided to which university he should attach himself. The "Kulturkampf" was at its height and made the Catholic university career anything but encouraging. His personality and talents were, to be sure, well known; and with the view of evading all the petty annoyances of the Kulturkampf he chose the University of Innsbrück, a picturesque Austrian town of about fourteen thousand inhabitants on the majestic river Inn, from which, with its bridge, it takes its name. Bishop Hurst, in *Letters from Germany*, gives a fascinating picture of Innsbrück; but from his uncomplimentary allusions to the book trade there it is very evident that he had not taken the trouble to seek a view of the university library. There Pastor commenced his lectures in 1881, and his success as a professor soon broke down all the prejudice which a Catholic had to face, even in Catholic Austria, at the time, and

students flocked from far and near to enjoy the advantages of his instruction.

In 1882 he married Kostanza, only daughter of the Burgomaster Leopold Kaufmann, of Bonn. He then spent much time in the libraries of Paris, Milan, and Mantua, and ever since has rarely failed to make an annual visit of research to Italian archives. All his studies seem preparations for his great work, *The History of the Popes*, which is a powerful antidote to Ranke's *History of the Roman Popes*. This work has had a large sale and has done much to influence thousands. It has been translated into French, Italian, and English, and is acknowledged by the severest critics to be an epochal work.

In studying this fruit of many years' labor one must be convinced that the author is the very soul of truth, who sifts unsparingly the real from the seeming. Pope Leo XIII. has been very deeply interested in this master-work, extending to its author every opportunity to reach the truth and nothing but the truth. His Holiness even placed at Pastor's service the "Acts of Alexander VI." (Roderigo Borgia), so long inaccessible, probably for state reasons. In an audience Leo said to the professor, in referring to certain papers, these noble words: "Non abbiamo paura della publicita dei doccumenti" (We have no fear of the publication of documents). The time has gone by, thank God! when revilers dare to let the human impugn the divine.

These historical monuments do not limit Dr. Pastor's literary activity. He is a valued contributor to the Paris *Revue des Questions Historiques*, as well as to the leading German historical publications. He was long the trusted colaborer of the historic giant of our day, Johannes Janssen, who when death came bequeathed to his beloved pupil the sacred charge of completing his life-work, his glorious legacy to his countrymen and to all believers and seekers after truth—*The History of the German People since the Close of the Middle Ages.*

LIGHT AT EVENTIDE.

BY CUTHBERT.

I.

AFTER THE RECEPTION.

LIGHTS in the Estbrooke mansion had burned brilliantly all the evening, but at last the private watchman of that part of the boulevard had seen the last carriage roll away, and darkness and the decorous quiet of unimpeachable respectability resumed their interrupted sway.

Within her own room, dimly lit by tiny fairy lamps of delicate tints, sat Laura Estbrooke, warming her toes before a cheerful coal fire. Near her sat her bosom friend, Minnie Murphy. Both were resting after the reception given in honor of the latter, a dear friend and school-mate of Laura, who was about to become a nun in the convent where both had been educated. Difference of religion—the Estbrookes were of the old Puritan stock—had never caused a breach of friendship between these two, whose characters and tastes were similar. On this subject they had tacitly agreed to disagree. The world—Minnie Murphy's world—called her a devotee, and society had indulgently patronized her on this occasion, and while consuming ices and displaying the family diamonds had talked glibly about "taking the veil" and "entering religion," and used other expressions which it considered appropriate to the occasion, having at the same time the vaguest idea of what they all meant. Society expressed no prejudices on this occasion. Good form forbade that. It is remarkable how easily society will overlook eccentricities of this nature in young women belonging to its ranks, especially when such eccentricities are sanctioned by the dwellers in brown-stone-fronts, and when diamonds and old family laces are called into requisition.

"Oh! wasn't it all delightful?" said Laura. "Everybody of our set, *everybody* was here, and all for you, Minnie dear." The excitement of the evening had not yet died out of the beautiful girl's eyes.

"You are very kind to go to so much trouble for me," replied her friend.

"Trouble!" cried the impetuous Laura. "Do you think it was trouble to arrange an event for my dearest friend, whom I am so soon to lose and whom I love as I love no one else? I wonder what kind of an account the papers will have in the morning. What do you think?"

"Indeed I have given it no thought," replied Minnie; "I was thinking of you, Laura."

"About me!"

"Yes, dear; you make me uneasy. Have we not known each other for years? Are we not friends?"

"Yes, yes! the dearest of friends."

"Yet I sometimes see in your face that which tells me you are troubled. Is there not some unhappiness hidden behind that smile?"

"What have you seen?" asked Laura in alarm.

"That unsatisfied, longing, yearning look at unexpected moments, which tells me there is some weight on your heart. Is it not so?"

"Oh, if George or father should hear!"

"What is it, dear? Confide in me, and if I can—"

"You can—you can help me, I think." She, however, remained a long time silent, with her eyes fixed steadfastly on the burning coals in the grate. At length she said: "Yes, I think you can help me. You know that I have been for years at the Ladies' school. You know what I was when I first went there—petulant, imperious, even tomboyish—and you know how madame the prefect tamed me, too!" And the ever ready laugh sounded merrily through the room.

"Indeed I realize that you are quite changed," replied her friend, "but *that* change does not make one uneasy. What I refer to now are the looks of uncertainty and anxiety I so frequently see on your face, when you are unaware that I am looking at you."

"But it has some connection," replied Laura, now again serious. "It has connection with the Ladies, with my convent school-life, with you, with all I have known there."

"How? I do not understand."

"The example of those nuns has greatly influenced me. Women so gentle, so kind, so sympathetic, and so devoted appear to me to be the noblest types our human nature has produced."

"That is my view, too, and—"

"—And your own example too, Minnie," said Laura, inter-

rupting her friend, "has influenced me to think seriously of the question of religion. I shall begin to study the doctrines of the Catholic Church."

"Doubt, then, has been the secret of your disquietude," said Minnie Murphy. "Thank God that he has not left you any longer in a false security!"

"I do not dread accepting a new religion. My previous surroundings have already familiarized me with much of it, and removed many absurd notions and prejudices. But the wrench to family ties! My aged father, as you know, cannot live much longer, and my brother George's sentiments are strong against those whom, at this late date, he still calls 'papists.' I dread the time when the revelation will have to be made. It *must* be made as soon as I am convinced of the truth of the doctrines of your creed."

The coming nun assured her friend that for the present there was no need of revealing her mind to her father or brother, but advised Laura to see the parish priest on the morrow, and follow his directions.

The next morning Father Dillon was consulted, and Laura was told that in the present circumstances there was no objection to concealing from her family the fact that she was under instruction, but she was warned explicitly of the necessity of not denying that she was a Catholic should she be questioned on the matter after she had been admitted into the church.

II.

A PROMISE AND A LETTER.

During the few weeks that remained before the postulant assumed the religious habit, Alfred, Minnie's brother, good-humoredly complained that his sister belonged to him, but he was always ruled out of order by the two girl friends. His sister had informed him of Laura Estbrooke's impending conversion to the faith, and he generously gave up much of his sister's company for the sake of the assistance she might be to her friend. Young Murphy himself was of great help to Laura after his sister had finally left home. The intimate relations between the two families gave him abundant opportunities of seeing her, and, by a warning glance of his eye or a well-turned remark, Laura was often saved something which would lead her father or brother to conclude that she was about to forsake their religion.

George Estbrooke was actually the head of the large firm of Estbrooke & Murphy. His father was the nominal chief, but for years past his advanced age had compelled him to relinquish all active participation in business. Alfred Murphy had inherited a junior share in the partnership upon the death of his father. Although he held but a secondary position, he was beloved by the employees in inverse proportion to the dislike entertained for the acting senior partner.

Laura Estbrooke's new life as a Catholic—or rather as a catechumen—was not all rose-colored. At times she felt the irksomeness of her position. Frequently she determined to openly announce her approaching conversion to her brother and father. Father Dillon and Murphy realized what a shock this would be to her aged father and restrained her zeal, encouraging her to have patience and to trust to divine protection for consolation and guidance.

This guidance was never more necessary than when, six months later, her father caught a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia. Laura was untiring in her attendance, watching night and day at the bedside of the sick parent. So great was the strain on her, that even her cold and selfish brother became concerned for her lest she should overtax her strength and fall ill. His concern, it must be confessed, was chiefly about his having to break up his establishment should his sister die.

In his own way the old gentleman was a deeply religious man, and according to his light had led an exemplary life. The snows of seventy-five winters had silvered his hair, but an upright career had made of his white hairs a crown of glory in his old age.

"I believe, my daughter," he said one day during his illness, "I am about to go the way of my fathers. I shall soon be called away. Before I go I once more exhort you to lead a good life. Remember, my dear child, that pure and undefiled religion is to visit the widow and the fatherless and keep one's self unspotted from the world. I trust that you will never forsake the Protestantism of your forefathers, and that you will promise me to remain a Protestant as long as you live. You know that we are intimately connected with the Murphys, who are Romanists, but that is no reason why we should allow them to influence us respecting our religion. Will you promise your dying father this?"

A crucial moment had come for Laura. How could she make such a promise? Yet could she deceive her father? She was sorely puzzled how to reply.

"These are serious matters and require consideration," she at length answered, "and a promise to my dying father I should hold especially sacred."

"Precisely, my child. Because you consider it so I ask it of you. Will you not satisfy me?"

Laura still hesitated. The sick man appeared to be getting dangerously excited by her silence.

"Speak—will you not speak, my daughter? Promise me!"

"I would not like to promise without due reflection," responded the sorely perplexed girl.

"What! you refuse? Are you already perverted?" he screamed in the treble of age and weakness.

"Dearest of fathers," said the daughter, "do not excite yourself. I promise you that I will do that which, when you get to heaven, you will most assuredly approve of."

With this promise the father was fain to be content. Laura longed to tell him that she was about to be received into the church, and to urge him with all the strength of her filial love to do the same, but she clearly saw that in his weakened condition this course would be an extremely dangerous one. She was consoled by believing him to be in perfectly good faith.

A week later Raymond Estbrooke died, leaving his large property to be divided equally between son and daughter. The daughter was not yet legally of age, and for one year her brother was appointed guardian. Many things were to happen during that year which were destined to add to her anxiety. This anxiety was by no means lessened a few weeks after her father's death by discovering that her brother George on several occasions had been indulging to excess in strong drink.

One day, feeling the irksomeness of her domestic position more keenly than usual, she determined to write to Alfred Murphy for advice. Although still Laura's friend, since the departure of his sister he had gradually ceased to be a frequent visitor at the Estbrooke mansion. Laura wrote him a long letter, asking whether she should not make the "affair" (of being received into the church in the near future) public. Unfortunately she did not mention what the "affair" was, being assured that Murphy would fully understand.

"Both you and your sister," wrote Laura, "know how I am situated, and as you two are the only ones whose opinions I care for, why should I not make the matter public? I chafe under the restraint of even an apparent deception."

In another part of the letter she said:

"A promise is a promise, and why should one be ashamed of it? I have promised to be faithful, and why should it be thought expedient to hide both my promise and my faithfulness to it from the public? Your open admission of your knowledge of it would strengthen me in my position, should I meet with any opposition from my brother."

Laura Estbrooke sealed the letter and directed it to Murphy's business address, instead of sending it to his hotel. There was just a moment's hesitation in her mind as to which address to choose. Thinking he would get it sooner at the warehouse than at his rooms, she put the firm's address on the envelope.

III.

TRIALS.

The day on which Laura had written her letter to Murphy was a busy one for both partners. The letter came to the office early in the afternoon. Murphy opened it and began reading with some surprise. He had not read many lines before he was called away and left the letter on his desk, intending to finish it when he returned.

During Alfred's absence his partner passed his desk. His attention was attracted by the open letter, with the handwriting of which he was perfectly familiar. He did not hesitate to read it at once. Unfortunately, as the sequel will show, the letter contained no explicit statement that his sister was about to be received into the Catholic Church. The sentences quoted above aroused his suspicions. Putting a far different construction on the words than Laura ever intended them to have, he became violently angry.

"So this fellow is thinking of marrying my sister," he muttered to himself, "and he a papist too! To marry one of the Estbrookes! What can he be thinking about? The fellow has promised her secretly, evidently, and he is not even man enough to openly avow it. Well, he will have no occasion, for I swear the marriage shall never take place"; and he flung the letter down, barely returning to his own desk in time to avoid being caught in the act by Murphy. The latter at once saw that some one had been prying into his private correspondence.

"Has any one been at my papers?" he asked.

"No."

"That is strange. I left them in one position when I went to the warerooms, and now they are in another."

"Well, no one has been here while I was in the room. You had better lock up your papers when you go out."

"I will. I find such a course becoming necessary."

This was the first time that any unpleasantness had ever occurred between the partners, but just now Alfred Murphy was irritated. The recent frequent potations of his colleague had resulted in neglect, and a consequent accumulation of business had fallen on the younger partner's shoulders. Just now he was tired and overworked.

"This incident," he continued—and he would not have done so in cooler moments—"this incident is only one of many to make me suspicious. I warn you, Estbrooke, unless this drinking of yours ceases I shall ask the courts to force you to buy me out. I do not intend," he continued warmly, "to ruin my prospects in life by a partnership with one whose habits would soon ruin the best business in the country."

Estbrooke was white with anger at this rebuke, being the more angry because his own conscience told him it was deserved.

"Looking for another kind of partnership, are you?" he said sneeringly.

"No," replied Alfred, "I have thought of nothing of the kind as yet. I only give you a warning."

At dinner that evening Estbrooke met his sister with a scowling face. At all times his countenance was anything but a pleasant one. To-night it was lowering and vengeful. Scarcely had the servants left when he turned angrily upon her.

"So you correspond with that fellow Murphy!"

Laura started, blushing deeply. A dozen different conjectures flashed through her mind. Momentarily she lost her self-possession.

"I have writ—I—I wrote—" she began.

"You have, and well I know it."

"I did not intend you should." She had already regained her composure.

"No doubt of that. So a promise has passed between you."

"A promise?—why, no!"

"Why do you want it to be made public then, if there be no promise?"

"You do not understand to what those words refer," replied Laura, "and the time has not come for explaining. But how did you learn this?"

"That is my business," he answered rudely.

"Pardon me, but it is my business too, and I mean to know."

"You do, eh?"

"I do. How did you learn this?"

"Then ask your lover!"

"My—lover!" repeated Laura, not at first grasping the meaning of the words. There was an inclination to laugh; then followed a period of perfect astonishment, then again a strong inclination to laugh heartily at her brother's blunder, and a ringing peal would have followed had she not caught sight of his flushed and angry face. Then she blushed deeply from mortification. Her brother took her blushes as a confirmation of his suspicions and became doubly angry.

"So you would marry that young papist—you—you of the old Protestant stock! Are you not ashamed?" He hissed the last words in her face across the table.

"Not so fast, brother," said the courageous but now frightened girl; "you are forgetting yourself. Let me see in you a little more of the chivalry of the old Protestantism and I may still respect it and you. If your present actions are the outcome of its teachings, there is not much to be proud of or lose by relinquishing it."

"This is fine talk for your father's daughter! What would he say if he could hear you?"

"He would probably say that a brother was not very brave to attempt to brow-beat his own sister. I hope he does not hear. May his soul rest in peace, and not be vexed with this night's scene!"

In her excitement Laura had used an expression which indicated clearly that she believed in the Catholic doctrine of prayers for the dead. It was not remarkable that she should now have on her lips what had been in her thoughts for months. Her brother rose from the table and faced her, apparently in unfeigned horror.

"What did I hear? Do you pray for the dead?"

"I do. Since my father's death it has been my greatest consolation to be able to help him by my prayers, now that he cannot help himself."

"But, girl, this is rank popery!"

"It is Catholic doctrine, and most consistent with natural affection."

"Are you a papist, then?" he almost shouted. There was

a momentary pause. Laura was nerving herself to make profession of her faith.

"I am a Catholic," came the calm answer.

"But a *Roman* Catholic!"

"A Roman Catholic. I have been receiving instructions for several months, but have not yet been received into the church."

At this announcement the brother was almost beside himself with rage. His face became purple, while thick veins stood out on his forehead. For some minutes he was at a loss how to express himself. He was really shocked at what he considered a family disgrace—a real catastrophe.

"False, false to your father and to your religion!" he at length muttered. "Did you not promise your dying father not to change your religion?"

"If I did, George," the sister answered quietly, "he, with the greater knowledge he now has of these matters, would not hold me to such a promise."

"Hold you! You would not keep it if he wished to hold you."

"Most probably not."

"Well, this young scheming papist," said Estbrooke after a pause, "has given you a promise of marriage which he—"

"Stop!" said Laura suddenly, "you are making yourself ridiculous. You are talking nonsense now. You are under a grave misapprehension. When you are more yourself I may explain; it is useless to do so now."

With a queenly motion she moved towards the door. Her brother stepped between her and the door.

"You do not go until you promise me to give him up," he said.

"Don't be absurd, George. I have told you that your conjectures are entirely wrong."

George Estbrooke paused. It suddenly occurred to him that perhaps, after all, he was making a huge mistake. But passion was blinding his reason. Strong drink, too, was causing him to lose the firm intellectual grasp of things he usually had. This knowledge, which had come suddenly to him, of his impotency to control himself severely shocked him, and abated much of his anger. Still very angry, still clinging to the idea he had formed when he read the letter, he made a strong effort to control further outward demonstration of his passion. Almost pleadingly he said:

"Now, Laura, be a sensible girl and give up this foolish Romanism."

"George," she replied, while looking steadily at him, "I give up with my life that which is now dearer to me than life itself."

Again a great wave of anger passed over him.

"I swear—" he began huskily.

"Hush, George; do be sensible!"

"I swear you shall never marry the man who has brought all this about."

"I have told you I have no intention—" But before she had finished the sentence her brother had left the room in a violent rage. A moment later the front door slammed, and Laura was left alone.

IV.

STORM CLOUDS.

George Estbrooke was really shocked at Laura's conversion. His false idea, to which he still clung tenaciously, that she would marry Murphy, who that day at the office had wounded his pride, now stung him to the quick. His self-love was also wounded when he found that he no longer had much influence over her. Their encounter that evening had shown him quite plainly that she considered herself her own mistress in the future. Perhaps the greatest shock to him was the discovery that he was losing control over himself when under the influence of any strong passion. In his heart he blamed and despised himself for such a state of things, which he was forced to admit was no chimera. Theoretically he knew that the indulgence of any one passion unrestrainedly tended to weaken and eventually destroy the intellect. That evening he had experienced a practical proof of the correctness of the theory, for he remembered with horror what a desperate struggle it had been to keep his hands from his own sister!

Above and beyond all these sources of perturbation another anxiety was gnawing at his heart. Laura and his friends had watched with sorrow his late dissipations, but none of them knew to what great lengths these dissipations had gone. During the last six months Estbrooke had developed into what is known in sporting circles as a "plunger." More experienced heads had easily fleeced the tyro on the race-track, while his losses at cards at his club and at other places amounted

in debts of honor, so called, to many thousands. He had given notes when his ready cash was exhausted, and soon these would all fall due and must be met.

At present, however, his thoughts turned upon Murphy, on whom he determined to be revenged. For hours he paced the streets trying to excogitate some plan. The night was dark and cold, and by force of habit he at length found himself at his own warehouse door. He entered his office and sat down to think. Ten, eleven, twelve struck in silver chimes from the cathedral bells, but he did not stir.

"Not that! My God, not that!" he muttered in a hoarse whisper as a terrible temptation came upon him. Estbrooke knew that his partner had lately purchased a number of government bonds which were negotiable. That afternoon he had seen him put them in his private drawer in the firm's vault safe.

"Searching for some one, sir?" asked a policeman half an hour later of a well-dressed man, wearing a slouch hat well down over his eyes.

"No."

"Pretty rough neighborhood down here by the river at night. Can I help you in any way?"

"No."

"If you are going down to the levee I should advise you to take care of your watch and purse. It's safer to get some one to go along with you."

"I can take care of myself," surlily answered Estbrooke.

On leaving the rough quarters of the river front not long after Estbrooke was a poorer man by several large bills, while a strong, unscrupulous roustabout was that much better off in this world's goods.

The next morning the senior member of the firm was somewhat later than usual in arriving at his office, but otherwise there was no trace of his previous night's mental perturbation. There was a cheerfulness about him which his partner did not fail to notice. Once or twice some almost complimentary passages passed between them. Alfred Murphy was pleased with the turn of affairs.

"This is an unusually large government contract this time," said Estbrooke to his partner. "I believe it will be necessary for either you or myself to go to the reservation to see to the proper distribution. The risk is rather too great to trust our agents there."

"Are they not trustworthy men?" asked Alfred.

"Oh, yes! *they* are; but you see we have to send a large gang of men with the goods, and these are mostly hard cases."

"Very well, I am willing to go if there is any necessity."

"There's no hurry. The stores are not to be distributed until the first week of next month."

"Oh, I will go!"

"Just as you please. If you don't care to go, I'll undertake the journey myself."

"That will not be necessary. I will see to it."

"Thanks. That is settled, then."

On the morning of leaving with the supplies Alfred Murphy was surprised and even touched to see the emotion of his usually phlegmatic partner. On shaking hands Estbrooke trembled visibly. Murphy saw large drops of perspiration on his brow.

"Don't be uneasy about me, Estbrooke," he said; "I shall be back again before long."

"I—I hope so," replied the other with averted face.

"Oh come, Estbrooke!" said Murphy, "a journey to the reservation is no great matter these days. You know there are no robbers or murderers now to waylay me and cut my throat."

"Of course not," answered his partner in a strange, hoarse tone, which made Murphy pause.

"See here, Estbrooke," he said, "do not let your imagination run away with you. Brace up. Don't be nervous about me. I'll be back before long."

As soon as Murphy had departed Estbrooke went to a hotel, engaged a room, called for brandy, and was seen no more that day.

About a month later, one night at dinner, Estbrooke said to his sister Laura:

"So Murphy has served us a pretty trick after all. I hope his accounts at the bank are all right."

"What is the matter? What has happened?" inquired Laura, in alarm.

"Serious matter enough! I received a letter to-day from some unknown person, in which it is stated that Murphy has been attacked—"

"Been attacked!" almost shrieked Laura.

"How you interrupt me," said George, startled—"been

attacked with the gold-fever, and has started suddenly for the West. This is pretty work indeed! I shall at once procure a dissolution of the partnership. The papers got hold of the news some way or other, of course, and I had to tell a reporter what I knew. Read for yourself." Estbrooke handed her an afternoon paper. She read the following:

"MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.
A PROMINENT MERCHANT LEAVES HIS BUSINESS AND STARTS FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.

A Western correspondent of this paper sends us a curious account of the doings of Mr. Alfred Murphy, of the firm of Estbrooke & Murphy of this city. Mr. Murphy, while at an Indian reservation as representative of the firm to superintend the distribution of provisions, suddenly took a notion to seek his fortune in the gold-fields. The letter states that, acting on the impulse of the moment, he left the business of the firm unfinished, and, without bidding the agent good-by, started alone on an old Indian trail. No one seems to know what amount of money he had with him or what means of transportation he employed. Mr. Estbrooke was seen this afternoon by a reporter of this paper, and has no words sufficient to express his astonishment at the eccentric action of his partner. The firm's financial affairs are perfectly sound. The senior partner will at once apply to the courts for a dissolution of the partnership."

V.

"AND THERE SHALL BE LIGHT."

The mother-superioress of the hospital had given orders that at the least intimation by the sick man in St. Catherine Ward a priest should be summoned, for she felt sure that the patient lying there was burdened with a more than ordinary sorrow; but the sinking patient remained sullen and taciturn. All Sister Juliana's efforts were met with a growl of obstinate refusal.

One day the attending physician announced that the patient could not be expected to live longer than two days. Gently the nun told the sick man, urging him to be reconciled to his Maker, whom he must soon meet as judge.

The dying man was startled at the sudden news and apparently somewhat softened. None but the very hardened can meet death without some trepidation. The man clasped his

hands. A solitary tear rolled down his sunken cheek. Silently the sister told her beads, and as silently the angels wafted her prayers and the merits of that one tear to the throne of mercy.

"Sister," said the sick man in a weak, dying voice, "I have been a bad man. Do you think—think there is hope—for me?"

The sister reassured him.

"But I do not belong to your religion. I am not a Pap—not a Catholic."

"I am aware of that," she answered gently, "but at the end of your life God is giving you the grace to embrace the true faith."

"But there are so many things in your religion that look so foolish, and some are—are so hard," said the patient.

Sister Juliana did not fail to notice a certain wistfulness in his voice. She replied:

"The father can explain all these things better than I can. Will you not see him?"

Again there was a long silence. Nothing was heard save the musical motion of the sister's beads as they slipped between her fingers.

"Yes, I will see your priest."

The priest came, and after several visits this man of shattered health and wasted life made his confession and was baptized. The patient had proved an intelligent catechumen. Want and sickness and approaching death had been the instruments by which God had softened his heart and rendered it docile and penitent. Great indeed was the joy of Sister Juliana to see her patient in such good dispositions. A soul at peace appeared at one time to influence the health of the body, so that hopes were entertained of a possible recovery. Nature, however, had been too flagrantly outraged not to resent the ill-usage she had received.

The morning after his baptism the priest brought the patient his first Holy Communion. Late in the afternoon of that day he signalled the sister to his bedside.

"Sister, I am going soon. I cannot last much longer. Give me that bundle under the bed."

The sister produced the small bundle he had brought to the hospital with him, and untied the knot of the red handkerchief for him.

"God has been good to me," said he, "and I want to make

one act of reparation, if such it can be called, before I die. Can you bear to hear a horrible story of crime? I want you to do something for me, and unless you hear my story you won't see the reason of my request."

"I can bear it if you think it necessary to tell it. You must remember that there is no necessity to say anything to any human being of what has once been told in confession to a priest."

"I know, I know that well; but humor a dying man, sister, please."

How could the sister refuse? She nodded assent, listening with half-averted face so that she might not betray her emotion to her patient.

Quietly, firmly, step by step, as if he took pleasure in his own humiliation, he went through his story of the crime, without sparing himself in the smallest detail. With the greatest difficulty Sister Juliana restrained her excitement. Her heart was wrung with contending emotions—horror of the facts revealed, joy at the evidences of a true conversion and deep repentance. When the narration was finished she said:

"Let us thank God that he has called you to repentance even at the eleventh hour, permitting you to make your peace with him.

"Yes, and oh! if I were to live what a different life mine would be. Now, sister, this is what I want you to do for me. My sister Laura became a nun in less than a year after Murphy's disappearance. (It was, indeed, George Estbrooke who spoke.) In all these years of misfortune and ruin I have had the idea—a strange one, perhaps—that I must before I die clear Murphy's name to her of a stain. She is a nurse like you somewhere in the country. Will you not try to find her for me, and tell her? It seems to me that in some way she ought to know that the injured man did not willingly break his word to her."

Sister Juliana saw that her patient was sinking. The strain and the excitement of telling the long story of shame had enhausted his remaining strength. She hastened to bring the priest, who at once administered extreme unction. When this consoling rite was finished the dying man whispered:

"Tell my sister Laura when you find her—my name is George Estbrooke—tell her that I died in her faith—that I desired—to see her before I died—it was my last wish to ask her forgiveness—that since my conversion this has been my

greatest desire—but state the disappointment—as punishment for my sins."

The tears of Sister Juliana were flowing freely. Going to the side of the bed and kneeling, she took the poor man's thin, wasted hand in hers.

"God bless you and forgive you, as I do, George—brother!"

For a brief moment there was a flash of joy in the sinking man's eyes.

"Laura! You my sister! Sister Juliana!

He had half risen in his excitement.

"Thank God! How good—God—is to me!"

With a happy sigh he lay back, pillowed on his sister's arm, and peacefully closed his eyes. Beneath the rhythmic cadences of the priest's prayers for a departing soul Sister Juliana heard her brother whisper:

"Into Thy hands I commend—"

But the sentence was finished in eternity.

An Easter Prayer.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

THOU who art the conqueror of death,
Thou who hast broken thro' the gates of night,
Roll from my sepulchre of grief the stone,
And lead me to the light!

O Thou who art the risen Lord to-day,
The victor over darkness, grief, and sin,
Undo the seals of sorrow from my tomb,
And let the daylight in!

O Thou, the risen Christ, bid me arise
And leave the death-like robes that I have worn.
Roll back the stone, that I may see, dear Lord,
The perfect Easter morn!

A Jew of Jerusalem.

Easter Scenes in Jerusalem.

BY CHARLES C. SVENDSEN.

THREE hours after the wiry Arabs brought us ashore from the steamer *Daphne*, rocking a half-mile in the Mediterranean, we left old Jaffa for older Jerusalem, seated in American-built railroad cars and jolted about by the force of a fleeing Yankee engine of old pattern. We were passing over the most thickly populated section of Palestine. The train ran zigzag up hill continuously for four hours. It stopped at small stations occasionally, and then wound up the side of washed-out streams, close to gaping chasms and through valleys in the still higher hills. The panorama which unfolded on either hand was the landscape remnants of the scriptural past, the actual localities of great scenes on the biblical stage, the curtain of which seemed only to have been rung down yesterday. Our train was pulling us up twenty-five hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean. Nearing Jerusalem, the Oriental sun almost had run his course, and we were happy in contemplating the event of seeing the ancient "Vision of Peace" at the hour when the spirit of man feels the "immediate presence of God in the mystic purple and gold of evening."

Our journey was ended, and without much difficulty we passed through the depot, much to our relief and surprise; and, once in one of the vehicles waiting in the road, we were

rapidly carried toward the city. To the north was Jerusalem, resting on a great hill, its stately domes, minarets, and towers rising into the twilight heavens. Just before we reached the Jaffa Gate above us we saw the brow of Sion and the silent battlement of David's Tower, which is the only remnant of ancient Jerusalem Titus left standing, and that only saved by him to serve as a proof of the stronghold he conquered, bathed, glorified, and glowing in the sunset's warmth.

That night we determined to undertake an excursion to the Garden of Gethsemani, as it was Thursday of Holy Week, and started towards the spot at once where the Saviour prayed before the betrayal.

Gethsemani is some distance from the city, and in order to reach it it is necessary to walk through the city. As the streets are narrow and crooked and poorly lighted, we were obliged to grope most of our way. Passing through the New Gate, the wall of the city extended to our right, a mere silhouette, and the road swept downward to the Damascus Gate, which in the day-time is the background of a sheep market, crossed the Syrian caravan route, and soon passed, on our left, the Grotto of Jeremias, where the prophet composed the Lamentations. On our right a soft outline of light indicated the place where the quarries of Solomon are located, which was the scene of busy workmen who shaped the huge stones with which the Wise King built the Temple long ago.

Our way went downward still, and we had before us the spot where St. Stephen met martyrdom. We stopped here and with our eyes followed the direction of the city walls, and discerned indistinctly the majestic lines of the Golden Gate, now walled-up, through which our Lord entered with so much pomp on Palm Sunday and which he probably went through on leaving the city on this very night over eighteen centuries ago, to walk to the garden across and drink of the bitter cup awaiting him. Below us lay Gethsemani, beautiful in its dream-like setting, and easily distinguished in the wide picture by its five dark cypresses which swayed in the wind.

We crossed the stone bridge over the Cedron and entered the sacred grounds. The garden itself is surrounded by a high wall, quadrangular in shape, and contains rich beds of flowers, cypresses and a few gnarled olive-trees of great age. Outside we saw the coarse mound on which the Apostles had slept—huge rocks bedded below the winding path to the Mount of Olives. Not far from this a column marks the spot where

Judas gave the kiss of betrayal. To see Gethsemani in its tranquillity, one can imagine why our Lord chose it as the retreat wherein to pray, far from the din of the city, quiet and alone.

A JEWISH HOUSE.

The next morning was Good Friday, and Jerusalem, silent as a tomb the night before, now became alive at a very early hour. Thousands of strangers from all ends of the earth, besides its regular population of fifty thousand, were participating in the general hubbub. The Easter season in Jerusalem presents a varied scene, and the number of pilgrims who throng the Holy City is overwhelming. The greatest number recorded to have been there is two millions in the year the early city was destroyed. All the Oriental Christians who can possibly do so journey to it at that moment, just as the natives did in the time of our Lord when they celebrated the Passover. In the dense, roving crowds it is difficult to distinguish from one another the Armenians, Greeks, Syrians, Egyptians, Moghrebins, Arabs, or the mixed Semites, the distant descendants of the scriptural races, all costumed differently, either in long, flowing robes, turbans, mantles, long, shirt-like dresses, wide pantaloons or fez of varied colors. Their swarthy faces and sharply-drawn features told us, however, that they were sons of the far East, and we could easily single out from them, through contrast of

dress and type, the multitudes of Russians, Germans, Italians, and other European races that mingled in the crowds.

The day was one of those bright ones—the heaven a cerulean blue—which shed such a mystic glare over the habitations of the Orient. From the Franciscan Casa Nova our way led us past the ancient bazaar on David Street, where merchants had their wares spread out in stalls, they themselves sitting leisurely about smoking under a canopy of linen stretched across the narrow lanes. The khans were filled with wheat and barley, and lounging buyers sat on huge sacks which were flung high up in the dark rooms. We picked our way through the jam as well as we could, pushed from side to side, until we touched the Christian Bazaar Street, where pleasant-faced Orientals were disposing of their bargains to numerous Russian pilgrims. The confusion, gruff laughter, shouting of the muleteer for room as he pushed his laden beast through, and the camels urged on with burdens large enough to take up all spare space, forcing us to make off for the shelter of some doorway, all unnerved and bewildered us. The street corners turn abruptly, and you collide occasionally with a Turk who drags with his head a skin filled with water, or a peasant woman carrying a heavy basket on her head—men, women, children all hastening you know not whereto or wherefore. The crowding on Broadway, or on the Place de l'Opéra, is respectable compared to it; and, after the experience of being squeezed, pushed, and tormented, you are almost convinced that the Arabs believe in putting into actual practice the proverbial saying of forcing a camel through the eye of a needle. We reached the stairs which lead down to the court-enclosure of the Holy Sepulchre —alive. The stairs were literally packed with Greek merchants who sold portraits of the dead patriarchs, Russian czars, pictures, beads, palm-branches curiously plaited, and many other curios and mementoes which the Russian pilgrims buy. The court is one of the squares of Jerusalem where all the peasants and Bedouins, who come to the city on Friday from the surrounding villages and camps, lounge about idly after completing their morning's bargain, collected together there for discussion, information, and excitement.

A crowd of that kind was assembled at the moment we arrived, and they were glancing after the procession of Franciscan priests and pilgrims who had entered the church, the file preceded by a native Kawas, whose piked baton was respected both by Arab man and boy, and whose picturesque uniform caused envy among the Turkish officers. We entered after the

procession, and the drone-like Mussulman who holds the key pushed shut the great door and locked it. None but Latins were allowed to be present. For some hours in the day a few of the Holy Places in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre are at the disposal of the Catholics, but the strong hand of El-Islam forbids us to have more. Once inside the historic edifice, that black hand is felt the more. Many of the faithful were assembled in prayer at the Holy Grave. All were eyed by a company of soldiers with half-furtive contempt, who surrounded the Tomb with an air of being the only rightful per-

THE VIA DOLOROSA.

sons there. The Ottoman proprietorship of the Holy Places, aided by the wealth of the Russian potentate, is a perpetual insult to the Christian world, and this black stain, crimsoned and washed for hundreds of years in the past by the blood of the Crusaders, has again intensified in blackness, and will continue so until some honorable Power subdues that barbarous government and aids to throw off that yoke of ignominious misery and ignorance under which its subjects now pine.

The ceremonies of the day began at six o'clock on Mount Calvary, an elevation about one hundred feet from the Holy Sepulchre, in the chapel of the Latins. The Passion was sung

by a Franciscan quartette, the bishop and a retinue of the clergy occupying the sanctuary. The religious functions are the same as in all the Catholic churches of the world during Holy Week. In the evening sermons were delivered in seven different languages, at all the holy spots inside the church, by Franciscan priests of as many nations.

The Holy Way of the Cross is attended by many pilgrims in the afternoon. The *Via Dolorosa* is about one mile in length, beginning at the house of Pilate and leading through the populous lower bazaar. The last station is at the Holy Grave.

The day also was Yomel-yuma, the Sunday of the Turks, and in the lesser Beiram of the Muslim year, a month after Ramadan, the month of fasting, when the devout followers of Mohammed scrupulously abstain from food and drink from sunrise to sunset; but at night the debauchery and gormandizing they revel in is a shock and disgrace to decency. They were to undertake a pilgrimage to Neby Musaa—the tomb of Moses—this year, seemingly to ridicule the sacred ceremonies begun by the Christians in the morning. A little before noon the muezzins called from the slender minarets of Hamra and the close-by Kaoukab. Their voices were sonorous and rang out clear, calling the Turks to the mosques for the second time that day: "Allahu akbar! Allah is great! I say there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah. Come to prayer!" The Muslims who hear the exhortation and do not go to the mosques recite one of the shortest prayers of the Koran, called the El-Fatiha

At one o'clock the anticipated excitement broke loose. The explosion of cannons occurred on the west battlement of David's Tower, and the ancient hills of Judea seemed to quiver and re-echo those loud voices in a succession of sighs. Everybody was hastening to the north-east end of the city as if drawn there by magic. Upon the terraces of the narrow streets, flooded by the perpendicular rays of the sun, the women and children had perched themselves and were gazing about in anticipation. A panic seemed to have ensued; multitudes were rushing wildly in one direction, apparently for escape. We were carried along with the crowds. Once through the Tower of Antonio, near the old entrance of the Temple, a clash of discordant sounds shattered upon our hearing, and as we advanced the din grew in volume. Streams of people were going in and out of the grand court of Omar's mosque, swarming like bees around the entrance of an immense hive. The loud, husky voice of a fakir who was performing some ordinary feat of deception succeeded in gathering about him a crowd of superstitious Bedouins, who

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

cheered the trickster to the echo. A band of children tumbled and struggled ferociously to get a perch upon the wall so as to see the sights. The vender of candies was jostled in the crowd, and with difficulty could he sell his wares and prevent his stand being overturned. Here and there, interspersed in the rabble, a group of green-turbaned hadjis were discussing serious things, and whenever the cannons roared from the barracks the babel of voices, loud even in ordinary speech, would become louder, and from thousands of throats escaped wild cheers: "El-Islam! God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet!" Horses neighed and donkeys brayed, and sometimes the pained camels would bellow underneath their heavy loads, the wiry Arabs clubbing them to move through the crowds. Women with heavy burdens on their heads and children swinging on their backs in a close netting, hastened through the smallest openings, not minding the jostling they themselves, their baskets or their babes, received. Every one was seeking a good position from which

to view the parade, and dusky forms reposed snugly in the large prickly cactus hedges, and every other available position on the knoll through which the road cut. To the left, and high upon the fluted old walls of the city, sat thousands of veiled women under white umbrellas; and, separated from these, unveiled women with designs tatooed in blue on their faces, the disfigurement proving them to be the wives of Turkish farmers. Those from the harem wore broad bracelets of gold and silver around their wrists, and tinselled anklets dangled from their feet. The rich color-picture their costumes presented, the primary reds, yellows, blues, greens, and purples gradient into pinks, gold, lavender, and tints which would be the pastelist's despair, presented a spectacle of splendor and pomp which the bright Orient only can unfold. The surging ocean of human beings high on both sides of the space through which the parade, stretching from far-off Siloe to Bab Sitti Maryam (Gate of the Virgin), seemed like an ancient army come to life and camped there. It was easy to imagine the August One passing through a crowd like this from Bethphage on Palm Sunday nineteen centuries ago.

Now came the event. The Turkish army, headed by a band of players who produced discordant sounds on brass instruments, moved swiftly down the street, and the multitude became confused, turbulent, excited, mad—a fanatic crowd ready to sway from peace to passion. First came the Syrian conjurers of the lowest caste. Their faces were disfigured to present an Hellenic appearance. One, like an ancient Psyllian, was clucking his magic song and subduing the ferocity of the great snake which had folded itself around his body, and the head of which was dancing around his belocked face in lambent homage. He ran swiftly from side to side, not pausing once for breath—now dancing, now walking and holding the venomous serpent above his head and stroking its azure neck. At every change of his performance the companions at his side would pound fiercely on a goat-skin drum, and again pipe forth monotonous music from a flute. Blood was streaming from his arms and naked torso, where he allowed the serpent to bite him. The spectators fell backward in dismay and women screeched. A fiddler, drawing his bow over the squeaking strings, accompanied the other magicians who held the attention of the crowds. One had a sabre penetrating the pit of his stomach, and he danced most sickeningly, swaying his body from this side to that and moving in a circle. The other had a long steel pin forced through both cheeks, which he bit with

his teeth, and hampered so, he tried to sing, but only succeeded to give out a few savage guttural noises, while he also rushed by.

The Mejlis Idara (governor), who was the symposiarch of the day, was mounted in the lead. Then came the horsemen, their stately Arabian horses caparisoned very richly in gold and silver, plush and silk, and colored cloths of brilliant effect. The riders were turbaned in green as the descendants of the prophet of El-Islam. One carried the so-called Sacred Flag, a piece of green silk with the Turkish coat of arms embroidered on it. Hundreds of threadbare flags were carried by kawases. The parade wound up by persons deemed venerable for their age, the hadjis and the chiefs of the mosques, who danced together in a line, throwing up their hands and singing to the sound of the Turkish music. Those who played the fool most egregiously were deemed stars and encored. All Turks who cared to could take in the tail end. The musicians had notes to play from, and commenced the marches together, but the disharmony and variations, short stops and rebellious charges, individual and in concert, which the Turkish music contains, provoked the impression that each musician attempted to go through his sheet of notes first, irrespective of the hard blowing his neighbor was doing. The procession moved through the Valley of Josaphat into the open country toward the supposed tomb of Moses, six hours' distant from Jerusalem. The tomb they venerate was discovered in 1655, and bears the inscription in Hebrew, "Moses, the servant of the Lord."

We followed the pilgrims from a distance as far as the outskirts of the desert-land of the Moabites, and, as it would be dangerous to watch them closer, we left them, a howling, hooting army of Mussulmans, as fanatic and irreverent as can be imagined.

A week later the Jews celebrated their Paschal—not like the Israelites of old, under the wide, blue canopy of heaven in the "City of the Lord, Sion, which is beautiful"—in Jerusalem, but in the quiet and seclusion of their houses, that no outside eye may witness. They eat bitter herbs with their Paschal Lamb, as was the custom of old, to remind them of their bitter bondage in Egypt. But how much more bitter is their lot to-day, subjected as they are to the strong hand which flourishes the star and the crescent! The present race owns much of the wealth of this world, but the one place which they desire to possess, and which ever brings sadness to them, is beyond the reach of their gold. The self-invoked judgment seems to hover above them still, and the prophecy will

BRINGING IN THE PASCHAL SHEEP.

come true to the last, as is apparent—"No pity on Sion, and sorrow unceasing."

At four o'clock the day before, the Jewish merchants closed their bazaars and betook themselves to pray at the outer wall which encloses the ancient site of Solomon's Temple. Much of Saturday was spent there also and in the dingy rooms which

THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

they use as synagogues. The race living at Jerusalem is of several different classes—the Ashkenizim, composed of the descendants of Russian, German, Bohemian, Hungarian, Moravian, and Galician immigrants, who have homes and an industrial school; the Sephardim, of Spanish and Portuguese extraction, having a hospital; a few Karaites, who have discarded the Talmud; and the Pharisees and Chasidim, who are separated from the foregoing. The quarter which the Jews inhabit is situated

south of Omar's Mosque near Sion; and many live on the hill which rises above the old Temple Place. The Valley of Josaphat lies below, and they can see the tombs of their ancestors there—the valley in which they themselves hope to lie buried some day. They come to Jerusalem purposely to await their Messiah, and wealthy brethren of their race send hundreds of unfortunate Jews each year to Jerusalem from various parts of Europe to supply vacancies, and that they may pray for them. They are easily distinguished from the other Orientals by their tell-tale physiognomy and dress. Single locks of hair fall over their temples, and they wear hats trimmed with fur or turbans of dark cloth, a long gown rich in color, made of satin or silk, and mantles of a dark material edged with plush and hair. A broad sash is wound around the body. The women dress in semi-European style, much like the peasants of Upper Bavaria. Their dresses are wide and all wear a veil over the head, or the long white veil-dress commonly used by the Christian women. The young women are of rare beauty. The old men bring their grandsons to the place, carrying bulky volumes under their arms. The women read in the corners. A candle is kept lighted in a crevice of the huge base of the wall. When we visited the place an old man, costumed in a faded purple robe, his head covered, began to pray aloud in a harsh, deep voice. As he finished the men, women, and children shouted in variously pitched nasal intonation in answer. A kind of litany was used by the assemblage, bewailing their fate, their ancient kings, possessions, and glory. The older men and women actually cried, tears streaming down their agonized faces all the time. Their bodies swayed from left to right and they glanced furtively at all strangers who entered the enclosure. Some of them put their heads against the Temple wall, into worn places, in such dramatic position as to have one believe they were trying to pierce it with their eyes and have a glimpse of the spot where once reposed the Holy of Holies. When they finally leave, the old women with tear-stained eyes turn and bow several times sadly, until the Temple walls are obscured from their sight. The whole scene is tragic and pathetic. No Christian, I am sure, could be a spectator without pitying them.

Holy Saturday was quiet in Jerusalem. Little groups of pilgrims could be seen moving reverentially from the city to Gethsemani. They gave alms to the poor lepers who were sunning their diseased bodies on the highway and calling for "Bakhshish, ya khowaja, bakhshish!" The pilgrims stopped at

PEASANTS PASSING HOMEWARD INTO BETHLEHEM.

all the holy spots en route. Egyptian Copts, who presented a most refined appearance in their plain black robes and white and black turbans, with their wives half veiled, as well as a congregation of Armenians, headed by their priest, lingered in the grottoes, and the church over the tomb of the Holy Virgin. And at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre a continuous stream of pilgrims was entering and leaving.

The Easter market was going on at the corner of the street leading past the Turkish barracks and the road which leads west from the Jaffa Gate. There is always hustle and bustle here, but to-day it seemed to have a special significance. Peasants from near-by Ain Karim, Bethlehem, Siloe, and Bethphage brought over their products and sat carelessly on the

THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

street corners in picturesque attitudes. They had no stands, but sat cross-legged on the ground and spread the onions, olives, garlic, eggs, etc., in sacks and baskets before them, indifferently awaiting buyers. Shepherds in their quaint coats of hair from Bet Sahur, the village of the flocks, where the first *Gloria* was sung, pushed before them a few fat, bleating lambs, to be sold and slaughtered before sundown. Bedouins stood about leisurely in groups smoking cigarettes, and were talking and laughing. Luxuries are sold extensively on this day, such as sweet-cakes, pies, baked apples, and soft and exceedingly rich candies, which are served with coffee and rum by the gentle Christian women to those who visit them in their houses on the days that follow. Every one seemed to be glad. The scene had a festive air, and we enjoyed lounging about and noting the varied pictures until night set in.

That night, from a high position in the centre of the city, I gazed upon Jerusalem. Above was the dark, perfect heaven from which myriads of stars were twinkling; below lay the wreck of earthly splendor. As I awoke on Easter Sunday morning the gray dawn was heralded by the exultant ringing of bells. I occupied the same position on the terrace as on the night before. But it was not the light of a common day that often I saw grow elsewhere; it was a spiritual, tender light which arose in the far eastern heaven behind the majestic lines of Mount Olivet that morning. The city was not unadorned and strange as in the night; but a cream-light was streaming downwards, first touching the golden cross on the dome of the Holy Sepulchre, and then chasing the purple-gray shadows out of the surrounding valleys. The white clouds, which were moving around the rising sun, the rays of which now bathed Jerusalem in brightness, seemed like a company of seraphs who heard the glad sounds proclaiming in the present world that "He is risen," joyously took up the same theme for their happy song in the world beyond in vast accord. The pilgrims who thronged Jerusalem that morning had the peace of faith written upon their countenances; their souls absorbed a new significance of the first infinite Easter. As for us, we saw Jerusalem first at the sunset hour; we now were willing to leave it, after having seen with our own eyes the birth of a happy morning in the Christian year, in the same Jerusalem where the Light arose centuries ago.

LADYE ROSE: A PASSION ODE.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.

THE Master painted Ladye Rose the daintiest
Of flowers of Spring;
The Master brake a box of spikenard on her breast
Perfume to fling;
The Master set Sir Knight, the thorn, to guard her well
From every ill;
With sword unsheathed Sir Knight aye stands: her mystic spell
His soul doth fill.

II.

But in the night the spoiler came, alack! and tore
From off her stem
The Ladye Rose; bruised haply now for evermore
Her vesture's hem:
Valiantly fought Sir Knight, ruddy his sword with gore
Sparkling like gem—
But far away and far the cruel spoiler bore
Earth's diadem.

III.

The Master placed my Ladye Rose on the fair brow,
As on a throne,
Of Mary, his Mother sweet, Mother of Sorrows now,
Sad and alone.
Twined he there thorn and rose, Sir Knight and Ladye Rose,
Sword trickling blood—
First buds of passion-tide, Sir Knight and Ladye Rose
First drops of blood.

THE NEW LEAVEN IN MODERN LIFE.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.

JUST at present I can find no more trenchant figure than the parable of the Leaven to represent the processes of transformation that seem to be passing through the religious world. Even the least observing see these changes; but seeing them, they see them not, neither do they understand them. They are taking place at our very doors—within our hearts—for the Kingdom of God, the new life, is within.

Men utter from pulpit and platform prophecies which they cannot interpret, and when I hear them cry that "we are on the verge of a mighty revolution," I fancy that they do not deliver the message faithfully; in other words, that pseudo-prophecy is not a lost art, that seeing they see not, hearing they hear not, neither do they understand. As the leaven is seething in the lump of meal, I believe I see beneath the fermentation of modern religious decay the leaven of God's Spirit, generating a new life, which is giving a new form and a new nature to the mass of humanity. The leaven is leavening, probing, penetrating, pushing up and out into the three measures of meal, into three directions: religiously, socially, individually.

The last two divisions may be reduced to the first. They are at bottom religious. It has been denied, but it nevertheless seems true, that as of old so in the modern history of Europe, all the great struggles have been fundamentally religious. The most popular among religious questions is that of Christian Unity; but it has been mooted so much of late that we almost grow faint at the mention of it. This arises, not because we deem the subject unimportant, but because we have seen it used as a peg for men of shallow habits of mind to hang their words upon, out of lack for other and sincerer thought. But it is the strongest expression of that fermentation which is stirring beneath the religious mass. And there are choice spirits among us, like Leo XIII. of Rome and Lord Halifax of England, who constrain us to believe that to gather together the splintered sects of Christendom seems a dream which is not all a dream. Christ's pre-eminent prayer, the songs of prophets, the aspirations of holy men throughout the modern world, provoke the conclusion that no mere negation in history could arouse

such universal demonstration. Enthusiasm concerning it has become contagious, and, like all great problems, the many are waxing fervid about it, but few can contribute much to its solution—"seeing it, they see it not." It has become the fashion in lectures, speeches, essays, and even sermons, to deal in contrasts, to alarm by prophecies of war as against peace, to draw on popular sympathy by the accentuation of striking inequalities, as, for instance, the horrible contrast between the poverty of the poor and the wealth of the rich. Yet in all this, it would not be unfair to say that much of such eloquence is but sham and pretence. As for the union of Christendom, my human intelligence, my knowledge of history, assure me that it is not only impracticable but impossible. Yet it is in the nature of religious movements that oftentimes, like leaven, their workings are in secret and their agents led not so much by human wisdom as by faith—so it may be with the question of Christian Unity. No light is being shed, but voices may be speaking in the darkness of the night.

The woman in Christ's parable hides the leaven in three measures of meal—it is buried deep down in the dough. Its operations are hidden; its results we see. We know that if certain hindrances are not placed, certain effects will follow from a certain cause—the method of its workings we do not pretend to understand. So, too, it may be with the leaven underlying all modern religious vitality. It may be a latent principle secretly transforming the sodden mass of meal. It is a principle among scholastics that from corruption proceeds generation. It is a principle in the physical world, and it occurs too in the realm of the spirit—from darkness light, from blood issue, from travail birth, from decay life. Timid souls are being frightened at the ruthless destruction of religious belief, and upon its ruins is being reared what would seem to be a wider structure; upon the horizon is the glimmering of a more crimson dawn, perhaps the advent of some new era. The mass of dough is fermenting. From that lump of sluggish, inert matter shall come loaves of substantial bread.

The greatest event that has happened to this planet arose from out of historical misfortune—upon the relics of decay. Greek culture had touched its acme and was on the wane. Rome had brought back captive the treasures that supplemented the perfection of its own external civilization. Yet it has become a commonplace to describe the moral rottenness that lurked beneath these classic glories. Men said that the Fall of the Roman Empire meant that all was on the verge of dissolu-

tion; but it was then, at this most distressing period of history, that Jesus Christ, the Leaven of the Nations, hid himself in three measures of meal—the three civilizations: Greek, Roman, Oriental—until the whole was leavened—the purification of the body politic of the world. History is repeating itself, and that which has happened several times before may happen once again. Philosophers who weep over the present do not know history. They should shed their tears in church-yards, over the graves of the dead. It was from amid the debris of the fallen pillars and the broken arches of the temples of the gods that there loomed up the pathetic figure of Jesus Christ, a Teacher so divine that to speak of Him in connection with Buddha, Mohammed, or Confucius, seems like blasphemy.

Is our age religious? I cannot tell—I do not know. Yet of this am I convinced, that if it is not a religious age, it certainly is not irreligious. What is the meaning of this recent reaction against the glorification of science, except it be a dim recognition of the higher life which moves beneath and above the material bulk? Why have the most material scientists changed their complexion of mind in relation to religion? Why have they begun to appreciate so keenly its usefulness even while they deny its validity? The conversion of a mind like Romanes and the change of intellectual basis of a thinker like Huxley are mental transformations, which ought not to be made little of when studying religious problems.

I fully realize that there are clouds in the religious sky which are not lined with silver, and many more not tinged with roseate hue. At times there is the lightning's flash, the distant peal of thunder, and all the purple hills seem shrouded in infernal black. Why, to reconcile some of the jarring Christian sects!—it would be as feasible to link a war-steed and dray-horse to a chariot and drive them across a battle-field, thick with wounded soldiers. I see, too, the tremendous gap between the grosser forms of materialism, and the higher things of the spirit. Christ's sublime dictum: "Man lives not by bread alone," is denied. The sum and end of life is to shield man from the storm and the wind, the frost and the heat; from plague and pestilence, fire and water; to weave raiment and suckle infants, to plan bridges and build houses. Some weeks ago and, amid the applause of a multitude, the saints were dubbed as vermin, lice; and the bridal robes of perpetual chastity, the habiliments of night and death. In such a case and with such a crowd under the spell of an orator, applause

is of little real worth, and the mad violence of his language proves the seething restlessness of doubt. The visage of doubt has become shrunken and dejected, the eyes hollow, as if peering into the mouth of a cavern. The shadows of death are chasing him to the brink of the grave, and his voice, full of melancholy, makes its act of faith, with the piercing cry: Reason says "perhaps"; Hope says "yes"! His following confession is tinged with tragic pathos: "In the night of darkness hope sees a star, and listening love hears the rustle of a wing."

Almost all the high-class agnostics see the indispensableness of religion to human life. The spirit must be fed on something, even more than the body! Everywhere the vehemence of religious discontent is intense. What more frequent than religious conventions, public controversy, missions, revivals, open-air meetings for prayer, street-preaching, evangelical alliances? Ministers of different denominations are taking each others' pulpits, ministers of different denominations all taking part in one and the same service, ministers of different denominations denying doctrines that they have preached for years. Although in many of these acts there is radically a denial of the objective value of known dogmatic truth, although they may manifest the principle of the relativity of human knowledge; nevertheless they portend the nature and violence of religious dissatisfaction, and the widening out of religious sympathy. Already there is the rumor of a Universal Religious Congress to be held in Paris at the Exposition of 1900. Our "World's Parliament of Religions," in Chicago, was indeed a stirring scene, and its reports read with interest by many inquiring minds. Religious investigation is not infrequent even among the laity. Of course, those who are merged in business generally do not study religious questions, except as they affect the interests of business. Yet religious difficulties are naturally talked about in clubs and academies and wherever serious men are associated. In society it is not polite to provoke religious disputation, yet religious opinions drop very glibly from the lips of the worldly-minded, and in the most frivolous gatherings. In the universities, where religion is oftentimes cold—sometimes dead—it is nevertheless used as a practical good, while it may be considered only an abstract good. This is no greater phenomenon than to find a student who admires Christianity as being conducive to a high ethical standard of morality, yet who would do all in his power, because of some inherent personal prejudice, to oppose its extension and embodiment.

As indicative of the spirit of inquiry in the science of re-

ligion, a new word has been coined to distinguish a fundamental idea: "Churchianity" as opposed to "Christianity." Curses are hurled at Churchianity—benedictions showered on Christianity. Christ is applauded, the church hissed. Declamations are filed against churches, creeds, and clericalism, because they shackle and choke the freedom and essence of religion. They are charged with having wrapped around the beauteous body of religion a vesture woven of the human accretions of the centuries. Nevertheless religion is praised, sometimes exercised; but theology is attacked—attacked because it is considered to be the creation of ecclesiasticism: the expression of the minds of successive generations of priests and parsons. Nevertheless religion is respected, sometimes loved, but Scripture is discredited—discredited because of errors in history or geography or science.

Yet the dominating intention in all this opposition is to promote religion, but in a freer and fairer form. Men seek to safeguard the idea of religion, yet, at times, will not admit the necessity of its concrete living embodiment. It is illogical, to be sure, but that such a distinction should be made at all betokens religious thought, and a craving for change, transition, or upheaval. This craving for something religious seems to me to give the reason why a partial negative religion, why a moral system like Buddhism, could get a hearing at all in a country like ours. The appetite for the curious, the mystical, the occult, prompts emotional natures to listen and accept, just as if Christianity did not possess for them every healthy religious idea, every jewel of religious truth, and in a more precious setting. Similar reasons may be presented for the spread of spiritualism, faith-healing, theosophy, palmistry. Just where the diabolism in these beliefs begins and where deception ends, and what part hysteria plays over all, it is very difficult to determine. However, these weaknesses argue not the lack but the excess of faith. Doubt is the lack of faith, superstition its excess. Beliefs like these show the symptom of that fermentation, upheaving the torpid religious mass—it is the chemical reaction, so to speak, necessary for the leavening of the meal. From out of the heaviness and dulness, the sourness and stench, the kinks and bubbles in the lump of dough shall be quickened into life the sweet and wholesome bread of religion. So, too, is it unreasonable to hope that below this complex religious disturbance there is throbbing something more than human, an energy which it pleases me to call the new leaven in modern life?

SERVICE.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

I.

KNEE-DEEP within a fragrant field,
Kissed by the sun at noon,
Beneath the turquoise blue of heaven,
Fanned by the airs of June;
Wielding aloft his gleaming scythe—
Toy in his sinewy hands—
Midst nodding clover, golden rye,
Good Brother Basil stands.

II.

Yet when the midday Angelus
From belfry rings each day,
He pauses for a moment, there
A simple prayer to say:
"O God!" he prays with earnest mien,
"Hew down my vile conceit,
And make my life as fragrant as
The clover at my feet!"

III.

Within his monastery cell,
On studious thought intent,
Brother Antonio's keen dark eyes
Upon a scroll are bent.
Wrapped in his books, he studies oft
Of some great deed of yore,
Yet, as the prayer-bell rings, he kneels
Lowly upon the floor.

IV.

"Dear Lord," he humbly, sweetly prays,
"Make me forthwith to know
That Thou art the great fountain-head
Of Wisdom here below.
Make me to feel that all the toil
And labor here for me
Is but a snare of pride, unless
It to Thy glory be!"

V.

Brother Antonio bends o'er books,
Counting his labor play;
Blithe Brother Basil sings at work
Through the long summer day.
Great souls! to toil and duty vowed,
Brothers in truth are they;
Both in their service praise, as well
As in the prayers they say.

THE STORY OF A MISSION.

REV. WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

WHEN the time came for a mission in St. Paul's parish, New York City, the Fathers were naturally anxious to make it a thorough one. We felt that no change in the old style of mission, as far as the main features are concerned, would be beneficial. To preach the end of man, and to tell how man's soul is wrecked and saved, must ever be the purpose of a mission. Now, the Exercises of St. Ignatius most perfectly methodized the meditation of these eternal truths, and St. Alphonsus, prince of modern missionaries, most perfectly fitted them to the wants of the people. So the old mission stands as the new one and the best one.

But yet a mission is capable of progress in its adaptation to novel conditions of the people, and its grasp of new opportunities for general good, such as the use of the press and of other means of advertising. Thus, the best mission is the one which reverently preserves traditional methods, while eagerly seeking new means of making them more efficacious.

St. Paul's parish being typically urban in its character, a thorough-going visitation was necessary. The people of city parishes enjoy but a minimum of that powerful means of grace, personal acquaintance with the parish clergy. "I know mine and mine know me" can only be said by the city pastor in an official sense. Hence many souls are lost for want of personal care; hence the sacraments are too often but oases in a desert of vice—a yearly or half-yearly breathing-time in an otherwise habitual state of sin. The visitation of the parish for the purpose of hunting up hardened sinners and of interviewing every man and woman on religious matters, and (something very important!) to be interviewed in turn, is a prerequisite for a spiritual renewal like a mission.

The missionaries spent many days, and especially many evenings, before the opening Sunday in the visitation, often returning several times to the same family. During the earlier weeks of the mission the names of obstinate sinners were constantly being handed in, and these were sought after again and

again, with the best results. In a word, the Apostolate of Shoe-leather preceded that of the living word in the pulpit and the sacramental word in the confessional. We think that the visitation was the most potent cause (apart from the unseen and uncalculable influence of divine grace) of the great success of the mission. It set everybody talking, it brought the priest into every family, it was an offering of some extra hard work on the part of the clergy and of practical zeal on the part of the devout laity.

At the same time as the visitation began the help of the Apostolate of the Press. The subjoined card was distributed personally by the Fathers during their excursions through the parish :

A FOUR WEEKS' MISSION

WILL BE GIVEN IN THE

Church of the Paulist Fathers,

Beginning Sunday, Jan. 9, and ending Sunday, Feb. 6.

Opening Sermon at the High Mass, Sunday, January 9.

ALL ARE INVITED.

Every Parishioner is expected to Attend and Make the Mission.

1st week, beginning January 9, for the MARRIED WOMEN.

2d week, beginning January 16, for the UNMARRIED WOMEN.

3d week, beginning January 23, for the MARRIED MEN.

4th week, beginning January 30, for the SINGLE MEN.

HOURS OF SERVICES.

Night Service at 7:30 P.M. Instruction, Rosary, Sermon, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Morning Services:

5 A.M. Mass and Instruction.

8 A.M. Mass and Instruction.

Important Notice.—On Sunday, January 16, the first Mass will be at 5 o'clock instead of 5:30, and so continue every Sunday until further notice. [OVER.]

A Mission to non-Catholics

Will be given during the week beginning

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Services every evening at 7:30.

Prayer.

O Lord Jesus! who didst suffer and die upon the Cross for the redemption of all mankind, we beseech thee to look down with Thy tender eyes of pity upon all the members of this parish. Send down Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of all—that the good ones amongst us may become better, that the sinners may be converted, and that the careless and indifferent may be enlightened, so that all may be prepared for the coming of Thy missioners, and that there will be a complete and thorough outpouring of Thy Holy Spirit amongst us all.—*Amen.*

Non-Catholics are invited to attend the Catholic Mission.

We earnestly ask every member of our parish to take the interest in the Mission that it deserves. It appeals to you especially, for it concerns your soul. *Behold now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation.* It appeals to you because of the love you should have for your neighbor. Catholic and non-Catholic are your neighbors. Urge them to make the Mission. The best thing you can do for the New Year is to make the Mission yourself and try to get your friends to make it.

Many thousands of these invitations were thus handed around by the priests themselves, and were soon everywhere in the hands, the pockets, and the prayer-books of the people. Meantime, of course, carefully framed announcements were made at all the Masses for some Sundays beforehand and public prayers were offered. The monthly parish *Calendar* con-

tained extended and thoughtfully-worded exhortations, and the daily papers were induced to print brief notices. A big sign was fixed above the main entrance to the church, changing from week to week, and attracting the attention of the ceaseless tide of humanity surging about the corners and upon the platforms of the adjacent elevated railroad station—a fact which accounts for many who are not parishioners making the mission.

The division of the exercises into four weeks was a necessity. Each week the church, great as it is, was filled twice every day, at 5 A. M. and at the evening service.

The grand total of the four weeks' mission, including children, was over 13,000; indeed it went considerably beyond that number if we count those who straggled in to the Sacraments during three or four weeks after the close. The count was entirely accurate, each of the penitents, exclusive of "repeaters," receiving the Paulist Remembrance leaflet, by which means the totals were computed. We give herewith a copy:

PUT THIS IN YOUR PRAYER-BOOK AND KEEP IT AS

A REMEMBRANCE—

—OF THE MISSION

OF THE

PAULIST FATHERS.

O MY SOUL! never forget those happy days when you were so sincerely converted to GOD. Never forget the promises you then made to GOD and your Father Confessor.

O SACRED HEART OF JESUS! burning with love for me, inflame my heart with love for Thee.

O MARY! obtain for me the grace to persevere in my good resolutions.

The Last Words of Advice

GIVEN AT THE MISSION.

I. Be careful to say your morning and evening prayers; for prayer is the key to the treasures of Heaven. "*Ask, and ye shall receive,*" says our Lord.

II. Often call to mind that it is appointed for you ONCE TO DIE—you know not when, nor where, nor how: only this you know: that if you die in mortal sin, you will be lost for ever; if you die in the state of grace, you will be happy for ever.

"*In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin*" (ECCLUS. vii.)

III. Never neglect to hear Mass on Sundays and Holydays of Obligation. By uniting our hearts with all the faithful in offering up the great Sacrifice of the Mass, we offer, 1st, an act of infinite adoration to God; and 2d, we bring down upon ourselves the choicest blessings of Heaven.

A dark cloud hangs over the Catholic family that neglects Mass.

IV. Be careful about what you read, for bad reading is poison to the soul. Provide yourself with Catholic books. Take a Catholic newspaper.

V. Remember that a man is known by his company. Keep away from the saloon. Beware of the familiar company of persons of the other sex. Remember what you promised at the Mission, and fly from the danger of sin; for "*he that loveth the danger shall perish in it*" (ECCLUS. iii.)

VI. When you are tempted by bad thoughts, say quickly, "JESUS and MARY, help me!" Then say the Hail Mary till you have banished the temptation. Remember that GOD sees you at every instant.

VII. If you are so unhappy as to fall again into sin, be not discouraged; quickly beg pardon of GOD, and seek the first opportunity to go to Confession, and start again in a new life.

"*He that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved*" (MATT. X.)

VIII. Go to Confession and Communion once a month, if possible; at least never allow **three months** to pass without approaching these Sacraments. By Confession our souls are cleansed from sin, and strengthened to resist temptation. By Communion our souls are nourished by the Sacred Body and Blood of JESUS CHRIST.

"*He that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me*" (JOHN vi. 58).

A Prayer for the Conversion of Non-Catholics.

O Lord Jesus Christ, thou Good Shepherd of souls, we beseech thee to grant us the grace to be missionaries of thy holy Faith; that our conversation may be so instructive and our behavior so edifying that thy lost sheep shall be led to hear thy Church, and be brought to the unity of the one fold and the loving care of the one shepherd; who livest and reignest for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.

The attendance was something wonderful. The women, married and single, edified us greatly by their punctuality, their patience in standing—as hundreds did during the entire service—and their zeal in bringing sinners. The married men, in some respects, carried off the prize. Their numbers naturally fell short of the single men, but their attendance was more punctual, especially in the early morning, and their attention to the sermons and instructions very gratifying. Much of this is accounted for by the working Holy Name Society, whose membership, strictly practical, passes nine hundred men, mostly married. That large number of aggressive Catholic men was more than enough to leaven the whole lump of twenty-four hundred who received the sacraments that week. We all know that the best and worst men in every parish are married men; in this case the best easily carried the day against the worst, thanks mainly to the Holy Name Society.

Yet, somehow or other, we felt that the young men bore away the palm. There is more show in their piety, even—or perhaps especially—when it is new born. Their temptations

are stronger, their wisdom is smaller, their vanity is more silly; hence, as they fall below other classes in incentives to good, they are more deserving of praise for their penance. Their week filled the souls of the missionaries with consolation.

The dispositions in the confessional were excellent—on the part of sinners, deep sorrow for their sins and entire readiness to take practical means of amendment of life; on the part of the good people an unfeigned purpose to struggle forward to Christian perfection. Against the proximate occasions of vice, so very common and so very enticing in our cities, penitents spontaneously made the necessary promises. One of the best fruits of the mission was the handing in of over 2,500 signed promises of total abstinence; eight hundred of these were made by the young men alone. The sermon on intemperance was preached Wednesday or Thursday night of each week, and a card given to each person present; this was a total abstinence promise for a specified time, and was to be signed and kept at home; but a coupon was attached, bearing the name and address of the signer, and was handed in to the missionaries as they went through the church collecting them, the evening after the temperance sermon. In this way a blow direct is delivered against the dominant vice of all city parishes, and it is effected without undue pressure, the signing being done after giving time to think and pray and advise with the "home authorities." The following is the card:

TOTAL ✵ ABSTINENCE ✵ PROMISE

MADE

At the Mission given by the Paulist Fathers

IN

Church of St. Paul the Apostle,

NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1898.

For the love of God and for the good of my soul, I promise to abstain from intoxicating drinks.

Name.....

For.....*years.*

This card was used with all classes, married and single, sober or intemperate, some for cure, others for preventive, and all to help on the good cause of temperance, to create an

aversion for convivial habits, and to antagonize one of the deadliest foes of the church in our country, the saloon. On the reverse side of the card was the following:

A's REASON.

I feel that by making this promise I can encourage others, who may need it, to do the same.

B's REASON.

I have noticed that those who make and keep such promises are better Christians, have better health, longer life, and pleasanter homes than habitual drinkers.

C's REASON.

I cannot afford to be constantly drinking. I have a family to support, and they need all I can earn.

D's REASON.

I must do some penance for my sins; such self-denial is pleasing to God and meritorious for me.

E's REASON.

I am afraid of giving scandal to my children or to others; should any one by my example become a drunkard, what could I answer in the day of Judgment?

F's REASON.

Drunkenness is a great cause of sin, cruelty, and crime; I intend to avoid even the occasion of it.

G's REASON.

Once I was a victim of the drink habit. I am resolved never again to submit to its slavery.

H's REASON.

When the demon of discord caused by drink enters the house, the Angel of Peace departs. I prefer dwelling with the Angel of Peace than with the demon of discord.

Many new members joined the temperance societies of the women as well as of the men, recruits being enrolled, however, only after the mission was over, lest brittle timber should be put into the good ship. Over three hundred members were added to the great Holy Name Society, and large additions were made to the League of the Sacred Heart and the Sodality of the Annunciation. Meantime a class of grown-up persons was formed for confirmation, and Bishop Farley administered the sacrament to more than two hundred. Thus the Catholic mission was a signal success.

Let us do justice to those who mainly caused it—the practical Catholics of the parish. When appealed to to be missionaries with us, to pray and to work as sent by God to save

sinners, they took us at our word. They beset sinners with every form of spiritual attack and gave them no rest till they surrendered and came to the services. Even Protestants helped. These saw the big sign or read the press notices which we managed to have inserted in the city dailies, and chaffed their Catholic friends, not all in joke either, about attending to their religion. Two Protestants working down-town with a "hickory" Catholic of the parish saw the sign, and one of them said: "If I were a Catholic I would show my appreciation of my religion by going to that mission." The other Protestant backed him up, and their careless friend was finally shamed into making the mission, and related the incident to one of the missionaries—an illustration, by the way, of the decadence of Protestant prejudice. During the four Catholic weeks the people were now and then reminded of the week for the non-Catholics which was coming. Each penitent received, folded in the ordinary remembrance leaflet (itself containing a prayer for conversions) the following ingeniously concocted stimulant to missionary effort:

Apostolate of Prayer

AND

Work for the Conversion of America to the True Faith of Christ.

1. Select ONE SOUL for whose conversion you wish to pray in a most special manner.
2. Pray daily, in union with all the members, that the Most Precious Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ may fall upon and save that one soul.
3. By good example, by great gentleness and kindness, attract that one soul to Christ. Lose no favorable opportunity, by conversation, Catholic reading, acts of charity and self-sacrifice, to gain that one soul for whom Jesus died on the Cross.
4. Do not lose hope if you do not at once succeed. Remember that patience is a missionary virtue as well as zeal. "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the earth, and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring, and grow up whilst he knoweth not." (St. Mark iv. 26.)
5. Report success to your Pastor, and bring him others to join this Apostolate. One soul is worth the Blood of the Redeemer.

A Prayer for Christian Unity.

O GOD the Holy Ghost, Spirit of Truth and Love, who desirest that all nations and peoples and tongues should be brought into one Faith, we beseech Thee to enlighten our understanding and strengthen our will, that we may zealously work and pray for the conversion of our beloved country. Grant us the privilege of helping our fellow-countrymen to believe the doctrines which our Lord Jesus Christ taught by His Apostles, and to accept the means of salvation which, through their successors, He administers unto men's souls. O Holy Spirit! Thou personal Bond of Infinite and Eternal Union between the Father and the Son, grant that all mankind may be made one, as in Thee the Father and the Son are one; grant that all may belong to that one Fold, of which Christ is the one Shepherd, and go onward by the one Way of Truth to life everlasting. Amen.

Our Father; Hail Mary; Glory be to the Father.

THE COLUMBUS PRESS, 120 WEST 60TH ST., N. Y.

We opened the non-Catholic mission the closing Sunday of the last week of the Catholic mission. Of course every effort had been made by the missionaries to attract Protestants to the services, depending mainly, however, upon the personal exertions of our parishioners among their friends. Needless to say that vast audiences of Catholics came; but we had, as we expected, a large attendance of non-Catholics every night, no less than six hundred at some of the lectures, perhaps even more. The zeal of Catholics for their own salvation broadened out until it embraced their separated brethren, and by every means allowable sought to bring them to the church. We wish to insist that the reason for the evident improvement in tone as well as increased attendance of non-Catholics at this year's mission is to be attributed to the Catholic people's zeal. In this parish they have been for many years steadily reminded of their vocation to convert their fellow-citizens to the true religion, and now they are pretty fully awake to that holy duty. They know that we are ready to do our part, and always at their service to instruct or even to argue with their non-Catholic friends, and that we have in the church office an unfailing supply of free doctrinal literature. In fact the people are beginning to have a missionary conscience, and results show accordingly. This is illustrated by the way the invitations to non-Catholics were distributed. We printed three thousand copies of the accompanying card, placed them in envelopes, and notified the people at Mass two Sundays before we began with the non-Catholics; the three thousand were gone in a flash—it was hard to get a single card that Sunday noon. They were all addressed and mailed by the people to their non-Catholic friends; and this was a strong reinforcement to the invitations given personally.

> *You are invited to attend a course of Lectures in the Paulist Church, Columbus Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, during the evenings of the week beginning Sunday, February 6. The topics chosen are calculated to interest you very deeply, bearing as they do upon matters of vital religious interest. They will be presented in a friendly spirit, our purpose being a plain exposition of Catholic doctrine and practice.*
>
> *This card will secure you a seat during the entire course. Very faithfully yours,*
>
> The Paulist Fathers.

The reverse of the card read as follows:

List of Lecture Topics.

No Salvation outside the Catholic Church.—This dogma clearly explained.

How to be rid of Sin.—Actual practice of Catholics.—The Confessional.

The Dead.—Our relation to those who have gone before us.

Church Authority.—Its necessity for preserving purity of doctrine and administering the aids of religion.

Communion with the blessed in Heaven.—The intercession of the Saints.

The Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist.—The Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Interior Life of Catholics.—Prayer, Meditation, Sanctification.

QUESTION BOX.

The result was very consoling. The most intelligent of our Catholics were present every evening, mingled with the best kind of non-Catholics, whom they had in most cases brought with them. We noticed that a very large proportion of our guests, as we may call them, acted not only with decorum, but even with reverence, many of them joining in the hymns, and kneeling during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Doctrinal leaflets were eagerly accepted every night. Many hundreds of good books were bought by the non-Catholics at the church entrances (for a very small price, to be sure) and taken home to play the silent part of the Apostolate of the Press in future conversions. Ninety-one non-Catholics attended the first meeting of our Inquiry Class. Of these more than three-fourths are practically certain of taking instructions and of being received into the church in the near future; this in addition to about a score of converts already received, men and women whose instruction was found advanced enough to be finished during the five weeks of the mission.

The faults we have to find with the Catholic mission are all centred in one—a week is hardly long enough to add to conversion from a sinful life a sufficiently developed prospect of perseverance. We have said that we preach the old mission of St. Alphonsus; let us frankly correct that statement, and admit

that we and missionaries generally preach an abridgement of it —we do not, we cannot as yet, give the fulness of effect in an eight days' mission that can be given by a fortnight. The old mission which the writer knew, even as lately as in the early seventies, is now seldom given. It embraced two full weeks of preaching to the same auditory; it fully developed the motives of repentance; it fully developed the means of perseverance. Special discourses were delivered against besetting vices; the love of God, and the sufferings of Christ, together with other of the nobler motives for a good life, were not crowded into the background; they were so strongly urged that they could dominantly characterize the whole spiritual effect of the mission. In all religious influences time is of great value, hurry is an injury; as, for example, even an appearance of haste in a confessor hurts his ministry, just as a leisurely, deliberate, patient, and waiting manner helps him. So with our "divided" missions, and our one week's missions generally—they are too short in time, they are too scanty in matter. It is remarkable that with all this deficiency so many sinners are permanently converted, being helped by good example at home, by good reading, by increased church facilities, by more numerous clergy—for a zealous and painstaking parish priest is a gift of God for perseverance superior to that any mission can give. But let us not cease to hope that missionaries may be so multiplied that soon the integral fulness of spiritual benefit may be easily given in these gatherings of the people for a renewal of Christ's sovereignty over them and the freer working of his church for their salvation. We read in the history of missions in Italy and France that a band of fathers would remain in a small parish over a month, thoroughly hunt up every sinner, first drive home the fear of God till it became a permanent quality of the soul, then elevate this motive by constant preaching and personal converse into habitual and conscious love of Jesus Christ. Much the same should be done to-day in a great number of our own parishes, and it is not done for lack of missionaries.

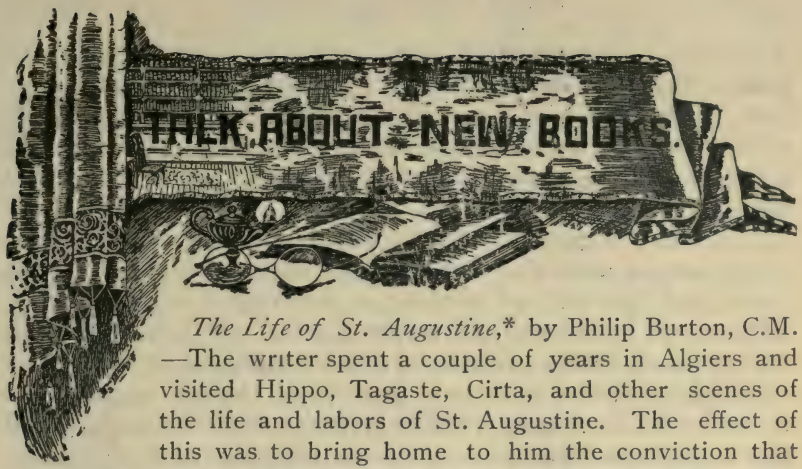
What somewhat atoned for this want in our mission, though not entirely, was the great church, which accommodated more than three thousand persons, most of whom could be seated during the services. The congregational singing also helped to soften hearts. The people were their own choir at every service, early morning and night. The hymns are tuneful and their words full of solid doctrine, worth knowing by heart. The singing, especially that by the great chorus of the men, was something

heavenly. The men as they sang were preaching God's truth to themselves in noble musical cadence; they felt it, and it aided the mission effect wonderfully.

Fewer defects, we think, can be found in the non-Catholic mission than in the Catholic one. We got the audience, we imparted plain teaching of the chief typically Catholic doctrines, we answered questions ranging over the entire field of religion, natural and revealed, and we stocked every non-Catholic hearer with the printed truth in abundance. What more could we do? The answer is the burden of complaint of all who are engaged in this Apostolate; we do not preach penance enough to non-Catholics, nor other motives which are calculated to stimulate the conscience to positive acceptance of the truth, as well as to active search for it.

To this the rejoinder is that non-Catholics are not nearly so much attracted by such topics as awake a dead conscience as they are by those which are in dispute between themselves and the church. This course may be pursued, however: the doctrinal discourses may be toned with a gentle note of divine love, or some strong sentiment of responsibility to God—as indeed we tried to do.

Anyway, we have reason to be thankful to God for our mission, one of a kind given by all communities and by the new diocesan missionaries everywhere in this country. As to converts, our success this time is very encouraging. Consider that every convert, according to the usual rule, will sooner or later bring in at least one other, generally more, and this gives a cheerful outlook. "To him that hath shall be given" is never more true than in the case of a parish in which converts already abound. Each harvest fills not only the barns, but provides seed-corn for yet other harvests.



The Life of St. Augustine,* by Philip Burton, C.M. —The writer spent a couple of years in Algiers and visited Hippo, Tagaste, Cirta, and other scenes of the life and labors of St. Augustine. The effect of this was to bring home to him the conviction that although as well informed about the life and work of the great bishop and doctor as readers generally, he in reality knew very little. A new spirit entered him, he saw things in a new light—a man cannot be adequately judged apart from his surroundings—so under the influence of these feelings, and in the midst of the scenes where St. Augustine was born and lived for the greater part of his life, he prepared the historical study now before us. It is an admirable work. The author has not spared pains and he was full of reverent sympathy in his task.

He prefixes a map of Roman Africa in the fourth century, and in a section he gives a diagram of the city of Hippo which exhibits the favorable situation it held for commerce and defence. It stood in the space between two rivers, and these natural guards were completed by walls that ran in almost parallel lines from river to river.

The city, together with an extensive territory, formed a *Colonia* of the Empire, one of those municipalities by which Roman policy discharged the claims of veterans and consolidated her conquests. As every one knows, these places were miniatures of the great city in structure and government. Rome was the model for the divisions of the new city, its public structures, streets, baths, walls, outlets, and, what was more characteristic still, for its government in all the subdivisions of administration, judicial and executive. The region was a rich and populous one for a hundred and fifty miles to the south of Hippo. The birthplace of St. Augustine, Tagaste, which is about fifty miles to the south of the city which gave the name to his bishopric, could not have been a town of much importance, though a very

*Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

ancient one; for, we think, there is hardly more known about it than the very important fact that within its circuit on the 13th of November, 354, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the Western Fathers first saw the light of day; and this other, which might be reasonably inferred, that it was one of the free cities.

For those engaged in combating the errors of the age generally, and in particular in missionary work to persons outside the church, the life and writings of St. Augustine would be an armory. It is not that he is the Doctor of Grace—and he is this as surely and in the same way as Athanasius is the Doctor of the Incarnation; it is not because of the piercing intellect which went like a spirit through heretical arguments and isolated the sophisms so that they could be seen by any eye; but because of the road he walked from heresy into doubt that he was in the right way, and the weariness of the road, till God's grace became the guide to lead him by the hand. When we are told that faith is credulity, that revelation is impossible, that matter is eternal, that we ourselves, just as we are, are the effect of a particular approach and gyration of atoms, and that to accept any other view is to write ourselves down asses, we can point to the greatest intellect the world has seen, bending its head like a little child of simple faith in submission to the voice of God.

The work before us could not give us St. Augustine as he is in his mass of writings, but it affords an inducement to those who have time and talent for the enterprise to go to the works themselves. Even when many of his errors had melted away, what constitutes the problem of this age of ours remained. It may be classed under four heads: the nature of God and of the soul, the nature of sin and the origin of evil. Surely the teaching of the church has been misrepresented on these vital points in the works which modern men of science read. They have misrepresented her teachings in their own writings. To many among them the judgment is, they know not what they do; but how many show an animus that is, indeed, consistent with want of knowledge—but also with a hatred which prevents true knowledge reaching them. There is the stranger case still, of men who possess knowledge to understand how the church has been calumniated, men who perceive that if there be an alternative between an eternal mindless operation of force on something which offers itself in appearances—for this is all the word "phenomena" means—that alternative is what the

church teaches, yet who will not come into the light. We shall apply to them St. Augustine's words about himself when, though nearing the goal, he could not see how the church and the Holy Scriptures had proved their claim to teach the truth. "I suspended my assent, dreading a precipice, but this suspense was deadly; for I thus demanded in such things the same kind of certitude I had as that seven and three make ten." He did not give up; the mercy of God and his mother's prayers took him out of his difficulties. The task he had set himself was arduous in the extreme, but in its consequence it teaches the lesson that good will need never despair of finding God.

It would be worth the while of men of science to examine the grounds for their belief in the result of their experiments, to think how many facts away from themselves they believe on testimony; and possibly they will come to the conclusion—if they do this honestly—which St. Augustine came to, after the stage we spoke a moment ago about, that those who received the Holy Scriptures were more reasonable than those who rejected them. This at least will be something.

In a previous article we made a reference to the African Church, but we cannot refrain from mentioning that its general synods were very frequent; during the most of St. Augustine's time they were annual and were usually held in Carthage. The provincial synods were still more frequent, and besides, special committees of bishops were appointed for various purposes. St. Augustine was almost always present, much as he disliked being away a moment from his flock. In that former article we referred to the influence of paganism, especially in the parts remote from Carthage; there were other evils too, among them Manicheism, against which he was constantly engaged. And finally we have the Donatist schism, which, beginning in 311, almost brought the church of Africa to ruin. Nothing can give a better idea of the zeal and energy of this extraordinary man than his conflict with the Donatists. His life was in danger from their violence; still he went to synods and other functions as if the imperial army were about him. He wrote against them, he appealed to them, he did everything that a true pastor ought to do. He left their subterfuges no loophole for escape; his arms were at the same time open to receive them. He wrote against their great advocate Parmenian, he wrote on Baptism, he wrote against Petilian, another tower of strength for the Donatists, and he answered Cresconius, who had endeavored to rebuild Petilian. Besides, for his own flock he issued a pastoral

"On the Unity of the Church" and a mass of books, many of which are nothing short of treatises; and all this he did in the years between 401 and 409, besides preaching and the duties of the episcopate. The work against Parmenian consisted of three books; that on Baptism, seven; that dealing with Petilian, three; that in answer to Cresconius, four.

We shall close this notice by stating in propositions the points of his arguments against the Donatists: 1. The fact on which they pretended to found the schism had frequently been proved false, to the knowledge of the public. 2. Even if true it was immaterial, as the validity of sacraments does not depend on the worthiness of the minister. 3. No reason could justify a local church in separating itself from the Universal Church and the centre of Catholic unity—the Apostolic and Roman See; and no church that had done so could have the slightest claim to belong to the Church of Christ.

The Water of the Wondrous Isles, by William Morris.*—This tale, which is told in the form of a fairy tale and in quaint English, can hardly be described as a very successful achievement. Nothing could well be purer than the style—it is really old English and not make-believe—but the lesson takes long to be learned. Like all fairy tales, there is a purpose in it, so that what we have is really an allegory; but the incidents in that species of composition should flash their meaning into the mind in connection with the ruling purpose of the teacher. They do not; they are well told, but can only be praised as independent descriptions, as if the author had before him those who compile books called selections from the best authors, and meant to supply a page or two. The mood of the witch when she fears Birdalone is escaping from her control, is described with the condensed force of poetry—as in this way: "And this led her into fierce and restless moods; so that she would sit staring at the maiden's beauty, handling her knife withal and scarce able to forbear her." This may be taken as a fair specimen of the poet's power to flood the mind with a life-history in a sentence or two. The story of the kidnapping of Birdalone when a little child, the sufferings she had undergone in the time of her growth in the witch's cabin to the hour then striking, and shadowing it all the suggestion that a wicked purpose had been the witch's motive throughout, we have in this sentence. The face of the witch's sister, "both proud, foolish, and cruel," is

*New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

strong and terse as Tacitus, and tells in these three words what historians often, novelists always, take a page to convey. We need not follow her through the adventures she meets with—there is a flavor of the "Idylls of the King" in them—from the time she escapes from the cabin, "the House of Captivity," until she finds herself back in the burg from which she had been stolen when little more than an infant. We can recommend the book, even though we think the author's talents could have been better employed when writing it.

Historiographia Ecclesiastica, by William Stang.*—This work, which is a catalogue of works on ecclesiastical history for the use of priests and seminary students, by Dr. Stang, professor of theology in the American College of Louvain, supplies in some two hundred and thirty-eight small pages the result of immense research. At the end he gives the Holy Father's letter on historical studies. The first chapter, which is a short statement of the sources of ecclesiastical history, is constructed in that scientific form which at once leads the student to see that he is to travel in a beaten path to a direct end. For instance, in the division of the sources of knowledge, they are classified with reference (*ratione*) to their origin, order, and form; regarded from the point of view of origin, as inspired and uninspired—that is, divine and human; in reference to their origin, primary and secondary; the first those which contain their authority in themselves or which have not taken their facts from an antecedent writer, the second those which have derived them from previous authorities; and finally with reference to the form of the sources into written and unwritten. There is a little chapter on the art of criticism, to be applied to those studies which may be considered very needful for those young men who know everything already, "not to indulge in ingenious conjecture beyond good sense (*plus justo*), not for the mere sake of showing penetration (*acuti ingenii*) to call in question things about which there can be no question (*certissima*). We cannot close this note better than by quoting the author's hope "that his little book will be a guide on the road of truth to those who pursue the study of church history—since he does not deserve the name of theologian who is ignorant of it—and assist them in unfolding the glories of the church."

The Scholar and the State, by Henry Codman Potter, Bishop

* New York: Benziger Brothers.

of New York.*—This volume consists of seventeen addresses and papers by Dr. Potter on various subjects that may be considered to have one connection—his desire "to lift all local questions into their highest atmosphere." They are, therefore, in some ways manifestations of a purpose to infuse morality into social science, or, as he would phrase it, to apply Christian ethics "to local questions, movements, or occasions," "without which no state or scheme can end otherwise than in ultimate failure or ruin." The object is a good one, and we commend the object he has in view.

The first address is called an oration, the second is called an address. The first was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter of Harvard University, and is entitled "The Scholar and the State"; the second is "Character in Statesmanship," and is certified as an address. It was given at St. Paul's Chapel, New York. The reason for the difference of description is not obvious. There is an official in European universities known as the Public Orator, whose duty is to deliver a Latin—possibly a Greek—oration at some important function. We believe his perquisites are somewhat honorary, like the laureate's, but you do not half like to say a Greek speech and Latin speech, so you call his rounded periods the Greek or Latin oration of the Public Orator on the occasion, etc.

Having said this much of the mould, we are bound to add there is a wholesome spirit in the effort; it recognizes that the highest duty of the scholar is to bear a part in the life of the state; that he must participate in its interests at any cost —this, of course, is the meaning of somewhat grandiloquent language.

In a paper furnished to the *Century*, November, 1884, he gives the public what he calls "A Phase of Social Science." We have not seen for a long time an essay in which a writer contrived in so few pages to present so great a number of those half-truths that people usually take for the entire truth. There is, in one or two of them, that speciousness which forces conviction on those who have not an instinctive perception of a fallacy. It is true, for instance, that there is no such inhumanity in the dealings of society with the weak and criminal as there was a hundred and fifty years ago in England, but does that prove that there is a corresponding advance along the whole path of social and family life? He takes as his text one of those pictorial passages that embellish Macaulay's *History of*

* New York: The Century Co.

England and which have not a particle of philosophical value, though their literary excellence cannot be too highly praised; and he builds on this, as on a foundation, a structure consisting of facts in no way connected with the text, observations that, when correct, are irrelevant, and then he puts on the dome in the shape of a conclusion which is a begging of the question where it does not rest on an equivocal middle term.

Now, assuming Dr. Potter had brought you by correct reasoning from such a statement as that the conscience of society is more delicate than a hundred and fifty years ago—he could not do it, but suppose he did—to the proposition that indiscriminate charity is mischievous, he still leaves you to think that the man who puts his hand in his pocket, no matter when, where, and under what circumstances, is an enemy to society. Though observing, as our last remark, that his quotations from the New Testament are not in point, still we say that anything which helps to bring back the morality of Christian thought to its place in society is to be welcomed.

History of the Protestant Reformation in England and Ireland,* by William Cobbett.—This is a cheap edition of Cobbett's well-known work, revised by the Very Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. We recommend our readers to get it. Catholics will find an account of the movement in England and Ireland which changed the control of the religious establishments in both countries, and the religion in the latter which they may rely upon, and not the less that the writer was an English Protestant. Protestants, if they do not choose to regard it in any but a social and political light, will nevertheless find most valuable information on the part borne by Protestantism as an agent in promoting the welfare of society in the sense of the whole social body, and not part of it called the rich and powerful.

If the immediate effect of the Reformation was to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, it is worth considering what were the principles which brought about the change. If this process continued until Cobbett wrote, something about seventy years ago, were those principles still in force? or how far were they modified by social antagonisms? If the effects are still felt in social problems, even though the principles are not now defended by reflecting men, what conclusion ought the student of society arrive at as the most likely solution of these problems? It is a singular thing that a work which, though written with

* New York: Benziger Brothers.

great power, can claim no higher rank than a pamphlet in the interest of the working classes, seems of the utmost value, while the scientific treatises written in their interests apparently provide no remedy.

Cobbett's work shared the fate of books written before their time. He was one of the people himself, an agricultural laborer in England who, at the age of seventeen, enlisted as a private soldier in the British army. He devoted himself to the study of English grammar under inconceivable difficulties; his knapsack was his bookcase, the edge of his bed his study chair, his writing-table a board upon his lap. Fortunately for him, the major commanding his regiment, in the absence of the colonel, was an Irish gentleman—the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Through Lord Edward he obtained his discharge, went home and entered on the career of a journalist, which made him the leading advocate of popular rights in England in his day, and finally led to his election to the House of Commons. These particulars do not appear in the work before us, but we mention them as an inducement to working-men to read a work which should be the primary one to study in connection with their claims upon society. We do not think the book should be regarded as a controversial one; we regard it, as did all others at the time of its appearance, as a socio-political pamphlet.

The School for Saints, by John Oliver Hobbes,* is an attractive book. The hero, Robert Orange, is a man with the intellectual sentiment of the middle ages combined with the knowledge and capabilities of the present time as the basis of his character. He possesses strength, not merely on the author's word, but in his views, the manner of expressing them, and his influence upon other characters. He has a belief in ideals because he has faith in God, but there is a hardness of tone in giving opinions which approaches cynicism, a severity of judgment on others which is unlike the charity of Catholics; though he is a convert, from an appreciation of the beauty and logic of Catholic thought as the reflex of the Lord's teaching, and Catholic life as the instructed imitation of the divine life. This estimate is not, however, General Prim's, with whom he came in contact on being arrested in an incident of the Carlist rising, for which we must refer the reader to the book itself. Prim read in his ascetic face and the strong will

* New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

and conviction expressed in it, a type he may have met—the priestly enthusiast who unites the cause of legitimacy with the church. The spy or intriguer (or both), Mudora, judged him a man of intense and practical ambition, only disturbed by visionary longings inherited from his ancestors. He may have appeared to both of these men in these lights, for men estimate from a standard made up partly of their own mental and moral nature and of their experience. They misjudge these to the extent of the personal equation, but we have more materials and the personal element is absent. In an indirect way this interest of ours in Orange evinces the power of the drawing. A good deal more will be understood when the reader goes to the book. The singular history of Brigit is a romance arising out of what had been intended to be a fraudulent marriage by an archduke with an actress, but which later on was solemnly contracted, only that it was intended it should be regarded as a morganatic alliance. She was the only child of the marriage. On the archduke's death she was to have become the object of an astounding political intrigue to place her on the archduke's throne—we must suppose he was in some way an independent prince and not a mere member of an imperial family—but her high sense of duty does not permit her to become the centre of a revolution against her young half-brother. Between her and Orange there is a passion of that lofty and everlasting kind which has existed in intellects that moved the world, but which wise-acres have so often pronounced reveries of vanity and not absorbing forces. The moral plane of the work is almost at the highest, its purpose apparently to show that the pounding of the world is a school for saints as well as the penitential friction of the cloister. There is no mistake in the lofty spirit of the writer, her belief in the claims of duty to blind obedience, her scorn for expediency, her still greater contempt for pious frauds, flatteries to gain adherents, methods which honorable men would not dream of employing in the engagements of life, but which are resorted to in the furtherance of a great interest like that of legitimacy, or a supreme moral force in government like the church.

Upon the whole we are pleased with this novel. It means something and is inspired by something. The author sees God as the ruler of the world and of the soul, and she has an under-swell of intensity that indicates she is compelled to tell this. There is nothing profound in the book, but there is a

clear knowledge of human nature, and her actors and her puppets perform their parts, and one or two men and women live their lives and eat their hearts amid the actors and the puppets.

Parflete is a very detestable character and hardly like any we should look for in fiction. There are fools in real life who like to have a reputation for everything that is wicked, provided that the excellence of their manners is conceded. Parflete is one of this class, but we hardly see what purpose of a villain he serves in fiction. There is a sort of selfish good-nature not inconsistent with utter want of principle, but Parflete's good-nature has no place in the piece; he is a reporter's account of a character, but there is no life in him. But we may put him aside, for the author's sense is in the opinion that to imagine excellence and to love it—whether it may be real, as it often is, or merely supposed, as it can be sometimes—is not given to low understandings. So in this philosophy of conduct we have a key to a work written with the quiet and self-possession which mark the tone of a well-bred woman.

Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe,* edited by Annie Fields.—There is naturally a good deal of interest round the life of a woman like the subject of the work before us. She wrote a work of fiction which, whether an exaggeration or not of the staple which must be supposed to have been its material, produced a wonderful sensation on two continents. In the United Kingdom its appearance caused a tumult of excitement in society as great as that which had stirred it from its depths when the judgment was pronounced in the case of the negro Somerset. That judgment, as the world knows, was the first blow to the Bristol interest, with its thirty members of Parliament to maintain slavery in the West Indies.

That Mrs. Stowe may have believed her word-pictures were not creations of a morbid fancy—or, more directly to the point, that they were not over-highly colored representations of a system which she condemned, we are inclined to think probable. She was evidently a woman whose imagination was all ablaze when her feelings were roused. She took no measure of the proportions of things in themselves, and no account whatever of their relations to individuals or the part they bore in social economy. We have an instance of this uncalculating

* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tone of mind in the extraordinary paper published by her concerning the affection which existed between Lord Byron and his sister. We remember well the effect produced by that publication in England. "Monstrous," "infamous," "unscrupulous," "a vulgar American's madness for notoriety," were the forms in which public and private criticism delivered themselves.

Yet we think it intelligible enough that Mrs. Stowe might be convinced that there was something dreadful in the private history of Byron and his sister's relations and that she should expose these in justice to her friend Lady Byron, for whom she appears to have entertained the greatest reverence and affection; and that she did not pause to consider whether it became a respectable woman to fling upon the world a work merely sensational in its suggestions, notwithstanding their horror. What we mean is, that no awful tragedy came in, whether of avenging gods or a malignant fate, to raise this infamy to the moral sublime, as in Œdipus, no fiendish, inconceivable cruelty and unnatural hate to lift it to the sublime of pathos, as in the agony of Beatrice Cenci. It was like the scandal of a court ante-room when whispers were made and eyes winked about the Regent Orleans or about Charles II. of England, and no one cared a straw whether these hints were believed or not. Both in France and England at the time we speak of the minds of men were drugged as by intoxicants, and what was in their minds came out in words and looks and gestures, as the ruling ideas of drunken men will, without decency, honesty, self-respect.

This is about the best extenuation we can offer for the outrage inflicted upon living people by Mrs. Stowe as a tribute to the suffering of her friend Lady Byron. We see great veneration in her letters to Lady Byron; she looks up to her as a person from another planet who in pity visited this one, and linking her fate to one of its most gifted inhabitants, found that he was a Satan and a satyr. Certainly those letters show an inordinate desire on the part of Mrs. Stowe to cultivate Lady Byron's friendship—so much so, indeed, that in any one except the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* we should attribute it to tuft-hunting of a very pronounced character. The fact is, Miss Milbanke was not the innocent child of another world when she met Byron; she was a young lady of fashion, and, unless we are much mistaken, she knew as much as any one in London society of Byron's doings—or, more correctly, the tales

about his doings that valets told to ladies' maids, who repeated them to their mistresses with suitable horror, mystery, and delight. "His lordship's own man, mem, told it in the housekeeper's room, mem; I don't know what it meant, mem; it was down at Newstead, mem." To the present time we do not know the true story of the separation; but we think there is enough to show that Byron behaved with good feeling and submission. The outburst of public morality which took place at the time is familiar to every school-boy who has read Macaulay's review of Moore's Life of Byron, and we think the value of that periodical access of virtue has been successfully gauged by him.

*The Madcap Set at St. Anne's** is a healthful, natural story of convent boarding-school life. At one period the tendency of writers for children and youth was to draw characters preternaturally good. Latterly, it has been to depict them as abnormally bad. Neither extreme is touched in this book. The decision of the Madcap Set to inaugurate its career of iniquity by the truly girl-like deed of putting on its best attire on a working-day is charmingly natural, and the ways in which each was convinced of the falsity of the school-girl saying, "Be good and you will be happy, but you won't have a good time," are Spencerian in the best sense of that hackneyed educational phrase.

I.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.†

This work is intended to supply a more compendious exposition of the Gospel of St. John than that of Dr. MacEvilly. It is directly for the use of students who might find the latter work to some extent a task upon their time; and *a fortiori* the commentaries of Maldonatus, Estius, and À Lapide. We do not think students lose anything by Dr. MacRory's plan. In the easier passages he has left a good deal to the student's own intelligence, and this saves space; so that in those passages in which men are at liberty to differ he gives them the precise assistance that a professor ought to give his class.

In the Introduction, a summary of eleven pages, he takes up seriatim the question of the authenticity of the Gospel, that of its authorship, the persons for whom and the object

* *The Madcap Set at St. Anne's.* By Marion J. Brunowe. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Gospel of St. John.* By the Rev. Joseph MacRory, D.D., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew, Maynooth College. Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

with which it was written; he tells the plan of it, when and where it was written, says a word about its integrity and the language in which it was written; he offers some observations on the Lord's discourses in the Gospel and some upon the errors against which it was directed. This is a valuable summary, putting at a glance the result of much reading.

Coming to the commentary, the first thing that strikes the reader is the analysis prefixed to each chapter. It is peculiarly short, but groups the subjects treated in sufficient outline to be an aid to memory in reading the Gospel critically, or in the composition of a sermon. But it is with the exposition we are most disposed to deal; for we do not know of any work, closely examined, whether in literature, history, or social science in any of its branches, which bears evidence of finer and more judicious sifting. We said a moment ago he passed over the easy passages lightly. What well-informed reader has not experienced with a revulsion of feeling the care and fulness with which so many commentators in the whole field of criticism handle parts that are obvious? When the meaning is as clear as daylight, your commentator pours rays upon you from all quarters, and not always white ones. If he makes a sound remark, it will be one so obvious that your patience is severely tried; if he tells you something that appears new in the connection, it is certain to be wrong, or at the least misleading. Now, Dr. MacRory is not a guide of this kind.

We have not the space to do more than indicate one or two passages in which this discernment is shown, but they may be taken as samples of the character of his book. We have before us Mr. Ornsby's edition of the Greek Testament. Scholars remember him as professor of Greek and Latin literature in the Catholic University of Ireland. He was one of that group which followed Newman from Oxford. Ornsby's edition is from Cardinal Mai's Vatican Bible, and the notes, philological and exegetical, which the editor furnishes have been always looked upon as the results of the most accurate knowledge of Greek and familiarity with the best learning of exegetists.

In the very first phrase, "In the beginning," the interpretation of Ornsby, which followed prevailing interpretations, is not that adopted by Dr. MacRory. Ornsby's is that *En arke* means from eternity. No doubt there is a certain inconsistency in his exposition when he says that it is the commencement of all duration and eternity, for he perceives that this is a commencement without a commencement, a beginning without a begin-

ning. Now, duration is only a measure of time, and it seems to us very clear that the beginning of duration is the beginning of time. Take the idea of eternity in the most abstract form in which you can think it—that is, a void, a silence, a negation. Something occurs to disturb that silence, fill that void; you have a point of time. It moves; you have a series of points by which the motion of the something is measured. This certainly is the meaning of *arke* in the classical authors, except where it is used for a principle or element; but even this use does not conflict, but rather confirms the interpretation, beginning of time.

We find this is the view of Dr. MacRory, though he qualifies it by saying that "it most probably" means the beginning of all created things. All the same, his genuine opinion is the same as our own; for when he refers to the third verse, which states that all things were made by the Word, it is plain that he takes "in the beginning" to mean when something happened, when created things were called into existence—to mean the point when time began, and as these things were made by the Word, that therefore He was before them. We do not pause upon another meaning which does not rise out of the force of the words. The verb "was" (*en*) he explains, of course, as already in existence; and though this would be the rendering suggested by the whole context, we are pleased to see the armed-at-all-points manner, for he calls attention to the point that if St. John meant that the Son began to exist at the dawn of creation the word *egeneto* would be that used.

The Word (*The Logos*) is the Second Person. St. John uses the Word to designate Him in his first Epistle and in the Apocalypse. The Word is not a mere abstraction or attribute of God with St. John is, of course, clear; for this Word was with God, this Word was God, was made flesh, dwelt amongst us; and in the person of our Divine Lord was witnessed to by the Baptist. The note on this point is full and satisfactory, and affords an excellent illustration of the thoroughness with which the task is done throughout.

"And the Word was God." He enters rather at length into the critical examination of this sentence; not that we mean he spends an undue time upon it, but we think that a great deal of the criticism which hinges on the absence of the Greek article before "God" in this clause seems too refined, and it was hardly worth his while to combat it. We find a very good exegesis of this passage "And the Word was God" (*Theos en*

O Logos) in Winer's *New Testament Grammar*, and not the less good that it is short. It is the same as Dr. MacRory's, but Winer goes straight to the point. He says St. John could not have omitted the article if he intended to designate the *Logos* as the *Theos*—that is, the noun "God" (*Theos*) would then alone be ambiguous. This is clear from the clause "The same was in the beginning with God," when we have the article before "God." He has a good note on the last three words of the sentence, "And without Him was made nothing that was made." But we have no space to say more about it than this, that he seems to hold, and we think rightly, that on dogmatic grounds there is no necessity for connecting these words, viz., 'that was made," with the preceding words of the verse; accordingly, the connection would be "That was made in (that is, by) Him was life," or "What was made was life in Him," or "What was made in it was the Life." He prefers this last, and, while weighing the claims for and against the other forms and the ordinary one, he states in a satisfactory manner the reasons for his preference. We hope this work will have a large circulation among the clergy of this country.

2.—THE SALESIANS' HOMES FOR BOYS.

There are a thousand inmates in Don Bosco's Institute in Turin. An Irish Salesian priest and a young Londoner, a clerical student, made my visit thereto most interesting and helped me to understand their wonderful house.

There is a delightful book, *Don Bosco*, from the French of Villefranche, by Lady Martin, and it lets one into the secret of the spirit of the Salesian Homes. Having read that book, many things too were clear to me which otherwise I certainly should have failed to understand.

Four hundred and fifty boys are learning trades, and about five hundred are busy in the schools, where the government curriculum is gone through and pupils are prepared for the university or for the seminary. There are about fifty technical teachers, many of them being former children of the home.

I was taken first to see the printing department, in which boys are not only trained to handle types in every way they would do at a printer's, but also to *cast* the types, to stereotype, and to go through the many delicate operations necessary for producing colored bordered missals of the utmost beauty and intricacy. A pictured page was under the press, as I looked

on in amazement, which had to receive seven colors besides a fine gilt tracery; that is to say, it had to make eight separate journeys under the rollers of that great machine. Failure in any one passage would mean failure in all.

Three ten-horse-power gas-engines supply the motive power for the presses. In the country, not far from Turin, the Salesians have a paper-mill which supplies other printing establishments besides their own. They have also a book-binding department; so that the books they put forth are very much their own—their type-foundry supplying the type to impress (probably) Salesian thoughts, by means of Salesians' scholars' hands, on Salesian paper, which will be bound into volumes on the premises! The house may farther mark the work as its own by illustrating it from its own draughtsmen's designs.

The quality of the work done may be gauged by two facts: there are always two years' orders *in advance;* and the Salesian work has obtained gold medals, or diplomas, from the Vatican Exhibition, Brussels, Cologne, London, and Edinburgh, and I know not how many honors and distinctions besides. In the book-shop the salesman, on one occasion when I was there, was a boy of about fourteen—a model of quickness and intelligence. His pride in binding, printing, and in the high *quality* of every sort of work, combined with cheapness, was amusing and delightful to witness. In this library are educational, devotional, and entertaining works in many languages. Don Bosco, the founder, was a voluminous author, and of course his books form a great feature in the collection; but writers, ancient and modern, and of many lands, are well represented on the Salesians' shelves. The young salesman was well informed as to methods and cost of transmission of his wares, in Italy and abroad; in short, he had a capital business head on his young shoulders, after three years' training by the Salesian Fathers. Nor were all his gifts of the commercial sort. He had an enthusiastic spirit, and though so "smart," was just a fresh-hearted, eager, simple boy.

The industrial part of the Home is not all comprised in the various branches of the book department. Tailoring is taught, so is boot-making. One of the most attractive technical school-rooms is the carpenter's shop. Wood-carving and sculpture have a *studio.* There is a bakery, and there is a forge, where silent, athletic young Vulcans wield the hammer, and shape forth many useful things, besides ornamental metal work, to surround shrines, for railings, gates, etc.

The premises are plain, bare, even poor—the church excepted, which is most rich and stately. It is the famous "oratory" dedicated to Our Lady Help of Christians, or "Don Bosco's Madonna," as the people love to call her.

There is something very touching in the splendor of their church beside the Salesians' evident poverty. They are not endowed. They beg their way, when they cannot work their way. At Turin the institute is almost self-supporting. But they are constantly opening houses in new places in both hemispheres, and the beginnings are always a fearful struggle. Money and food and clothing, however, always come after awhile. Like Don Bosco in his early work, the infant communities, even in these days, often endure severe privations—cold, hunger, contempt, and every imaginable hardship.

The boys at Turin were perhaps the best recommendation of the home. Happy-looking, merry, manly lads, full of trust alike in friends and strangers, they seemed the *beau ideal* of healthy childhood. At work and at play they are with their priests. It was lovely to see, in the shops and the playground, on what good terms were masters and pupils! The priests might have been just merely the elder brothers; and they took the rough and the smooth in a very energetic game of ball with perfect simplicity, unaffectedness—even heartiness!

Don Bosco gathered his boys into his heart of hearts. Those trusting little lads at Turin show that they are loved and fathered. They show, too, the eminently practical direction of their training. Don Bosco said his aim was to turn out good Christians, who should be excellent workmen.

And the human material for this product was, and is, the poorest of the poor; orphans, neglected children, the class from which juvenile criminals are recruited. What a marvel of pious alchemy, to make human gems out of the very refuse of the community!

3.—WORDS FROM THE CROSS.*

There is no better way of sympathizing with the sufferings of Jesus at this Passion-tide than by meditating on the last words he addresses to us from His Cross. They are the last testament by which in a few words he sums up all his doctrines and teachings, and consideration of them will ever be to us a source of consolation and grace. And this is why the publication of a

* *Meditations on the Seven Words of our Lord on the Cross.* By Father Charles Perraud. With an Introduction and an Epilogue by his brother, the Cardinal-Bishop of Autun. Translated at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., from the sixth French edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

translation of Father Perraud's *Words from the Cross* is now particularly opportune.

Father Perraud has written several excellent works, but this last is admitted to be his best. As Cardinal Perraud, his brother, says in the introduction, he wished to make this book the last testament of his laborious and fruitful apostolate, and in it he placed all the feelings of his soul. Constant meditation on these words of the dying Saviour, he said, would console us in all our afflictions and render death itself sweet instead of terrible, and it is very edifying to know that the exhortations in the book are not mere rhetoric, for the author, in his last moments, put in practice the teachings of his book, as the eminent witness of his death testifies in the epilogue.

As the author beautifully puts it in the preliminary meditation: "We read in the Old Testament that when David sang before Saul, accompanying himself with his harp, the sombre melancholy of the king was dissipated, and the melodies of the inspired artist dispelled from his morbid brain mysterious fears and dismal hallucinations.

"Thus the Saviour of men, to lull their sufferings, to soothe their agony, and to beguile their death, has made of his last words a celestial melody, to which nothing here below can be compared. By I know not what singular predestination, what secret counsel, it happens that from the Cross only seven words resounded, just as there are only seven notes in music. Now it is the musical gamut, so restricted in its immensity, whose inexhaustible combinations have served from the beginning and will serve to the end of time to compose all the harmonies invented by the genius of man. In their infinite richness these seven notes have sufficed to convey all our sentiments, all our aspirations, all our dreams, the ecstasy of religion, the hymns of victory, the desolation of days of mourning, as well as the delight of days of gladness.

In the end of the book he takes up again this figure which appealed to him so strongly in the beginning, and in the seventh meditation he writes: "The last and sweetest word of Jesus is as the final chord that ends the divine melody begun by the prayer for pardon. In the great musical works, the principal theme, announced from the beginning, and developed afterwards into modulations of an infinite variety, is reproduced at the end of the symphony with a still grander character. Thus it is that the last strophe of the divine hymn destined by God to quiet our agony and calm our death, brings back the first word pronounced by Christ at the beginning of his crucifixion:

'Father, forgive them! Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!'"

Between the first and last word of Jesus, between the word that recommends to his merciful Father his executioners, more ignorant than guilty, and that by which the Son abandons into the hands of God his life and his soul, other words were pronounced, which Father Perraud has commented on with great beauty and power. On the promise made by the Saviour to the penitent thief he has written pages full of a pity which despaired of no one, and readily placed at the approach of the agony and the first dawn of eternity the meeting between man's repentance and the divine pardon.

In the fourth meditation, "The Depth of the Abyss," he has used all his powers to console and strengthen those who are tempted to doubt and discouragement. Too often, alas! has grief wrung from suffering hearts the almost despairing cry, "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" but even this agony will seem light when we consider Jesus alone and deserted on His Cross. He could not despair, for he was God, but he wished to suffer the tortures of the despairing; he wished to descend with them into the abyss in order to save them and lift them up. This meditation is full of an ardent love of the Saviour, and a deep pity for poor souls encompassed by the sadness of abandonment.

The following meditations, "The Thirst for Souls" and "The Master-piece of God and the Master-piece of Man," are very well written, and are an incentive to piety and virtue, but the last one, "Filial Abandonment into the Hands of God," rises to a virile nobility, and it is one that every Christian should read, for, as Cardinal Perraud writes, "some men, objects of an exceptional predestination, pay to suffering only a slight or intermittent tribute, but even those whose lives are of uninterrupted felicity cannot escape the obligation of dying." And this obligation, so trying to human nature, he would have us prepare for now, so that when our last day will come we shall not look on death as a dreadful thing, but will consider it as the dawn of a blessed eternity, as the triumph of the soul and of immortality. He says, only too truly, that most Christians avoid the thought of death with as much care as they should employ to prepare themselves for it; they shrink from the consideration of their last day as though the recollection was too terrible, while in reality, as Fénelon very well remarked, "death will be terrible only to those who have never thought of it." It is the importance of this solemn duty that

is inculcated in these last pages. He knew that too often an unwise and cruel pity keeps away the priest from the bed of the sick person. To spare the dying the unwelcome but necessary thought of their approaching end, exposes them to fall unexpectedly and, so to speak, backwards into eternity. It is from this danger that he wishes us to guard ourselves "by disposing everything beforehand; by presiding in person over the ordering of this impressive journey, of this voyage whence no one ever returns." "When a dangerous illness shall impose upon us the sacred duty of looking death in the face, let us not appear disquiet, weak, and cast down, as if death were going to precipitate us into the unfathomable and incomprehensible abyss of nothingness. Let us not try to blind ourselves in a fatal ignorance; but, on the contrary, let us beseech those who assist us, and the physician who attends us, to tell us the whole truth. Let us have the courage to make it a sacred duty of conscience for them, and instead of saying with trembling, 'Am I lost, and must I die?' let us speak as Christians, and say: 'Shall I ascend to heaven? Is it time to render my soul up to God?'"

These extracts give a fair idea of the tenor of the book, and it is very safe to predict that the English translation will repeat the success of the original work.

4.—LIFE OF EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY.*

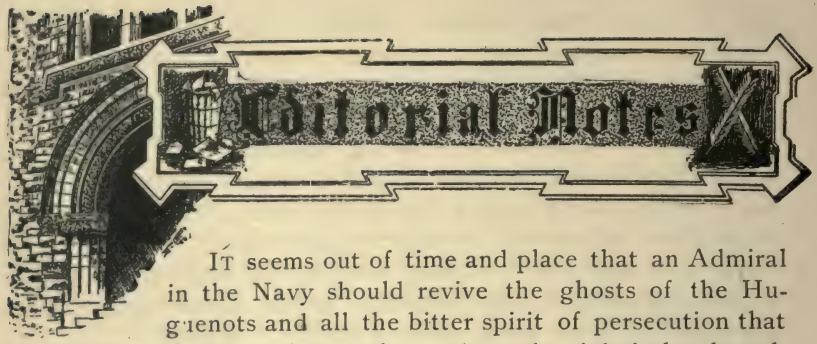
The present volume is the last of the four to which Dr. Pusey's life has extended. Dr. Liddon, we believe, gave up the greater part of his other occupations in order to devote himself to the preparation of this life, but died before the completion of his task. One of those, too, who took his place has also died before the end was reached. Very little of the original biographer's work appears in this volume, the editors being responsible for almost the whole. They have not, we are glad to say, followed the precedents set by Dr. Wilberforce's biographer or by Mr. Purcell. On the contrary, they have by their reticence deprived the work of a great part of the interest it might otherwise have had.

We do not mean, however, to imply that this volume is dull. For Catholics, indeed, Dr. Pusey's character is highly puzzling; he was at once so near to the truth and yet so far. It is only by bearing in mind the admonition that it is not for

* *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey.* By Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. Edited and prepared for publication by the Rev. J. O. Johnston and the Rev. Robert J. Wilson and the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt. Vol. iv. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

man to judge those who are without that we are restrained from what might seem harsh expressions of opinion. As a corrective of this, it is interesting to learn from this volume the mutual regard Pusey and Newman and Manning had for one another. When Dr. Pusey was seriously ill in 1878 he desired that a loving message should be sent to Cardinal Newman; while on the same occasion the cardinal had desired that Dr. Liddon should say to his "dearest Pusey," whom he had loved and admired for some fifty years, that the Catholic Roman Church solemnly laid claim to him as her child, and to ask him, in God's sight, whether he did not acknowledge her right to do so. This message, it is perhaps needless to say, was never delivered. And in 1864 Manning, writing to Dr. Pusey, assures him of respect and affection which have never varied. In view of such expressions of regard by those who knew Dr. Pusey, we may cherish the hope that he was in good faith; and indeed, the depths of the ignorance of the Catholic position shown by non-Catholics are comparable only with what Dr. Newman calls the invincible knowledge of Catholics. Dr. Newman himself, and Mr. Hurrell Froude when in Rome in 1834, were so blind to the very elements of Catholicism that they were astonished to learn that the dogmatic decrees of the Council of Trent were looked upon there as irreformable; and although opinions and practices in that branch of the Protestant Episcopal Church established in England by law have greatly changed in many ways since that time, the discussions with reference to the condemnation of Anglican orders show that the minds of the highest of churchmen are still quite unable to grasp the fundamental distinction between Protestantism and Catholicism.

The most interesting part of this volume is, of course, the relations of Dr. Pusey to Catholics—relations which were closer and more intimate than is generally supposed. There are not wanting, however, other matters of greater importance than the somewhat tiresome contentions between Anglican "schools," with which the volume mainly deals. Such points are, Dr. Pusey's attitude towards Old Testament criticism, his sermon on the supposed conflict between religion and science and the position taken up by him in this matter, and his controversy with Dean Farrar on everlasting punishment. In the latter he did good service to the cause of truth, for which he is entitled to our gratitude; while for his self-devotion in ministering to the cholera-stricken in London he deserves sincere admiration.



IT seems out of time and place that an Admiral in the Navy should revive the ghosts of the Huguenots and all the bitter spirit of persecution that lay buried with them; but we have given the Admiral a broadside, and there is more shot in our lockers.

General Rosecrans, besides being a soldier of more than ordinary ability, was, and pre-eminently so, a devout Catholic. He gave one son to the priesthood in Rev. Adrian L. Rosecrans, C.S.P., whose promising career was cut short by an early death. In his religious life he was outspoken, and thoroughly in earnest in the profession of his adopted faith. His candid professions of sincerity made his wife and brother converts to the faith.

The career of a brave soldier, and a leader too, in the great warfare against social evils has ended in the death of Miss Frances Willard, a tireless, faithful, undaunted, broad-minded champion of temperance, a woman without a particle of narrow-mindedness in her intellectual make-up, and with a soul which elevated her to a very high plane of womanly virtue. We knew Miss Willard well, and it has often been our regret that she did not know the spiritual life of the Catholic Church. Living under other circumstances, she would have ranked along with some of the great women to whose names we prefix Saint.

The discussion over the Irish University question is only another evidence of the devotion of the Irish people to their faith. If the establishment of the University was to be coupled with provisions that would entail a weakening of their religious beliefs, there seems to be no question what the unanimous action of the Irish people would be. Though they are sincerely anxious for the higher education of their children, yet there is nothing, even this, when placed in the balance against their faith, that can outweigh this precious treasure. In view of these facts it is well for us Catholics in America to take heed unto

ourselves. The trend of higher education among us is to send our young men to the secular university and pass by the Catholic college. This movement in a few years will go on until it attains alarming proportions and then some public action must be taken.

The decay of Evangelistic work in Methodism is now a subject of comment in their official papers, while the notable success of the mission work in the Catholic Church is causing no little discussion. Evangelistic work will not succeed anywhere unless it is done in perfect harmony with the ordinary ministerial work. It comes in the nature of a stimulant to work that is already going on to develop its efficiencies. If some one is called in from outside, whose plan of salvation is his own and differs from others, and whose requirements for the Christian life are of his own manufacture, his work will be but a flash in the pan. This of a necessity is the case, where there are so many divergent views as among the denominations. It would be a curious study to find out how many churches teach the year through the theology of salvation which Mr. Moody or any of the noted evangelists teach during the revivals. This very lack of sympathy with the methods and want of conformity with the dogmatic teachings of resident pastors render the greater part of revival work inoperative.

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

Dr. John A. Zahm's appointment to the Provincialship of the Congregation of the Holy Cross has been a matter of the deepest interest to many who have the slightest possible concern for the movements of clergy and religious in general. This has been the case, not only because he is universally regarded as the most prominent of American Catholic scientists, but from the fact that an additional tribute has thus been paid to the staunch orthodoxy and intense spirituality of a biologist who takes a position on evolution even more pronounced than that of St. George Mivart. As the London *Tablet* puts it, Dr. Zahm is "a convinced and resolute evolutionist."

This position, established and entrenched in his now famous book *Evolution and Dogma*, though largely the ground of his popular notoriety, is by no means the sole basis of his real greatness as scholar and scientist.

If Dr. Zahm had been free to devote himself to his "first love"—Assyriology and the Oriental languages—he would undoubtedly have towered head and shoulders above any living Orientologist. Many a man has rested a claim to commemoration by posterity upon slighter works than the monograph on Mexico and the exploration of the crater of Kiluea, the largest active volcano in existence, which he undertook as holiday recreations in 1884. As founder of the Scientific School of Notre Dame, as vice-president for ten years of the university, and as superior for four years of the ecclesiastical seminary of his order, he has done the educational work of half an ordinary life-time. Best of all, he sets before this undisciplined and materialistic country of ours the model of a man whose achievements have all been under the steady pressure of religious obedience, and he has not found that in the least incompatible with the vein of American enterprise which led him to arrange the first excursion-train ever running the three thousand miles between Chicago and the City of Mexico!

Dr. Zahm is still a young man. He was born in New Lexington, O., in 1853. New Lexington is within the scope of one of the earliest Dominican missions in the West, and he was prepared for his First Communion by Father Wilson, O.P., a convert, said to have been once "a violent Methodist preacher." All his boyhood's influences were toward deep piety. Three of the Misses Zahm became religious and an aunt was for twenty

years novice-mistress of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. His brother is professor of physics in the Catholic University at Washington.

Educated himself at Notre Dame, he was appointed to the charge of its scientific department as early as 1874! For the last twelve years he has devoted his attention, so far as studies go, entirely to physics.

The great evolutionist was one of the founders of the Wes-

Dr. John A. Zahm.

tern Summer-School, and the major part of his remarkable *chef d'œuvre* was originally delivered in lecture-form to the members of this and of the Eastern Summer-School. Of it Mr. Gladstone wrote him as follows:

"Rev. and dear Sir: I have now read with great interest and pleasure a great part of the work you have been so kind as to send me, and I heartily thank you for it. Theology has been for some time under a kind of intimidation which it is time to shake off, and I rejoice to see you occupying a forward

place in this healthful process. Evolution, as I think, tends to elevate and not to depress the Gospel."

Other works by Dr. Zahm are *Sound and Music*, largely quoted in recent text-books, *Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists*, *Bible Science and Faith*, *Scientific Theory and Catholic Doctrine*, and *Science and the Church*. Most of these have been translated into the ordinary European languages. Some have been issued in Czech, Polish, and Hungarian as well.

Father Zahm was created Doctor of Philosophy in 1895. He is the successor of the distinguished anthropologist, Marquis de Nadaillac, as president of the Section of Anthropology of the International Catholic Scientific Congress, of which he is also international vice-president and president for America. The Société Française de Physique welcomed him as its first American member, and he also belongs to the famous *Arcadia* of Rome.

Nearly two years ago, Dr. Zahm was appointed to Rome as Procurator-General of his order. Thence he returned last spring as Provincial for this country. We congratulate the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross upon the inspiration which has selected as their head a man of spirit so progressive and of attainments so solid.

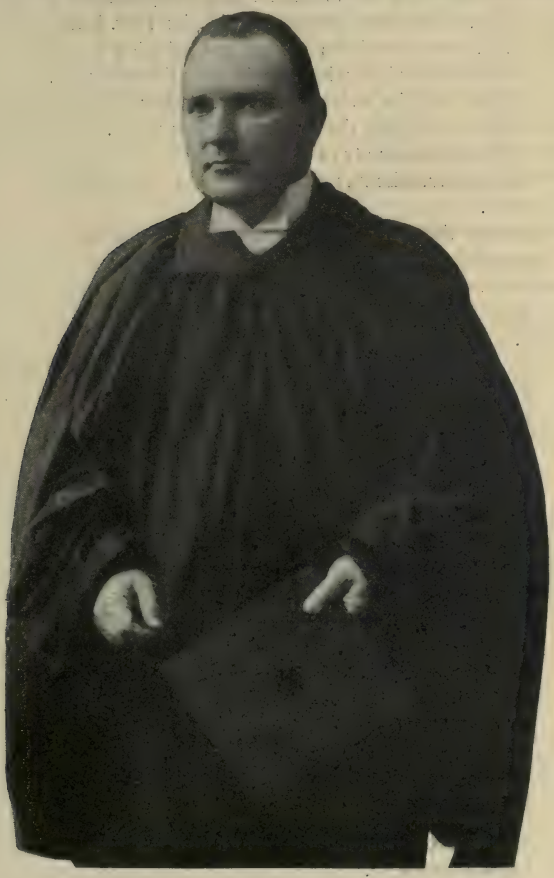
Dr. James A. Mitchell is professor of geology at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., and lecturer on natural science at St. Joseph's Academy, under the Sisters of Charity, at the same place. The professor received his diploma in science from the Royal School of Mines, England—Huxley, Tyndall, and Ramsay being among his examiners. He then entered the observatory of Lord Rosse, Birr Castle, Ireland, where he pursued his astronomical and meteorological studies under Dr. Ralph Copeland, F.R.S., now Astronomer Royal for Scotland. During his four years' sojourn at Birr Castle Dr. Mitchell assisted Lord Rosse in the work of that famed scientist, *On the Nebulæ* and *Determination of the Moon's Heat*.

At the end of his course at the observatory he entered the College of St. Stanislaus, King's County, Ireland, where he took charge of the course of the civil engineering graduating classes for the Royal University, Ireland, and Sandhurst Royal Military College. At a later period he became a professor at Clongowes Wood.

He studied inorganic chemistry and geology at Harvard University, and palæontology under Professor W. B. Clark, Johns Hopkins University. He is connected with the State Geological

Survey and State weather service. During the year 1896 he received a special letter from President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University, in consideration of the discoveries made by him in the Newark system of the Jura Trias of Maryland.

In 1897 he accompanied Sir Archibald Geikie, director-gen-



Dr. James A. Mitchell.

eral of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, in a geological excursion from the Chesapeake, ending in the western portion of the State of Maryland.

His paper on the Mississippi was read at the meeting of the Catholic Congress at Fribourg last summer. He will soon publish a work in geology in a popular form designed to make science accessible to the general reader.

He is a member of the National Geographic and Geological Societies of Washington, D. C. P. J. D.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

PROFESSOR ALCEE FORTIER delivered the opening address at the recent session of the Catholic Winter-School held in the City of New Orleans. He rendered a tribute of praise to the late Archbishop Janssens for his zeal in starting the movement, which was encouraged by the Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., of Syracuse, N. Y., who has been from the beginning a zealous worker for the Champlain Summer-School, of which he is now the treasurer. Deep regret was expressed on account of the absence of Rev. Father Nugent, who had charge of the onerous task of arranging the lectures for two years. Judge Frank McGloin and his associates in the society of the Holy Spirit have also rendered invaluable service, as well as Mrs. Thomas J. Semmes and the members of the Auxiliary Board of Women.

After narrating the events that led to the formation and development of the Catholic Winter-School, Professor Fortier, on behalf of his colleagues, voiced the words of welcome to Archbishop Chapelle. In reply the new Archbishop of New Orleans declared that his presence was an act of homage to the large and intelligent audience. He alluded to Archbishop Janssens' connection with the Winter-School, and his own intention to continue to further the objects so enthusiastically advocated by his saintly predecessor in the archiepiscopal chair. By doing so he hoped to attain some portion of the warm esteem in which the people of the diocese had held Archbishop Janssens. He found it the more easy to follow his predecessor's example, as the objects of the Winter-School were particularly commendable. It was designed to spread the light of truth and to better the attitude of the Catholics towards others. Catholics believe that they possess the fulness and perfection of Christian truth. It was, therefore, eminently fitting that they should know the doctrines of their faith as a system, and should be able to present to the non-Catholic inquirer the essentials of their belief with fulness and exactness.

The greatest obstacle in the way of the universal acceptance of Catholicity by society was the failure of Catholics to comply with this requirement. They too rarely directed attention to the fundamental principles of their faith without introducing extraneous details.

The Winter-School would also serve to define the position of the church with regard to modern science and literature. There exists no contradiction between Catholicity and any form of truth, nor does the church try to enslave the reasoning faculty of its communicants. The history of all Catholic schools had demonstrated this proposition. In the middle ages, an era mistakenly supposed to have been one without enlightenment, the church had exhibited the tendency which it still has, to lift the plane of reason and establish harmony between revealed religion and the facts of nature.

Under the leadership of that great prelate, Leo XIII., additional encouragement has been shown to investigators in all fields of research, in order that the harmony before alluded to might shine forth with increased radiance.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University of America, and F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, were the prominent figures in the first week of the Catholic Winter-School, their lectures drawing immense audiences, and themselves the recipients of much attention from Archbishop Chapelle, the clergy, and the leading Catholic families of New Orleans. Mr. Crawford said of the Winter-School :

"It is a magnificent institution, and cannot be too much encouraged. I cannot express the great pleasure I feel at the honor conferred upon me in having been chosen to be the first lecturer of this season before this noble body. Your noble archbishop has asked me to come back and lecture next season, and I hope that I will be able to do so. Nothing could afford me more pleasure than to visit New Orleans again. Such an institution as the Winter-School, standing for all that is highest and best and truest in religion, literature, art, and science, must tend to broaden and simplify the whole religious condition of the country, and I only hope that it will continue to develop to such an extent that other great cities will follow the example of New Orleans in striving to educate the mass of the people along the truest lines of culture, by establishing such institutions as the Winter-School. I must express my sense of obligation for the many courtesies extended to me by your good and learned archbishop, and by the Winter-School Board and the people of New Orleans. I hope to return next year, but whether or not I ever again set foot in your charming old-world city, you may rest assured that it will ever have a warm place in my memory."

* * *

Students of philosophy in New York City have never had an opportunity to listen to a specialist more accurate and interesting in the department of experimental psychology than the Rev. Edward A. Pace, dean of the faculty of philosophy at the Catholic University. Under the auspices of the Cathedral Library he gave ten lectures, in which he showed that activity of mind is altogether different from merely organic function, and that this truth is supported by whatever has been established through modern research.

A chief characteristic of modern philosophy is the attempt made in all schools to keep in touch with the empirical sciences and to base speculative systems upon scientific generalizations. This is especially the case where philosophy seeks a solution for the serious problems concerning the nature of mind. Adopting the principle that a thing is known by what it does, we evidently know more of the soul in proportion as we get a clearer insight into its varied activities. And in the study of phenomena, so subtle and complex, no fact established by observation or experiment can be called trivial.

The results of psychological investigation are common property which any school of philosophy may turn to advantage. Within its own limits, experimental psychology is neither materialistic nor spiritualistic, neither monistic nor dualistic. But in the interpretation of facts metaphysical assumptions may vitiate a process of reasoning and issue in erroneous conclusions. Philosophy must take cognizance of the facts and harmonize them with the fundamental truths which it has demonstrated in regard to the soul. The spiritualist who disregards the experimental movement in psychology, abandons to the champion of materialism an effective weapon, offensive and defensive.

The development of certain scholastic theories requires constant attention to the data of empirical psychology. The union of soul and body has always been a vexed question. Nor has it ever received more satisfactory treatment than that which is found in the writings of men like St. Thomas Aquinas. But it is evident that this teaching will gain in force and clearness according as the organic conditions of mental activity are more thoroughly understood. If mind is affected by material agencies, it is equally true that the material organism is affected by mind. Complete relations thus arise which cannot be philosophically adjusted without an acquaintance with the results obtained by experimental research.

* * *

A large and fashionable audience made up of members of the Nineteenth

Century Club and their guests assembled at Sherry's, New York City, last month to hear addresses about Whether Public Bodies Ought to Recognize the Doctrine of the Living Wage. The proposition was assailed by Edward Atkinson and defended by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, after which Professor Seligman, of Columbia University, rounded off the controversy by a short discourse tending to show that the two disputants were nearer to each other than either of them thought. The discussion is here condensed for those who are reading the literature of the labor question.

It was an unusual sort of entertainment, for the labor leader was bent upon rubbing it in on his capitalistic auditors, who had to hear themselves called to their faces money-grabbers, "people who hired lobbyists to corrupt the legislature and thugs to shoot down working-men." Mr. Gomper's listeners took it all in good part, however, and applauded him as heartily as they did his opponent. Mr. Gompers was the only man in the brilliant lecture-room who was not in evening dress. His oldish, ill-fitting Prince Albert, his cream-colored four-in-hand necktie, and his jet-black locks were sharply set off by the brightness of his surroundings, and when warmed to the discussion he cast all restraint to the winds and shouted as he would have shouted before an audience of strikers. There was a weird effect about it all which his auditors relished as extremely piquant and interesting.

Mr. Gompers defined the living wage as a minimum wage—which, when expended in the most economical manner, shall be sufficient to maintain an average-sized family in a manner consistent with whatever contemporary local civilization recognizes as indispensable to physical and mental health, or the rational self-respect of human beings requires. This formula Mr. Atkinson found to be lacking in definiteness, calling upon his adversary to reduce it to terms of money. The economist also took exception to the word wage, and said he could not find it in any dictionary.

Thereupon Mr. Gompers, by way of returning fire, took exception to his opponent's definition of principle. "The dictionary don't define it as you do!" he exclaimed. "According to Webster, the soul of man, for example, is a principle. Or can it be that Mr. Atkinson would have us define the human soul in terms of money?" Mr. Gompers continued as follows:

When wages fall below the level of decent subsistence, strikes, riots, and the destruction of property are inevitable. The workman ceases to be a consumer; the misery of the poor breeds pestilence; this spreads from the shanties to the mansions—a very convincing if not a poetic retribution. The patent for attaching pockets to shrouds has not yet been filed, and the money-grabbers forget it. The workman's holiday is when he gets a few shovels of earth at Potter's Field. When the laborer grows decrepit, some quasi-economist comes forward to point to the asylum. But you want political pull to get into the asylum nowadays. It is said that the rich man can use only one room at a time. Imagine the pleasure of cooking, eating, recreating, and enjoying the zephyrs all in one room!

What we want is an opportunity for every one to earn a living. We are all heirs of former generations. They have bequeathed to us the result of their labor, and we are entitled to a chance for work and to a living wage for our work. It does not take the learning of a professor of political economy to understand that the laborer who builds a sewer erects a more enviable, if a less picturesque, monument to his name than he whose monument is made of bronze and marble wrung from the sweat of starving children. The statement that the improvement of machinery is associated with an increase in wages is the reverse of the facts, which Mr. Atkinson could easily ascertain. What little advance there is in wages is all due to the efforts of the unions. Nor is it true that the more intelligent workmen are outside of the trade-union. Does every man get according to his services? If this were the rule there would be no millionaires.

Capital takes its chances, Mr. Atkinson further said. The greatest destroyer of capital is the pestilent inventor, who is always at work devising some better and less costly way of doing every kind of work. The productivity of labor is constantly growing. Seven men now can produce wheat enough to feed a thou-

sand people; but wages have been growing along with the productivity of labor. Everybody is paid according to his or her services. If a fixed measure of wages were to be enacted without regard to the services rendered, would it not place the workman in the position of the pauper? The trade-unions are apt to be short-lived. They never included a large portion of the working class, nor its more intelligent representatives. All a man can secure in this world is his living wage. If his income is larger, then he spends or invests it. There is a substantial equality between the rich and the poor. If the rich man's coat is made of better material it lasts him longer, while the laborer makes up for inferior quality by buying another coat when the first is worn out. The rich have more rooms, but can you use more than one room at a time?

There are certain evils, but they are all due to bad legislation and are remediable. Improve the monetary system and the mode of collecting revenue. What the capitalist needs is a knowledge of how the laborer lives; what the laborer needs still more is knowledge of how the capitalist works. The masses ask: How is it that our neighbors accumulate wealth while we continue to struggle? This gives rise to strikes and unrest generally. Imagine, ladies and gentlemen, how you would feel if you had to keep your expenses within $1,000 a year.

The great point is to find the line of demarcation between the province of governmental functions and those undertakings which naturally belong to the realm of individual enterprise. I foresee the day when a good subsistence will be within the grasp of every man.

* * *

The Catholic Literary Society of Lawrence, Mass., had for a meeting not long ago an interesting paper on The Irish Bards, prepared by Principal O'Brien. There was a large attendance. He claimed that we are indebted to three classes for Celtic literature, the Druids, Brehons, and the Bards. Each has taken such a prominent part in the perpetuation and development of that work that it would be impossible in the brief time allotted to do anything approaching the nature of justice to all collectively. Hence the limitation of the paper to the bards.

Natives may attain the highest importance, men become prominent in the affairs of the world, institutions may secure approximate perfection, streets may be paved with blocks of marble and palaces gemmed with priceless pearls, but drawing our inferences from the past, nations will fall as men must die, institutions decay and cities, monuments, and walls will all be laid low in a disfigured, unrecognizable mass. We know that Ireland's past has been great, but the human mind is unable to penetrate her future. Clans have become extinct, but the bards do yet live with us. Their melodies still hang about our ancient ruins, their voices are yet heard by the placid brook. From the time of Amergin, 1000 B. C., down to a very recent period, the bard still flourished. The collective power of man, the power of tyrannic greed, have not destroyed the bardic influence. One of the greatest writers of the English language was Milton. His vocabulary embraced something like 15,000 words. Shakspere commanded between thirteen and fourteen thousand words. The bards of the first class committed to memory alone some 60,000 verses. The bards had become proficient in rhyme centuries before any others dreamt of it. There were three great divisions of the bards. First, the Allamph, or chief, the kingly versifier; second, Senactue, historian, who kept record of the clans; third, the Brehon, poet and dispenser of justice, but whose functions in the eleventh century became separated from the bards proper and became a dispenser of justice solely. The chief bard could recite some 350 poems; consequently he could be depended upon to recite or entertain indefinitely. He was employed only on special occasions of state or when the king desired a recital of his ancestor's deeds. They were exempt from both military service and taxation. Each bard of the lower faculty had a certain territory allotted to him and from the members he derived means of livelihood. The higher classes were accustomed to remuneration somewhat after our style of pensioning. Those of the fourth, fifth, and sixth classes travelled all over the country, and the people, compelled by law, supported them. The bards instead of being a burden, were the arousers of enthusiasm and action. During Edward III.'s reign, from 1327 to 1377, it was penal to entertain any of the rhymers or news-tellers.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London (PAULISTS, New York):

The Rosary Confraternity. By Very Rev. Father Proctor, O.P. *The Relics of the True Cross.* By Rev. James Bellord. *St. Peter Fourier.* By Very Rev. A. Allaria. *The Truth about Convents as told by ex-Nuns and Others.* By James Britten, K.S.G. *The Second Spring; Faith and Reason.* Both by John Henry Newman, D.D. *The Eucharistic Month of Holy Scripture.* By Rev. James Bellord. *The Devotion to the Miraculous Infant of Prague.* Compiled by E. F. Bowden. *The Kings; The Shepherds.* Booklets by Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D. *Father Thomas Burke, O.P. Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador,* By T. J. Gerrard. *Bessie's Black Puddings, or The Bible Only.* By Rev. F. M. De Zulueta, S.J. *Persecution.* By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. *Episcopal Jurisdiction in Bristol.* By Right Rev. W. R. Brownlow, D.D. *The Catholic Sick-Room.* By James F. Splaine, S.J. *St. Antoninus, of the Order of St. Dominic.* By the Rev. B. Wilberforce, O.P. *Catholics and Nonconformists, III. One Baptism for the Remission of Sins.* By the Bishop of Clifton. *Bishop Milner.* By Rev. Edwin H. Burton. *The Hungarian Confession* (Historical Papers, No. XXV.) By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. *Readings for Lent.* By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. *Leaflets: Francis George Widdows. Why Catholics Believe in an Infallible Pope. Why Catholics go to Confession.*

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Memories of Father Healy, of Little Bray. Bruno and Lucy. From the German of Wilhelm Heichenbach. Translated by Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. *Confession and Communion.* With Preface by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. *A Practical Guide to Indulgences.* Adapted from the original of Rev. P. M. Bernad, O.M.I., by Rev. Daniel Murray. *The Traveller's Daily Companion.* Approved Prayers. Preface by Most Rev. William Henry Elder, D.D. *Spiritual Exercises for a Ten Days' Retreat.* By Very Rev. Rudolph V. Smetana, C.SS.R. *Père Monnier's Ward.* By Walter Lecky.

HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN, Boston:

Little Month of St. Joseph.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

A Voyage of Consolation. Mrs. Everard J. Cotes.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:

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Shrewsbury: A Romance. By Stanley J. Weyman. *The Sundering Flood.* By William Morris.

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Catholic Practice at Church and at Home. By Rev. Alexander L. A. Klander. *Sermons for the Children of Mary.* By Rev. Ferdinand Callen. Revised by Rev. Richard F. Clark, S.J.

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THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:

Harmony of the Gospels. By Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S.

BOSTON BOOK SUPPLY CO.:

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HIS GRACE MOST REV. M. A. CORRIGAN, D.D.

Painted by Chartran for the "Women of Calvary."

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THE SHEPHERD.

TO HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN OF NEW YORK, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS SILVER JUBILEE.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

WHEN night comes down and over all the wold
The wintry winds their bitter warnings bear,
When, thro' the numb'd and dumb-expectant air,
The frozen legions of the snow are rolled,
The shepherd goes, with footstep sure and bold,
To seek his sheep and, having found them there,
Homeward, with many a call and many a care,
He leads them to the shelter of the fold:

So thou, true shepherd of our spirit-flock,
When storms of Evil sweep the pasture-lands
And Doubt's chill blasts have frozen all the sod,
Com'st forth, unheeding of the tempest shock,
To lead thy charge, with thine own chrismèd hands,
In safety to the sheepfold of our God!

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PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN NEW YORK: ITS CAUSE.

JUBILEE celebrations are good breathing-places where in our journey up the steep ascent we may sit down and look back over the path we have come. There has been a marvellous growth in the church in the Archdiocese of New York, and it is well to know to what agencies this increase is attributable. Is it due to a mere conjunction of favoring circumstances? Is it but the natural growth of a great commercial city that has the resources of a young and forceful nation behind it? In which case, has the real growth been as great as the apparent growth, or have the time and place been blessed by some master workers who have builded more wisely than they knew?

To offer some solution to these interesting questions we have asked some of the more prominent priests—whose life-work has extended all through the last quarter of a century, and who have consequently watched the growing church, and who by their own zeal and industry have contributed not a little to that very growth—what influences have especially contributed to the advancement of the church in this city during the last quarter of a century?

It is not a little remarkable that they all point with pride to the able administration of wise and prudent leaders, and that without exception they mention the flourishing system of parochial schools which have quietly, though none the less effectually, done their good work of moulding the character of the young on the religious model.

It has been a herculean task for church workers to receive the immense onrush of people as it poured in to them from the old land and to organize the motley crowd into parishes, to assist them in adapting themselves to their new environments, to save them from social dangers, and to cultivate and foster the religious virtues in their hearts. Little wonder is it that the church, in trying to extend her arms about them all, has lost some few from her grasp and at the same time has not been able to pay the attention she wished to the cultivation among them of the highest spirituality. The urgent demands of church-

building on the one hand, and a prevalent poverty among a large class of people on the other; a dearth of church workers, together with a constantly shifting population and the viciousness and social dangers of a teeming and over-crowded city life —all these have been hindrances to the obtaining of the best results.

The main purpose of religion is not so much to build the spacious church edifice and to equip a pretentious organization as it is to sanctify individuals, to solve impending social problems, and to bring the consolation of the truth to those who sit in darkness.

The generation that has gone has been providentially a church-building people, and right well have they done their work. In the years to come, when the material side of things shall have been thoroughly established, there will come a deeper development of the interior life and a more wide-spread cultivation of those principles of spirituality which bring men's souls into closer union with God.

In the solution of social problems, and in alleviating humanity's distress, the church in New York has done a lion's share, but with more and more intensity these questions are pressing for a more effectual settlement. How to uplift the masses, how to gather in the wrecks that have been stranded on life's shore, how to bridge over between blatant wealth and distressful poverty, how to banish afar the social evil and the drink plague, how to so commend herself to the common people of this great metropolis that it may be said of her as it was said of the Master: he had pity on the multitude, and the common people heard him gladly;—these are problems presenting themselves to churchmen with greater interest than the blessing of the bells or the consecration of the material temple.

There is the vast throng without religion that sweeps by the church doors bent on social pleasure or money-seeking, to whom at one time or another religious problems must be burning questions; there is the great crowd of the naturally religious whose worn-out creeds no longer satisfy the cravings of their hearts; all these are the children of Mother Church as much as these who were born in the household. They are the "other sheep: them also must I bring, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd."

While we praise with acclaim the work that has been done, let us make special mention of a new work that has just been inaugurated, lodged as it is among the best workers in the

vineyard—the secular clergy; a work that in many points of view bears within it the hope of great success in the years to come: I mean the formation of a diocesan band of missionaries who will constitute a flying squadron for the choice work of attack and defence.

The inauguration of this band of diocesan missionaries is but one of the many good works which date from the present administration. The church is splendidly equipped to do her best work, and the years to come will speak of greater victories.

Catholics have reason to be proud of the material prosperity of their holy faith in this land, and particularly in this archdiocese, during the last quarter of a century. This prosperity is evidenced by the number and magnificence of our church edifices, of our hospitals and asylums, of ur convents and colleges, and by the social and mercantile success of our people. Under all the circumstances, many of which were adverse, our material progress may be called phenomenal, and can only be accounted for by a special blessing of Divine Providence.

REV. JAMES H. MCGEAN,
Pastor of St. Peter's.

The more legitimate subject of our pride, however, is that which these outward evidences of success indicate—the wide-spread spirit of our holy religion that has secured the practice of

Christian virtues amongst so vast a multitude of believers in Catholic doctrine.

May we not ask, with pardonable exultation over the answer we expect: Is there any land under the sun where the doers of the Word are so great a portion of the believers of the Word? Is there another land, even among those of Catholic traditions and hereditary faith, where the Sacraments are so well attended, where exercises of solid piety are more intelligently observed, where the churches are so regularly crowded with worshippers in which men have their just proportion of numbers? We hesitate to believe that in any of the cities of Europe as many men and women are associated in religious sodalities and societies, or as many Communions are received at the holy altar during the year, as is the case in the City of New York.

We are asked, to what may we attribute this wonderful progress of the church in numbers, in material resources, and especially in the faith that lives by works?

A faithful, intelligent, and zealous clergy is a great factor in the problem, and accounts very much for real Catholic life, as a lukewarm and insufficiently trained clergy in other lands and at other times has had to answer for a decadence of faith and morals. This clergy, however, and the faithful who have shown themselves so willing to receive its earnest ministrations, is in this city and archdiocese the result of our system of Catholic schools. Christian education, therefore, as imparted by the religious men and women teaching in our colleges, academies, convents, and parochial schools, is the real explanation of our remarkable progress.

In his gracious providence, Almighty God blessed our diocese in the past with prelates who saw into the future and were convinced that the preservation of the faith, no less than its spread in our land, required the introduction of religious men and women who, under them, would be the instructors and educators of the children of the faithful. The work inaugurated by the great Archbishop Hughes, and continued by his illustrious successor, the gentle Cardinal McCloskey, fell into capable and willing hands when our present Archbishop assumed charge of the diocese.

Under his fostering care our parochial schools, the hope of the colleges and higher schools, have increased in number and efficiency; and we have a conviction that without such a care there would never have been a sufficient reason for the erec-

tion of the large and magnificent seminary at Dunwoodie, at once the monument of the zeal and energy of Archbishop Corrigan, and the evidence of the progress, intelligence, and piety of the faithful of his diocese.

JAMES H. MCGEAN.

On the occasion of the solemn celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the episcopate of our beloved and highly esteemed Metropolitan, his Grace the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, Archbishop of New York, it is but natural to cast a retrospect over the quarter of a century just past.

Such a review enables us to judge correctly of its works and its progress, and produces in us the proper sentiments which should guide us in our celebration.

It is an undeniable fact, that the Catholic Church in the City of New York has made great progress within the past twenty-five years, and the writer proposes to point out briefly the influences that have brought this about. The geographical position of the City of New York was well understood by its leading, large-minded and large-hearted citizens, who at once grasped and improved its advantages by making New York the metropolis of our country. Moreover, the public spirit, generosity, thrift, absence of bigotry, recognition and reward of labor, helped to make New York the great centre of an honest, industrious, generous, moral body of Catholics. These people soon caught the spirit of the city, which is a spirit of noble generosity. Hence, it is the writer's opinion that the magnificent proportions of the church of the City of New York at the present day are due, *first of all*, to the great number of faithful, generous, practical, manly, and influential members of the church.

The writer, speaking from experience gained all over the country, does not hesitate to assert that the Catholic people of New York rank foremost among Catholics in their generosity toward charitable and religious institutions. But the people alone, with all their natural generosity, could not build up the church. Their activity must be set in motion and directed by the clergy. Hence, he holds that the *second influence* to which the great progress of the church in New York is to be attributed comes from the loyal and energetic body of the clergy, both secular and regular, aided most effectually by the numerous religious communities of men and women, especially those communities devoted to the education of the children and the

youth of the church. The work done by the priests and religious communities of New York is simply incalculable. It will be made known only on the day of judgment. In making this statement, the writer begs to refer once more to his experience of many years in the sacred ministry, in the City of New York. But all forces and influences must be well organized, directed, and governed to produce permanent results, and neither the generosity of the people nor the devotedness of the clergy can fully account for the glorious results we behold. Hence, the writer points out a *third influence*, to which, in his opinion, is due the wonderful advancement of the church in the City of New York. The administration of the Archdiocese of New York, which has been entrusted for the last thirteen years to our beloved Metropolitan, the Most Rev. Michael A. Corrigan, D.D., is to be reckoned as one of the chief influences of the progress of the church.

Very Rev. Frederick W. Wayrich, C.SS.R.

St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "I have planted, Apollo watered: but God has given the increase" (I. Cor. iii. 6).

Of the church of New York it may truly be said, that the great and renowned Archbishop John Hughes planted the good seed, raised the drooping spirits of lukewarm Catholics, infused into them a holy love of their religion, and made the church universally respected. But his successors during the

last twenty-five years, twelve years being allotted to the late beloved and illustrious Cardinal, his Eminence John McCloskey, and thirteen years to our present universally esteemed Archbishop Corrigan, have both faithfully and industriously watered the plantation of their great predecessor. The dignity of the cardinalate, conferred on Archbishop John McCloskey, undoubtedly stimulated the religious fervor and activity of both priests and people of New York, and the present well-organized and able administration has had, and still has, God's abundant blessings. God has indeed given the increase.

In the administration of the ecclesiastical affairs of New York the Archbishop is ably assisted by the Right Rev. J. M. Farley, Auxiliary Bishop of New York; Right Rev. Monsignor Joseph F. Mooney, Vicar-General, the Diocesan Consultors, and the other clerical officials of the diocese. All the forces necessary for the advancement of the interests of the church are set in motion by the head of the archdiocese, and these forces are better organized now than they were twenty-five years ago. Hence, the harvest of good works during this last quarter of a century has been more abundant. God truly gave increased blessings to increase of labor.

F. W. WAYRICH, C.SS.R.

The influences which have done most to promote the progress of the church in this city during the last quarter of a century are: 1st, the secular clergy; 2d, the parochial schools; 3d, the seminary; 4th, the religious orders, and 5th, the laity.

1st. No one will deny that the old secular priests of New York were men of strong faith and ardent zeal, and some of them men of great scholarship and piety. They came from the old countries, where they had lived in the midst of war. They had had to fight for their rights and their religion. The combat had strengthened their faith and stimulated their zeal. They were hard workers. They were physically and mentally strong. With small resources they built churches and founded schools.

2d. The parochial schools. These have been sanctuaries of faith and morality. The old teachers were unpretentious men, but they taught their pupils to read well, to write well, to know arithmetic and to know their catechism. These teachers, under the supervision of sturdy and thorough-going priests, watched the morals of their scholars, and brought them up to fear God and practise their religion. Wherever you find those old scholars now, I venture to say, you will usually find good

penmen, good arithmeticians, and practical Catholics. The new and more perfect parochial schools will preserve and develop what the earlier ones sowed and planted.

3d. The seminary, first founded by Archbishop Hughes, afterwards developed by the Cardinal, and made perfect by the present Archbishop, is another potent factor in Catholic progress. The New York Seminary gave us a native clergy adapted to the needs of this new, bustling, active community, whose prejudices were anti-Catholic and anti-foreign. The alumni of our diocesan seminary rival the zeal and piety of the older clergy. One of the best things done under the present administration is to lengthen the course of studies in the seminary; for the priest should be not only the first gentleman and the first Christian, but the first scholar in his parish. The *poimenes laon* will always be a cultured clergy.

Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.,
Pastor of St. Agnes' Church.

4th. The religious orders, male and female, deserve much of the credit for our progress. Two women deserve particular mention in this category: Mother Jerome, so long the saintly superioress of the Sisters of Charity, and Mother Hardy, the venerable superioress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. These two communities have filled New York with educated and virtuous women. The Jesuits and the Christian Brothers have educated our young men. Father Hecker deserves the credit of having raised the standard of Catholic literature and given it an impetus which will long continue to be felt, by his writings and by the foundation of The Catholic World Magazine. The organization of the "Sacred Heart" and "Holy Name" societies, which manifest so much piety in our churches, is the work of religious orders within the last quarter of a century.

Lastly, the generous laity should not be forgotten. Nor has generosity been confined to the first emigrants who, although poor, built our old churches and schools and charitable institutions. The descendants have rivalled the zeal of

their parents. Our new and finer buildings for religious, charitable, and educational purposes indicate the increased wealth as well as the piety of those who built them. Among the laity the converts have been conspicuous for their talents, learning, and munificence. Some of the greatest benefactors of the church in New York are converts to our holy faith. We have grown by the roots and grown by the trunk. We shall continue to grow by the branches, leaves, and blossoms.

Henry A. Brann, D.D.,
Rector of St. Agnes' Church.

The Catholic World very properly undertakes the bringing out of a special number to commemorate the episcopacy of the present ruling Archbishop of New York, whose Catholic growth and history in many respects is one of the marvels of the Catholic Church in this nineteenth century. For, though its increase began with Archbishop Hughes, whose name alone was a tower of strength for God and country, and was continued under the government of the pious, amiable, and eloquent Cardinal McCloskey, it is no disparagement to their success to say that the learned and zealous Archbishop Corrigan outstrips them in the regularity of ecclesiastical discipline, by conferences of the clergy and in encouragement to deeper study of sacred lore by all Catholics, lay and cleric.

The church has received an impetus from the number of students ordained in foreign seminaries, returning to their native land with all the honors for ample and correct scholarship to which their ability and studious habits entitled them. Education holds so high a place with our American people that to be worthy of the place of guides and leaders, learning must be among the first of the acquirements of a priest's life. In the early ministry of Bishop Hughes as coadjutor of the venerable and saintly Bishop Dubois, an offer was made from Maynooth of a number of priests for the New York diocese who were graduated from the "Dunboyne Establishment." Had the good Bishop Hughes in those early days had the means to give these priests a proper living, they would have been the teachers in the seminary and college which were then inaugurated at Fordham, after the seminary at Lafargeville was abandoned because it was too remote from the episcopal see of New York. If the church had had from the first the advantage of those learned professors from Maynooth, the education of the priesthood would have gone on with marked success, increasing every year

in a wider and deeper line of study, and reaching all classes of our Catholic people.

To me this has ever been a sad recollection—how so great a boon to education was lost to the infant church in America. The Dunboyne graduates were learned in all sacred knowledge and were scholarly in their thorough acquaintance with our magnificent English tongue. It were easy for them to fall in with the people of America in all that is characteristically American. They might even have put out of countenance the beginnings of Know-nothingism, or defeated its irrational spread throughout the State and city. The Catholic religious gain would have been immense. We see what the native priest can do today in allaying bigotry, because he speaks as do all educated citizens, and his superior attainments command admiration.

REV. SYLVESTER MALONE,
Pastor of Sts. Peter and Paul's, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Much has been accomplished during the administration of Archbishop Corrigan in giving to religion a learned priesthood, by the sending of his students to Rome and the Catholic University at Washington, that the highest knowledge may be within their reach and that the people of America may have all the immense advantages which the Catholic priest must carry with him from those great seats of ecclesiastical and scientific learning.

There is no reason why our Catholic professors, men thoroughly versed in classic learning and science, should not have place as teachers in colleges and universities of our great country.

It is to be deplored that while we prepare noble and good

men to lead in thought and knowledge, there are yet to be found so many who do not help the good work by their means and their intelligent co-operation. It is easy for all to be thoroughly American in idea and life. The truth of Jesus Christ should not be clothed in a foreign garb. It should be dressed in the style of the multitude who always followed the Saviour and who were the willing recipients of his divine word. The continuous growth of our Catholic people in refinement and knowledge demands a body of clergymen whose lives must be a continuous labor to acquire a fitness for the work assigned them as ministers of the Gospel to a free and independent people. The religious teachers, men and women, that are helping on the good work with the coming generations, call for a priesthood in every diocese, each member of which should have all the requirements for the higher sphere of the episcopacy were he called by the Holy Church to fill so sublime an office as that of ruler and good shepherd over the lambs of Christ's sheep-fold.

The future is in the keeping of the priesthood of the Catholic Church in America. They must, however, all be Americans; they must not quarrel with the symbol of a nation that typifies justice and charity, that shields our lives, protects our property, and gives us the full liberty to worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. We must love all men to gain all to Christ. We must be as little in self-esteem in the work of evangelizing the world as possible, because we must give to Him all the honor, as He alone is great and mighty and we are weak and poor and feeble in a work whose blessed merit is found only in the Sacred Heart of Him who hung on the tree of the cross for the salvation of all mankind.

Sylvester Malone.

The unprecedented progress of the Catholic Church in the United States is the marvel of the century. This is due to two causes—the natural law of reproduction and the accession of Catholic immigrants. The latter source has been especially favorable to the membership of the church in this city and diocese—immigrants electing to make their homes on the seaboard rather than venture into the interior. These may be regarded as the raw material, the rank and file from which membership in the Church Militant in this city has been recruited. To save this irregular army, composed of many nationalities, from disintegration or desertion, and to weld it into one solid phalanx, for the profession of its faith and the protection of its

religious freedom, it was only necessary to have leaders animated with zeal and the true spirit of Christ. And such leaders have, in the providence of God, never been wanting.

The Catholic Church has, without doubt, made rapid strides in this city in the last twenty-five years; but it has done so along lines well defined before that period. Hence, to answer adequately the questions suggested for our present consideration, it is necessary to go back a few years previous to the last quarter of a century.

REV. CHARLES MCCREADY,
Pastor of Holy Cross.

The administration of Archbishop Hughes marked a new era in the Catholic community of New York. A man of indomitable will and tried courage, eloquent of speech and well equipped for all contingencies, the hitherto discouraged Catholics of New York found in him a brave leader and fearless champion. He successfully repelled the opposition of those who were without, while he crushed the malcontents within the church who stood in the way of her advancement. As a consequence, his faithful people loved him, and were ready, if need were, to lay down their lives with him and for him in defence of their persecuted faith. He proved to a contradicting people that the church which he directed was not an "alien institution." He compelled respect for the truth from those who believed it not. When summoned to his reward, his memory was held in benediction by his own, while those who

were not of his household mourned the loss of a great and loyal citizen. In a word, he fought and won, and left us in peaceful possession of the splendid victories he had gained.

It is from this point—when these feats of modern Christian heroism had been achieved by Archbishop Hughes—that the church in New York started on that career of prosperity and peace which, under the apostolic zeal, the wise guidance, and the fatherly, fostering care of his successors, has continued since, with the magnificent results that we to-day witness and of which we are so justly proud. Of his two successors, each in his own way has done, and is doing, God's work, quietly but no less effectively. Each of them seems to have been specially fitted by his Master for the times and circumstances, and for the "work over which he set them."

During the last twenty-five years, who may recount the good work done for society as well as religion, in the guilds and associations and charitable institutions that have been founded for the mutual assistance and edification of the members, for the suppression or restraining of evil social habits that were little in accord with the spirit of Christianity, for the care of the aged and infirm, and the protection and salvation of our youth?

In these works of charity, for the love of God and the extension of the true church, our ordinaries have been nobly seconded by their faithful clergy and by their generous and devoted people. Monuments of this zeal and generosity are everywhere in evidence, from the laying of the corner-stone of our noble cathedral down to the completion of the grand ecclesiastical seminary at Dunwoodie.

Further evidence is found, especially in recent years, in the multiplication, without precedent, of priests and churches, in the building and equipment of parochial schools, destined, beyond all else, to perpetuate and strengthen the faith from generation to generation.

Surely all these have been potent factors, during the last quarter of a century, in building up the Church of God in this fair city, in embellishing the Spouse of Christ, and in saving and sanctifying the souls that may one day be worthy to enter into that other "Tabernacle which God has pitched, and not man."

Yet, "not to us, O Lord! not to us, but to Thy name, be the glory given."

CHARLES MCCREADY,
Holy Cross.

BY MAIL.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

I.

MRS. WORTHINGTON TO HER SISTER, MRS. LESLIE.

[Mrs. Worthington is seated at an old-fashioned mahogany desk in the second-story front of an old-fashioned house. She writes an old-fashioned script, her hand, wrinkled but still fair and beautifully shaped, moving rapidly across the paper. An old-fashioned clock on an old-fashioned shelf marks the hour as nearing eleven. Outside the sparrows are chirping merrily, and a bit of green is struggling into notice under the windows, for it is the opening of spring and the Easter week is just over.

Everything about the room shows good taste, a past era of better days, and a present time of rebelliously accepted poverty.]

My dear Nancy: I know that you are all impatience to hear about the wedding. I sent you yesterday's papers containing an account of it—much more, indeed, than I liked to have appear; the newspapers are getting so offensively personal! Just think of a reporter's coming days before the wedding and asking to see dear Connie's trousseau!

Everything passed off beautifully. There were six bridesmaids, as you know; the church was decorated in Easter lilies, and Connie looked superb—quite like a Telfair. Blood will tell, I have always maintained. She wore my wedding-veil. It brought back so many memories! The day when it came in its foreign wrappings from Brussels, and you tried to slip the package under the sofa to keep me from seeing; and dear mamma said that it was a veil fit for a duchess, and George answered, "No, it was too fine for a duchess, but almost worthy of Maria Telfair." Many a time since then I have been in want of a plain little Sunday bonnet.

Ah, me! I suppose that it is just as well that we cannot foresee the future.

I had to make my black velvet do after all; but I had the sleeves cut to elbow length, and finished with lace ruffles. Miss Goodman, who made Connie's tea-gowns (I simply could not put out everything without mortgaging the house), arranged the train differently, facing it with jonquil satin, and it really did very well, unless I happened to stand in the sunlight. Everybody sent lovely presents, and Randolph's was royal—a

gorgeous tiara of diamonds that used to belong to a French princess. It seemed almost like old times for a Telfair to be getting these things. Randolph is very nice too, although, of course, he comes from no family to speak of. He is immensely popular, and any of the girls would have been glad to get him. He is charmingly in love with Connie, and she with him. It is extremely fortunate that the question of money fitted in so well with the question of love. After all that I have endured through poverty, I could not have let my darling marry a poor man. I know so well the harassing load of keeping up appearances, as it is called; living outwardly as befits a Telfair, and yet counting the cost of a bit of coal!

You cannot believe what a time I have had these two seasons guarding my daughter from the ineligibles, the merely dancing men, as we call them, who infest society. But one has to invite them, else the plain girls and the poor ones would have no partners for the cotillion.

At one time I thought Connie rather liked young Morris, and he is nice enough, but only a clerk in a bank on a hundred dollars a month. Fancy my child with her beauty and accomplishments settling down on a hundred a month!

With Randolph Hunter it was a case of love at first sight. He is handsome and very clever, apart from his money, and so devoted to Connie!

Kline decorated the house with palms and a few carnations. Cut flowers are positively ruinous, and no one looks very closely in these crushes. By letting him take the things away in time for Mrs. Isaacs' party, they came lower than his usual rates.

Old Uncle Lige, who drives a dray for Cousin Page, did admirably as a butler, only he *would* say "gee" to the waiters when they got in his way. We served salad and ices and cake, and Mrs. Porter gave me a recipe for punch that was mostly Apollinaris water with just a dash of champagne, which was truly delicious. Nevertheless, I felt mean not to have our own kind.

I return our grandmother by to-day's express. I am so much obliged to you for lending the picture. Family portraits always add dignity to a home, and by moving Uncle Gibson from the library, the walls of the dining-room were quite covered, taking on a tone of elegance, with the dingy wall-paper almost concealed.

It is just as well to let Randolph see that he is taking his bride from a gentle and happy home, although not a wealthy one. Those fabulously rich men are apt to be purse-proud,

although, to be sure, it is not every day that one of them marries a Telfair.

I am quite worn out after the wedding and the sewing. I made all the underwear with my fingers. None of us ever had machine-made lingerie, and even with all that I could do the child's trousseau was not what it should have been—not what you and I had when we were married. I am thankful now that she can have everything she wants. I feel that I can die contented.

I am really too tired to write connectedly, but you will see by the papers how successfully everything went off—more so than I had thought until I read an account of it; and my black velvet must have looked very nice, after all, since that little reporter—he was very respectful although rather queer, rushing around and examining things and dotting down notes—said it was superb. I have taken such good care of it that you would not dream that it had been made ten years.

We were so sorry that you could not come to the wedding. I shall try to pay you a visit in the autumn. I am going to stay quietly at home this summer. Now that my child is married there is no necessity for my going away, whether I can afford it or not. And our back yard with the grape arbor is quite cool, even in August. Your affectionate sister,

MARIA TELFAIR WORTHINGTON.

II.

MR. MAURICE MORRIS TO GEORGE STONE, AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

[Standing at a desk in a bank, although banking hours are over, minus coat and tie, the afternoon submerged in one of the unexpected hot waves that sometimes follow a spring blizzard, Mr. Morris's fine brown eyes have an alert yet candid expression that is very winning, his firm mouth indicates a set purpose, with strength of character enough to accomplish it. Two sheets bearing the bank's head-lines are thrown on the desk—sheets that have to do with the business—stocks, bonds, and per cents, but the third, rapidly covered with commercial-looking scrawls, introduces a topic purely social.]

. . . By the way, I was one of the ushers at the Worthington-Hunter wedding. It was swell, let me tell you, and deadly dull. Prohibition punch; a barrelful wouldn't have intoxicated a lamb!

Everybody is surprised that Randolph Hunter took the time to get married; time is worth ever so many dollars a second to him. He has three millions, and he means to make fifty before he dies. But fifty billions would be none too much

for the bride he has won. She looked like an angel. I used to be sweet in that quarter myself, but the *mater*—ugh! dragons and cerberuses are as doves compared to her when I hovered near. We poor devils have no right to be looking at such beauty—beauty of soul and mind and heart as well as of face. She will have everything she wants now, and a fine fellow to adore her. But she is not one of the kind to be spoilt by money.

The *mater* received us at the reception like an ancient duchess, and I heard some girls titter and say that the black velvet gown she wore was threadbare just over the shoulders. Girls see everything. Yours like a brother,

MAURICE MORRIS.

P. S.—I go to the Pier in August. We get a beggarly two weeks' vacation. Hunter and his bride are spending their honeymoon on a yacht.—M. M.

III.

MRS. JOHN BARBOUR TO MISS EGGLESTON, A FORMER SCHOOL-MATE.

[Second-story front of a modern city dwelling built to rent to refined people of moderate means and social aspirations.

Outside the snow is falling in soft flakes. A fire glows in rich red warmth on the grate, an easy-chair is drawn up before the window, and near it is a little wicker sewing-basket; good pictures, with an artists' proof or two, are on the walls; three pink roses in a bed of smilax send forth their fragrance from an antique jar on an early Colonial table, manufactured at Racine since the World's Fair; bookcases, filled with a novel and interesting collection of authors, line two sides of the room; a bronze bust of Washington Irving smiles, with the wonted good humor of that genial and delightful man, at a fiercely combative photograph of Ibsen. Mrs. Barbour wears a dainty Josephine morning gown, her thick brown hair coiled on top of her head, her straight Grecian nose slightly red from a too close propinquity to the fire, followed by an imprudent moment at an open window. She is seated at a Louis Seize desk, dairymaids in scant attire disporting themselves over its polished surface.]

MY DEAREST CLARA: . . . I spent the forenoon yesterday with Connie—or must I say, Mrs. James Randolph Hunter? We had a real old-timey time, talking like magpies—or school-girls. I wish you could see her house! You might imagine the Arabian Nights, but you couldn't imagine her home. "A palace fit for royalty," said the *Herald* young man who wrote up the mansion, and the poor Queen of Sheba would have been glad to have had anything just half so fine. The lucky girl dwells in "marble halls" with a regiment of well-trained servants, who

are very much more satisfactory, I am sure, than "vassals and serfs" would be. Imported marble it is, too, at least in the spacious reception-hall, with marble pillars, a marble floor, and a noble stairway of marble, with a black wrought-iron balustrade, leading to the upper floors. Portraits of Connie in her bridal gown, and of Mr. Hunter, by Healy, greet you in the hall; you step on a rug that cost five thousand dollars, and beautiful palms lift their tropical splendor against the warm-tinted marble walls. It is hopelessly vulgar to be telling the cost of things, but how else can I describe the interior without Roget's *Thesaurus* for adjectives?

The reception-room is a symphony in old blue, after the style of the Italian Renaissance, with medallion panels, buhl tables, and inlaid cabinets. The grand salon is of the Louis Seize period, with gilded furniture of rare woods, upholstered in satin embroidered by nuns in France. More rugs are on the inlaid floor, bronze pillars at each end uphold branches of electric lights, like an orange-tree with incandescent globes for oranges. A Greek Venus and a modern Adonis cost—but I won't be vulgar the second time. And I can't describe anything adequately. Just try to imagine drawing-rooms, morning-rooms, reception-rooms, a breakfast-room, a library as big as my whole lower floor, a ball-room lined with pictures, one of them worth more than my John will ever have, without an accident or a legacy from the moon, if he lives to be a hundred.

A footman who looks like a fat statue dressed up in livery, with an automatic spring under the ribs, lets you in, and pronounces your name with awful distinctness as he lifts the portières for you to enter the vast drawing-room. There is a butler, with a first man and a second man to pull out your chair and pour your wine—I stayed for luncheon. And her jewels and laces! I made her show me everything. She has a French maid who wears a cap and white apron, and has sparkling black eyes, and says "Madame" with the Frenchiest English accent imaginable, just like the maids in Julien Gordon's tales. In the old days at Mount de Chantal, when we paced the court with bread and butter in our hands, or made merry over a box of caramels, we did not in our wildest dreams picture one of our number in such splendor, did we? And poor Connie least of all, without a cent of spending money to her name, and never any boxes from home. But I always said that she was born for something out of the ordinary. Fancy such a beauty darning stockings and sewing on shirt

buttons, as I must do when I shall have finished this scribble! But she is just the same sweet, unspoiled, lovable Constance Worthington. Her husband is a perfect dear, too, and he simply adores Connie, and is so proud of her success! She is quite the leader of everything now in society.

She told me that she had invited you to pay her a visit this winter; she spoke so tenderly of you, and of our frolics at school. I am almost afraid to ask you to come to me for a fortnight after your visit to the Hunters. My house will appear a mere toy by comparison, but it is big enough to contain a big warm welcome. And my John is just as sweet as he can be, and handsomer, much handsomer, than Randolph Hunter. I think our little home the dearest place in the world; we have eight rooms and a basement, and John says that it is beautiful from top to bottom. I am modest and say nothing. My guest-room is in old oak and turquoise blue, with a brass bed, and that will just suit your complexion—the blue I mean. You were always the envy of the rest of us, with your alabaster brow, as little Briggs used to say. By the by, he is a reporter on the *Planet* and gets thirty-five dollars a week, so I daresay that he has recovered from his early aberration towards verse.

Yours with love,

EDITH FOY BARBOUR.

IV.

MRS. WORTHINGTON TO MRS. LESLIE.

[A beautiful room in the Hunter mansion, the April sun streaming in through filmy lace curtains, all the dainty belongings of a woman's private sitting-room scattered about. Mrs. Worthington in a gown of fashionable fabric and cut, a present from her daughter.]

. . . Of course everything now revolves about Connie and the baby. I cannot describe to you how I feel about this my first grandchild; a part of myself, it seems to me, and something much more.

He is a fine, hearty baby. We think his eyes will be blue, the regular Telfair eyes, but his mouth, as well as we can judge, is like his father's—it is still considerably puckered—and his hair, we hope, will be dark brown. As yet there is just a little red fuzz on his head.

Dear Randolph is, oh, so proud of his son! Already he has mapped out a future for him that is dazzling. He said this morning, when bending over the crib, that he hoped the boy would be the heir to fifty millions. Fifty millions! What

could any one possibly want with so much? But modern ideas, my dear Nancy, are not what ideas were when we were girls. None of the Telfairs ever had a million, and yet we were considered a rich family. But this dear little angel is the centre of hopes quite as if he were a crown prince. Everything about him is beautiful. His christening robe was imported and cost a thousand dollars, and the articles in the *layette* are solid gold. There are five gold-backed brushes! Randolph commanded Connie to get the best of everything. Sometimes I fancy that he cares less for the baby as a baby than he does for the child as the son and heir to his name and fortune. I had no idea that he was so rich when Connie married him. Everything he touches turns to money. He never tires of planning the future for the baby. I gather from his talk that he means to establish a sort of primogeniture, as has been done by so many rich Americans. This baby (we call him Jamie so as not to have two Randolphs) is to be the heir to the bulk of the estate, and the other children, if there be any, to have but a comfortable competence.

Here I was interrupted by a summons to the nursery. I found Connie nearly distracted; she thought the baby was getting croup, but it was only a pin. She makes a very sweet, beautiful young mother, and she says that she hopes her boy will grow up to be a good man. Randolph seems rather impatient at this, as if he resented the bare suggestion that his son could be anything short of perfection.

I am going home to-morrow. Connie urges me to stay, but I have always said that I would never be the meddling mother-in-law. A mother should not see too much of her children after they are married. She gives them up, in a way, at the altar. Her mission is complete when she marries them happily.

Your loving sister,

Maria Telfair Worthington.

V.

Maurice Morris to George Stone.

. . . Nothing is talked of here but the failure of Randolph Hunter. His enterprises were so gigantic, such stakes were in the balance, so many men went down with him, that the failure rises almost to the dignity of a national calamity.

The K. L. M. A. people are cutting up pretty lively, and say they intend to land Hunter in the penitentiary. This seems preposterous, but they insist that they can do it. The turns in

the wheel of fortune actually make one dizzy. Who could have dreamed a year ago, when Hunter astonished us provincials with a coach and three lackeys, and brought over a Raphael from Europe on which the duty alone was twenty-five thousand dollars, that he could ever be a beggar, and almost a fugitive from justice? We had a Latin saw for such cases in the old days at Notre Dame, but it escapes me—Latin and banking aren't very congenial. They have given up everything, even Mrs. Hunter's jewels. Poor girl!

They say Mrs. Worthington has shut herself up in her gloomy old house, and refuses to be seen. . . .

VI.

HENRY DILLON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, TO MARK JOHNSTON, ANOTHER ATTORNEY.

[In the writing-room of the University Club, seated at the polished oak writing-table; a fire is burning brightly under the quaintly carved mantel in the style of the early Flemish; the lights have just been turned on, and the whole interior bespeaks tasteful, luxurious comfort.]

My dear Johnston: We have won our case! Jury was out just seventy minutes. The prosecuting attorney was in a fume for fear it would hang. The battle was hot, and the bullets from the other side killed or wounded some of our best witnesses. Old Lake is grand on a cross-examination. I'd much rather fight with him than against him, only the victory wouldn't be so great. The case has dwarfed everything else for this term of court. Hunter is to be sentenced in the morning. Varney says the judge can't decently make it less than ten years after our wonderful forensic efforts, but little Varney is young. I shouldn't care if the poor devil got off with six months. I was contending for a principle, not against a man. The country was ripe for some such lesson as this.

The idea has prevailed too long that money is all-powerful, even against law and the majority. It was something more than an ordinary victory to send an ex-money-king to the penitentiary.

All that I might write, and more, you will see in the morning papers. A letter would prove but a sorry *réchauffé*.

The presence of Mrs. Hunter in the court-room somewhat saddened our triumph. Why are women around when they are not wanted? And why must we stab them, the innocent victims of another's crime, when we bring down a villain? She sat in a retired corner, looking more ghastly than death, and

when the verdict was given she fell over in a faint on the floor. Hunter, poor fellow! groaned despairingly, "Constance—for God's sake let me go to my wife!"

It has left an ugly picture for my eyes. I can't rub it out.

Moore has just come in and insists that we make up an impromptu little dinner to celebrate our victory.

POSTSCRIPT.—Hunter was sentenced this morning to two years in the penitentiary.

VII.

MISS WITHERSPOON, SPINSTER, TO MISS GILLETT, A DWELLER IN ARTISTIC BOHEMIA.

[The third-story back bed-room of a second-rate boarding-house.]

. . . We have all been more or less upset by the serious illness of little Jamie Hunt, a blue-eyed laddie who with his mother has been with us over a year. He is the dearest little fellow, and everybody in the house loves him even when he does the most gracelessly naughty things—like all boys, I suppose. His mother is a widow—or at least she never mentions her husband and wears black all the time. She is evidently in straitened circumstances, for she gives harp lessons and occupies the poorest room in the house. She has been so reserved and haughty all along that none of us got to know her, but since her boy has been so ill everything has changed. It seems that she was not haughty at all, but only broken-hearted and wretched beyond words. Or that is what one might infer from all that she poured out in the delirium of grief over her child. Just another one of those silent tragedies that pass us so closely in our common lives, and never touch without an accident. But Jamie has been a favorite from the first day he came, when he startled us by sliding down the banisters, with the cook's false hair tied to a stick for a horse.

For nearly a week we thought every hour that he would die. Monday night, just before the crisis came, he closed his big blue eyes, and his breathing was so faint that I was certain he was dying. I am not yet sure that he was not. His mother acted like one demented, moaning and crying, Was she to be bereft of everything—everything in the world—home, honor, friends—to be an outcast and an alien for ever, and then give up her boy? "O God! if You have not turned to stone, give me back my baby!" she cried.

It sounded impious, but the poor creature was beside herself with grief, and if the boy had died I really believe that

she would have gone crazy. But, do you know, I had the queerest feeling during those agonizing watches of the night?—that perhaps the child was given back to a life infinitely sadder than death could have been. Indeed, there is nothing sad at all in the death of a child. Its little innocent soul goes straight to heaven, there to pray for its parents struggling on amidst the heart-breaks and the weariness of a sin-troubled world. It seems to me that a mother with a child in heaven is particularly blessed. But Mrs. Hunt says that I don't know anything about the ties that bind mother and child. Perhaps I don't.

It would be curious, fifty years from now, if Jamie Hunt could be told how near he came to death's portals, and to hear whether he regards life as an unmixed blessing. The child is convalescing rapidly now, and we all prostrate ourselves, figuratively, before him. Even the butcher's boy has joined in our devotions, and has just sent up a candy horse and a package of dates. . . . . .

Of course the women are talking and speculating as to what Mrs. Hunt could have meant when she raved about the loss of honor and all that. . . . .

VIII.

MRS. RANDOLPH HUNTER, ALIAS HUNT, TO HER MOTHER, MRS. MARIA WORTHINGTON.

[A sunless, poorly-furnished bed-room in a boarding-house; a flickering gas-jet at low pressure overhead. A beautiful boy of four summers is sleeping in a little cot, his fair curls falling over his white nightgown, his breathing the only sound in the shadowy stillness of the room.]

My darling, precious Mother: Randolph will be free on Thursday, and I am so happy I can hardly wait. United once again, we can begin life anew. It hurts me, oh so much, to go away without seeing you, but it wouldn't be prudent! We go at once to Chicago, where we take the California Limited, which will get us into San Francisco just in time for the Australian steamer. I realized two thousand dollars from my engagement ring and Randolph's wedding present, and this is to be our little nest-egg in the new land. Of course, everything else belonged to the creditors, but these I thought I had the right to keep.

I feel sure that Randolph can get into something that will bring us a living, and I ask for nothing else—just a little home, my family, and peace. Surely God will give us that!

I have not time to write more. My packing must be all done, and I must make some waists for Jamie.

Don't worry if you do not hear from us again until we are safe in Australia. We must take every precaution to cover our tracks.

Address a letter to Mrs. James Hunt, General Delivery, Melbourne, Australia. Good-by, good-by, good-by, my dear, dear mother! Some day you will come to us, when we have made a home. Your own,

CONSTANCE.

IX.

THOMAS DORAN, RAILROAD DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT, TO HIS WIFE.

[A room in St. Joseph's Hospital.]

. . . Don't think of coming to me; I have only a scratch and shall be well in a few days. It was a narrow escape, though. I never want to be so near death again until my last hour comes. It seems a miracle that any one escaped when so many were hurled into eternity. It sickens me to think of it. Thirty killed and nearly fifty wounded. Nobody knows yet just where or how to place the blame for the awful accident. We were going at the rate of forty miles an hour, with O'Brien at the throttle, when a sort of shiver seemed to go through the train, and in the next minute we were hurled over the trestle. . . . I insisted on going down to look on at the rescue work, even if I could do nothing (both hands are lamed). There was one couple found locked in each other's arms. The man's neck was broken, but the woman must have died from internal injuries, as there was hardly a mark. They were both young, and the man was unnaturally pale, like one either just recovering from a long illness or whose work had kept him closely confined in an ill-ventilated room. It is impossible to find clues to the dead. The conductor was killed instantly. There was a little boy, not much over four or five, picked up with a broken leg. He was crying pitifully when rescued, and calling "Mamma, mamma!" If we did not have five youngsters of our own already I should like to adopt him. . . .

X.

MISS GRACE McMAHON, A YOUNG GIRL JUST OUT OF SCHOOL, TO HER OLD TEACHER.

[A handsomely furnished room in the Auditorium Hotel, Chicago; Lake Michigan visible through the open window.]

. . . I must tell you about an interesting visit we paid this morning to St. Vincent's Infant Asylum. Sister J——, the

superior, is Margaret's cousin once removed, and she took us over the building, and then served tea for us in the little reception-room. It revolutionizes one's ideas about charity institutions, everything is so good of its kind, so modern, and so in keeping with the spirit of Christian charity in its highest form. First we went to the kindergarten, a big room with lofty ceilings, fitted out with appliances enough to delight the heart of Frederick Froebel, and in charge of two teachers, graduates of a training-school. There were some sixty tots, ranging from the toddling baby to the little men of seven. Then we went to the nursery. Here we found row after row of white cribs or cots with a baby in nearly every one. There is a maternity hospital in connection, and it is the policy of the wise superior to have the mother remain, when practicable, to take care of her own infant and of one other. But perhaps you are familiar with Sister Irene's work in New York. Both institutions are on similar lines, although under different branches of the same great order.

Adjoining the nursery is the infirmary, where a dozen little creatures were in all stages of illness, and so pathetically patient in their suffering. We fell quite in love with one small lad who is slowly recovering from a broken leg. He was a victim of that terrible railroad accident on the California Limited that so shocked us two months ago. His parents must have been killed, and no one has ever turned up to claim him, and no clue to his identity can be obtained. He says his name is Jamie, and that is all he will say. He is a beautiful child, with long lashes curling over the clearest big blue eyes, and the sunniest, silkiest hair. I wanted to adopt him on the spot, but papa says that I would find a live baby much more trouble than my recently discarded family of dolls. Sister J—— says that the children are usually adopted, sometimes into rich or well-to-do families. The family must be respectable, and able to give assurance that the child will be well brought up. I couldn't help wondering what will be the fate of this laddie, hobbling around on his crutch—he will probably be lame for life—and playing so cheerily with his blocks. At first he cried continually for his mamma, but now he seems to have forgotten her, or rather to have accepted the fact that his mother has gone to Heaven. . . .

A Bosnian Girl at the Fountain.

CUSTOMS, RACES, AND RELIGIONS IN THE BALKANS.

BY E. M. LYNCH.

II.

WHILE in the Balkans I was haunted by a nearly forgotten allegory of Kingsley's. In the *Water Babies* figure the salmon and the salmon-trout, who hate each other with a fiercely contemptuous hatred, because they are like each other, yet not quite alike. A half-recollection persistently knocking at the door of memory is vexatious enough at any time. In this case the trouble was made worse by a fear that my allegory made light

of the distance between the true faith and schism. But how is it that Serbs, of the Russian division of Greek orthodoxy, and Catholics hold each other in detestation almost as bitter as that which they entertain for "the barbarous Turk," who oppressed, tortured, and butchered them with perfect impartiality?

The Serbs are as two to one of the Catholics in Bosnia. Politically they are drawn towards Russia. The Catholics lean towards Croatia—a Catholic and Slavonic people like themselves.

Austria has made welcome, in the "Occupation Provinces," a large colony of Catholic Poles, who fled from Russian religious persecution. It was in keeping with the fostering *régime* of Austria to secure in these agricultural colonists teachers—and the most effective kind of teachers, namely, teachers by example!—for the backward "rayahs" (otherwise *the ransomed:* the Catholic peasants.*)

What volumes of history are to be read in the faces of the elders in the congregation at the handsome new Catholic Cathedral at Sarajevo! I have noticed that different places have each their own expression. I never elsewhere saw the Sarajevian Catholic physiognomy. The main emotional characteristic is watchfulness. There were elderly country-women, at

A Bosnian Smithy.

* In the Turkish dominions all the able-bodied men are subject to twenty years' military service; but Christians are not accepted for soldiers, and must buy themselves off. As many are too poor to do this, their churches pay for—*i. e.*, ransom—them.

On the Road to Jajce.

High Mass there one Sunday, whose faces might serve for models for the "Sentry on Outpost Duty." They reminded me of the old watchword, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." With them, poor souls! until nineteen years ago, when Austria brought security to the "blood-stained Balkans," liberty was unattainable at *any* price, and mere existence could be preserved only by that same "eternal vigilance." Carlyle, with the difference between soldiers and citizens in his mind, wrote this quaint definition: "A citizen—one who does not live by being killed." The old mothers and grandmothers in the House of Prayer had the strange sign upon their faces of those who were only allowed to live on condition of being capable of selling their lives dear. How many martyrs has not that race given to the church triumphant!

Speaking lately to his Cornish constituents, the Right Hon.

Leonard Courtney said that nations living in tranquillity and security are thereby partly disqualified from rightly judging affairs in the island of Crete, where the conditions of existence to-day are just what they were in the Balkans before the Austrian occupation. The consuls and the old foreign residents tell a dreadful tale: how the Turks then plundered at will, how crimes of violence were daily occurrences, how the feeble herded together for protection, scarcely venturing many yards outside their poor dwellings, how the Christians hid away both themselves and any little property they possessed, how murder stalked through the land, taking often the most wanton forms, as when Christian children were killed merely because they were found alone—or a boy, because he was the hope of his parents; and how the aggressors of the dominant race could always calculate upon what amounted to practical impunity.

Mr. Thomson says: "I do not think we western Christians, who have not undergone their fierce trial, appreciate fully the religious heroism these poor peasants have displayed during all the centuries they have been under the domination of the Turks. They have had to live in daily dread of martyrdom, for the Mohammedans consider their lives to have been justly forfeited, and no Turk thinks he does wrong if he kills them. All this they have endured, though they have had ever before them the terrible temptation of being able to secure not only safety, but position and honor."

They had but "to recant and embrace the religion of Islam to become not only free from danger, but to be placed at once on a level with their oppressors." One of the dying commands of the Prophet, a command which explains the rapidity with which the religion he founded has spread, was that all proselytes should be admitted forthwith by the true believers to the fullest equality with themselves. Degraded and cringing as these peasants often are—and what race would not become so under similar treatment?—they have at least had the courage not to abjure their religion, and surely for this alone they have deserved the gratitude "of Christendom." Even with disaffection behind them, the Turks proved themselves almost a match for the western world. "Had they been able to advance with these subject races not only not hostile but united to them by a religious enthusiasm" (always strongest among proselytes, as is proved by the fanaticism of Moslem Bosnians, Moslem Albanians, and Moslem Cretans), "it is hard to say where their arms might not have carried them."

The hot baths of Gornji-sheher have given its name to Bagniluka, or Baths of Luke, "the beloved Physician," who, according to a Jesuit writer, Padre Farlato, quoted by Herr von Asboth, died in Jajce and was buried in St. Luke's Church, below the fortress. Such is also the tradition of the Bosnian monks. When Jajce fell to the Turkish foe, the monks are said to have carried the saint's body to Venice—which claims

Men of a Race "allowed to live."

possession of his relics still. M. Mijatovich, however, declares, in his *History of George Brankovic*, that St. Luke died in Syria, and that his body was brought to Constantinople by the Byzantine emperors, whence the Normans carried it to Rogus, in the Epirus. Here is Mr. Thomson's summary of M. Mijatovich's account:

"In 1436 the [relics were] bought from the Turks by George Brankovic, the despot of Serbia, for the sum of 30,000 ducats. The 'Turkish governor' of Rogus, fearing a dangerous riot if the Greeks knew that the town was to be deprived of the holy

remains, secretly told the leading Greek families that he had received the sultan's orders to make a census in order to impose a capitation tax, and that they would do well to leave the place for a few days, so that they might evade its imposition. While they were away he removed the body from the church, and delivered it to the representatives of George Brankovic, by whom it was interred with great pomp in Semendria, near Belgrade. . . . Brankovic [had seen] an old man . . . in a dream, who told him he must obtain the Evangelist's body and place it in Semendria. . . . The priests [held] that it was St. Luke himself whom he had seen. His granddaughter married Stjepan Tvrtko, the last King of Bosnia, and took with her the body, which she placed in Jajce. She fled when the Turks took the town, carrying the relics to Italy. Being in great straits for money, she was obliged to offer the body to the Venetian government. They placed it in St. Mark's, but tried to obtain it for a less sum, disputing its genuineness, but she retorted that George Brankovic was known for a shrewd man; he would not have parted with so

A Herzegovinian Moslem and his Daughter.

large a sum as 30,000 ducats unless he knew what he was buying." Venice regarded the argument as valid.

Round Jajce (sometimes written phonetically Yaitzé) the rayahs are nearly all Catholics. Mr. Thomson remarked that they have adopted some Moslem customs; for instance, every one brought his or her prayer-mat to the church there, and, kneeling upon these mats, the people slipped off their shoes. He said that they also bowed themselves down "so that their foreheads touched the floor. . . . And, like the Turks, the men shave their heads except for a little tuft of hair upon the crown. I noticed also an odd habit, which I have never seen elsewhere, and the origin of which I was unable to discover—that the men when they cross themselves before a shrine do not bend their knees, but merely lift up one leg. No doubt these peculiar customs originated in the necessity of conciliating their conquerors, in order to be permitted to observe their religion at all."

In Sarajevo the prostrations, Moslem-fashion, in the cathedral were remarkable. But the worshippers brought no prayer-carpets with them. A stranger suggested that the persons who threw themselves on their faces, and touched the floor with their heads, were converts from Islamism; but from all I can hear, I fear neither Moslems nor Greek Christians become Catholics in Bosnia at the present time.

Mr. Thomson is of opinion that *rayah* ("ransomed") comes from the Bosnians having "merited death because of their unbelief," and *bought* the permission "to live, by paying a tribute." Perhaps, poor things, they had thus a *double* right to their name! Captain Norman, who was a war correspondent with the Turkish forces in the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1877, and again saw war from the Turkish side in the Epirus in 1897, mentions in his "Turco-Grecian War," in the *United Service Magazine*, that the keynote of the Turkish military system is "universal conscription for Mohammedans, with absolute exemption for Christians" on payment of a special tax, "not by individuals, but by the *Conseils Laïques* of churches."

Jajce is a caressing diminutive for egg, in the Slavonic speech. Some antiquaries say that the conical mount on which the town is built by its shape suggested the name. But jewels, in the local tongue, are also "little eggs," and it seems that Jajce—so precious from its military position—was called Jewel. The place held out against the Turk for many a year when there was no other barrier to the Osmanli's onward march.

Falls just outside Bagniluka.

Herr von Asboth wrote that Jajce, being almost indispensable to the safety of Christendom, the "pope appealed to all Christian princes not to allow this fortress to fall. Even Venice gave money to defend it. John Corvinus, governor of that part of Hungary on the farther bank of the Drau, beat the Turks beneath the walls of Jajce, and they perished by hundreds in the river Vrbas."

Mr. Evans may be consulted for the history of the fall, the retaking, and final loss of Jajce, where Bosnia's last king fled before Mohammed II., hoping to find safety within its walls; but the fortress that had stood so many sieges was now at last surrendered to the foe, and King Stjepan was flayed alive by the barbarians. Many of the Bosnian nobles, although they bowed their necks to the sultan's yoke—formally making their submission—shared the awful fate of their unhappy king.

Not far from Bagniluka, on the river which bathes the walls of Jajce, there is a Trappist monastery. In 1868, when the community (which had been established in Germany from the time of the French Revolution, when it was driven out of France) was expelled anew, none of the Christian states were willing to receive the monks, and they asked leave of the sultan to purchase land and found a house in Bosnia. There are now 170 orphans under their care, who look bright and happy, and play merrily in the shelter and safety which the monks provide—a contrast, indeed, to the neighboring inhabitants, for the Near East is *almost smileless*. The gravity which is such a marked characteristic of their elders comes out startlingly in the solemn little children's faces!

The monks have sawing and spinning mills; and in Bosnia, as elsewhere, they practise their maxim, "Laborare est orare," thus affording an invaluable example to a people paralyzed by centuries of the bitterest oppression and the cruellest tyranny. Trappists have the secret of making "the desert to blossom like the rose." Bosnia is fertile. The struggling peasantry will see, by the monastery's lands, what can be done with their own fields, when a less primitive husbandry than they have had to be content with is put in practice.

But perhaps agricultural light and leading are the very least of the benefits that the sons of St. Bruno are dispensing around them in Bosnia.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

IN a former article we stated our opinion that Sienkiewicz understood his age and did not fear to say what he thought about it. This knowledge and this courage would not alone have won a hearing. Men like to be flattered; even when they feel they have cause for uneasiness, they do not wish to hear the truth. He who attempts to tear away the bandage they have put upon their eyes must be prepared for ostracism. The dullard and the base man can throw the shell as well as the complacent cynic who says to himself he lives in the best of all possible worlds, or the dissatisfied one who knows the time is out of joint but suspects the inspiration of the reformer. If this author has won a hearing, it can only be because he has compelled the world to listen to him.

RUDE FORCE, BUT—FORCE!

The immediate impression he produces is that of power; possibly the rudeness of a giant's strength rather than the calculated exercise of disciplined strength; but this is a superficial view, like that of the critic who ran away from his works stunned by the battery of Polish names. There is music in the roar of the Atlantic blanching into cataracts against high cliffs, as well as in the murmur those hear "that lie on happy shores." He imparts at times subtle pleasure by the delicacy and grace relieving the effect of his intenser moods, as the tragedy of Lear is relieved by lighter elements. The art which most truly expresses nature is seen in such blending of various sources of emotion. The flashes of the fool, the play of Edgar's assumed madness, the noble loyalty of Kent, while they deepen the pathos, support the imagination and the heart in bearing the woes of the discrowned king.

We are not aware that an attempt has been made to fix the place of Sienkiewicz among writers of prose fiction. There is no recognized standard of taste in any case by which novels are to be judged. It will be found that criticism on such works resolves itself into an—I know what pleases me, what

interests me, and I am pleased and interested by such a writer. Yet there must be some principle which produces the pleasure and interest, and this a critic must discover. The most perfect criticism ever made on acting was Partridge's disparagement of Garrick's Hamlet. Most of our readers are familiar with it, but possibly there are some who have not read *Tom Jones*. We do not think we shall recommend them to read that classic. However, Partridge's opinion upon the great actor affords an illustration of the method by which a novel is to be tried, because—when we take all the circumstances into account—it answers the question: How does the work affect you?

Partridge, who had taught a school in a village and had knocked about the world a little, must have possessed a mind open to impressions. He was no yokel from the country when he came to London as the servant of Tom Jones. He, therefore, may be taken as a by no means bad type of the ordinary critic who diffuses ignorance and want of taste among the public in many magazines and newspapers.

ART *versus* ACTING.

Partridge knew that "all the town went to see Mr. Garrick." The landlady at whose house his master lodged had informed him of the fact. Every one bore testimony to the greatness of the impersonation, so that Partridge must have gone prepared to witness something extraordinary. He was disappointed, nothing could equal his disappointment. The little man was no actor at all. Everything he did was what Partridge himself would have done if he were to see a ghost; he had never seen a man so much afraid; his face grew pale, he trembled, his knees bent under him, so that Partridge himself got frightened only looking at him. The king was the man for Partridge's money; he was an actor, you could hear him a mile off; but the little man—pish! he did not know how to act at all.

Partridge had his own idea of what acting ought to be. It should be something artificial, just as we have in some novels stilted dialogues which are not conversation, speeches without life behind them, whose length is regulated on some principle like the rough but interested equity of school-boys' games, in which all sides must have their innings in turn. Garrick was not an actor because he was a perfect one; his embodiment of Hamlet was the work of an art in conformity with nature, and interpreting it in the mode which was the nearest

approach to nature at her best. In this admirably devised incident Fielding showed how perfectly he understood the mission of art—that it was not merely to move in straight lines and curves, to make "damnable faces," and fill the air with sonorous declamation, but to lay before the world the movements of the heart and brain as they wrung the one and unhinged the other. Partridge thought he could act as well as that "one" himself, and those who cannot discover the evidences of careful art in Sienkiewicz would do all he has done except—they will admit—to produce some effect, due to wild, uncultivated force. The highest praise of Garrick was this of Partridge, as the highest praise of our author is that men do not discover his consummate art; so natural is it, all trace of the travail, all trace of the pains of genius in acquiring it, has disappeared.

PETRONIUS PLOZOWSKI'S PROTOTYPE.

In a previous number we alluded to *Without Dogma*. Any one who reads this novel—it is not likely to be popular at first—will recognize the meaning of our remark in the article in that issue, that Sienkiewicz fashioned Petronius Arbiter from a pessimist of the lifeless age in which we live. Leon Plozowski is Petronius in the garb of the nineteenth century, but distinguishable from him as he is from one of the heroic and simple characters of the historical novels. The Lucretius of Tennyson comes near him in self-analysis, but he is not Lucretius any more than he is Hamlet, and yet he reminds us of Hamlet so much that a description of Hamlet would be one of him. That Sienkiewicz is greatly influenced by Shakspere, more than he is by contemporary literature, more than by the Greek and Latin classics, is as plain as daylight. Yet he is a master of Latin literature, and the treasures of German, Italian, and French thought of to-day would seem as familiar to him as his alphabet. We recognize that no two characters of Shakspere can be confounded. There are several who come very close to each other, yet they are quite as distinct as different men one meets in the highways of life. Take, for instance, Faulconbridge and Hotspur. Try to tell what you think of the first, every word will apply to Hotspur; describe the latter, everything will suit Faulconbridge. Again, take Tybalt and compare him with Petruchio; yet there is an element in Hotspur which cannot be found in Faulconbridge, something in Tybalt that is not in Petruchio. We could not conceive

Hotspur in a ludicrous situation, but whether Faulconbridge attempts a most desperate deed of daring, or is clothed in calf-skin as he would desire to clothe Austria, we should be prepared for either. He has a hero's courage and loves the breath of battle, but he is not a hero. Now, Hotspur is one, more extravagant than Don Quixote—at the turn of your hand inspired at the thought of some great achievement which for a moment poises in his mind, so that heaven is not too high, the ocean below fathom-line not too deep for him—he rants in a sublime ecstasy. In another moment the thought takes wing, and he is down on the earth, wasp-stung and peevish as a green girl in consumption. Tybalt is a bravo and Petruchio another —both as thorough bullies as ever laid an honest man upon the sward by sleight of fence. But you could not believe any one if he swore on a pyramid of Bibles that he saw Tybalt in an old doublet and torn ruffles. The self-torturing dilettante Plozowski is not Hamlet, but he is like him, and yet no one could say there is a mood of the jaded Pole, with his dead hopes and banished illusions, taken from the melancholy Dane. Into a curious synthesis he sums up his introspection, "I am a genius without a portfolio"; and in it he pronounces the pessimist's judgment on the universe as forces aimlessly expending themselves. It is a terrible nightmare to be oppressed by—the thought of blind, irresistible powers moving, thundering, clashing, destroying, reproducing through infinities of space during infinities of succession.

A TRULY SIENKIEWICZIAN TOUCH OF NATURE.

This work is written in the form of a diary, the best perhaps for his purpose, and in the midst of the negatives, the shivered idols, the heart cold as a quenched hearth, you have such a neat entry as this—giving the words of a friend, pointing to Aniela coming with the friend's wife from the hot-houses: "There is your happiness; there it patters in fur boots on the frozen snow." That vision of purity and beauty ought to dispel the exhalations from a poisoned philosophy; but it did not, for he went on in his speculations and philosophized her away. She married one unfit for her, one of another world altogether, but she did not decline on a range of lower feelings; she "died this morning," as he entered under date "23d November," closing one of the saddest, the most finished pictures of life in any language. This novel is introduced here by way of parenthesis to dispose of the critics who do not recognize in Sien-

kiewicz a great artist in the sense of one who is a profound student of nature and a master of the technique by which he purports to interpret her. We shall now resume the examination of the elements which constitute his mastery over men's mind and heart.

WHAT MAKES A CRITIC?

Thackeray—assuming he was not quite an impostor—professed to believe that any educated man could write as good a novel as himself. This is another phase of Partridgeism; it arises from want of the true critical faculty, which depends as much on intellectual sympathy as the possession of canons of taste. The latter are invaluable when united with the former, by themselves they will only produce elocution. By themselves they would make a man an excellent teacher for intermediate schools or pass examinations; and not the less so because the want of the other quality prevents him from knowing how limited his own powers are and understanding the greatness with which another may be gifted. Jeffrey was a great critic because his sensitiveness and passion were those of a poet and his range of reading without limit. Thackeray was right in so far as thousands of his countrymen could appreciate as well as himself the good points in his works. They were good points because they were true, and they found their echo in other minds because they were true. It was truth which Partridge saw in Garrick's Hamlet, and it was the truth which so many of his countrymen saw in Thackeray as if it lay upon the surface; but it did not follow that any amount of training would enable the thousands to draw Becky Sharp or Partridge to produce on others the effect of Garrick's Hamlet on himself.

There is clearly, then, a quality common to readers and writers of successful fiction—they are united by it, as men in real life are united by the bond of nature—it is the sympathy of kind. The passion of Hecuba in the strolling player is real, his heart is hers for the time, his own disappointments are forgotten, his weary road, his poverty and the Lenten fare which he had reason to anticipate—better reason than the smiling courtier—all are forgotten, and he is away in the far centuries to an unknown land weighted with the griefs a poet feigned as if they were his own. What is Hecuba to him that he should weep for her? is true indeed from the jealousy of Hamlet's self-reproach, but not true in the slightest sense from the universal law which makes man feel for man.

The passions which link us to remote peoples of whom we know nothing affect us in no way different from those which affect us in our own countryman. Men in England have been stirred by the sufferings of black men as though they were their own Anglo-Saxon race, with no thought of hideous rites, of revolting practices, of lives untouched by one ray that raises mankind from the brutes. They were men upon whom the strength and craft of civilization had fallen with a cruel force, and this effaced their foulness, their human sacrifices and their idols. It was suffering humanity that was seen, and not the degraded African. It is humanity we see in a good novel, and not a number of words about something which the writer pays us the bad compliment of calling a man. The merit of Sienkiewicz essentially is that he creates real men and women; he does this with a certainty of touch that never loses power, never blurs the image in the mind, never pours one into another's mould.

PODBEPIENTA.

If he be indebted to others he is also independent of them. We said we recognized the influence of Shakspere and suggested that of Cervantes. In the multitude of his characters there is not one which is altogether like any of Shakspere's, not one that can be found to wholly resemble Don Quixote, though we are reminded of him, as we are constantly reminded of Sancho Panza by Fedzain; though there are fundamental elements in the latter as well as accidential ones which mark him off from the immortal squire. It may be that the Catholic atmosphere which is around us in Don Quixote explains to some extent the association of ideas we take for a resemblance, but this surely means no more than some analogy to the impress which study in the same school of art fixes on the labor of painters, apart from technique and conception. One of the most interesting of the creations of Sienkiewicz is Podbepienta in *With Fire and Sword.* He is not one of the leading characters, but he is cast upon the stage with such power of conception and execution that wherever he goes his tall figure and gentle face, his two-handed sword and his vow of chastity till he smites off three infidel heads at one stroke, draw our eyes to him. It is useless for Zagloba—the Falstaff of the great trilogy of novels—to laugh at him, ridicule him, point him out as something like a freak of nature and useless in the world. Zagloba himself knows better, and entertains for the tall, simple soldier

love and real respect down in that honest, curious collection of prejudices and affections which he calls his heart.

Podbepienta's hanging mustache and brows gave him an expression at once anxious, thoughtful, and ridiculous, we are told; but his face, which was honest and sincere as that of a child, though not likely at first to win the respect of the bustling and selfish, would disarm enemies. He was one to be thrust aside in this world of ours; at the same time it would not be safe to dishonor him, as persons might learn to their cost. When he went to the court of Prince Yeremi, Anusia Borzobogato, a notorious flirt, began to make eyes at him. Remembering his vow, he fled and spent three days in penance preparing for confession. Yet he devises his vast estates to her by will in case he should fall in battle. He does not fall in battle, but his death is one of the finest passages in romantic literature. It is like the martyrdom of St. Sebastian. He is shot to death by arrows, and as each one flies from the bow an epithet of the Litany of our Lady passes from his lips, the words of the litany mingling with the whistling of the arrows. At last he falls on his knees. Then he says, with half a groan, "Queen of the Angels" —these words were his last on earth—and the author's comment is: "The angels of heaven took his soul and placed it as a clear pearl at the feet of the Queen of the Angels." We think this will do good even in the nineteenth century; will save the age in which Zola has been heard, and redeem it from the reproach of a realism which makes literature a stew and a morgue, an affectation of unbelief which cannot conceal superstition in comparison with which belief in the predictions of judicial astrology was enlightened philosophy.

THE DEATH OF PODBEPIENTA IN WORD-PAINTING.

The novelist who means to be great must have been born with the poet's power of conception and feeling, and have acquired that art in the execution of his work which corresponds with the playwright's skill in the selection and adjustment of accessories. So there is a technique in novel-writing to be acquired by an apprenticeship through years of labor and self-denial; notwithstanding that the public are flooded with productions whose authors have served no apprenticeship whatsoever. The incident just mentioned affords a good instance of what we mean with regard both to the advantages and to the drawbacks of description in supplying accessorial aids. On the stage the mounting is of inconceivable value with our present

experiences. Scenery and dress present to the physical eye what in a less direct way description paints for the mental one. At his death our Podbepienta stands with his back to a tree whose spreading branches make deeper the darkness of the night, but the torches of the advancing Cossacks send their gleams into the shade. Far away stretches their vast encampment, to whose outer ring he had advanced on his perilous mission. He had passed those watches on the outskirts—in fact, he had passed all, and no more remained but to bear the message to the king from the invested city, dying of famine but invincible. In the distance is the town he has left, and he fancies he sees his friends in a high tower whose lights shine like a beacon to his soul. Near and afar the boom of the Cossack camp filling the darkness presses on him like a weight, a pain, a despair, from which there is no escape; and the scene closes with his death. The reader will see how the selection of accessories and the command of a style which is poetry in prose make the picture visible to the mind—nay more, engrave it in the memory. We have an instance in the *Fair Maid of Perth* in which an effect of sunshine gives life to a picture. It is the scene when the Douglas and his followers, surrounded by the excited townsmen, ride into the abbey yard as if flying. A piece of sunlight falling through the gate tesselates with whiteness the dark floor of the court-yard. It is that call to the imagination which animates it to see the terrible baron in mail on his gray horse, the fixed glare of his blind eye, the pride and sagacity in his face; the contempt of his followers for the blows and menaces of the mob of citizens; the cool shade of the lofty walls and towers in the high summer; the peace-making of the monks between Douglas men and townsmen; the ill-starred Rothsay's levity; the glee-maiden's terror and Henry Wynd's decent reluctance to compromise himself by taking charge of her, struggling with his manly pity for weakness and distress. Through Scott's novel such a touch or two will produce the whole effect of scenery on the stage, and this brings us to the point: the place of Sienkiewicz in fiction.

There are obvious grounds for comparing his historical novels with those of Scott and Dumas. The freedom and power in the handling of men under the circumstances which appealed most strongly to the judgment and imagination bring him nearest to Scott, his elaborate and untiring energy in pursuing details leading up to the desired effect resembles that of Dumas. In

humor the latter has no place, though there is a command of elegant *repartee* now and then which not only pleases in itself but because it is what we should expect from those using it. Scott's humor is rich and abundant, takes possession of one so that he cannot canvass it; at the same time it would bear the sharpest analysis; but nowhere, so far as we remember, does Scott evince anything like the delicacy and refinement which raise Sienkiewicz' humor almost to the level of Cervantes'. In the creation of character we think, upon the whole, that Sienkiewicz does not equal Scott; he has made no one to equal the Templar, or Cedric, or Dalgetty. The difference is not in the time and circumstances, for they are favorable to comparison. Dalgetty was a soldier of fortune fashioned by a hard life which tempered his Scotch tenacity as the ice-cold spring tempers a Damascus blade. Pan Kmita went through experiences as trying as Dalgetty's; the basis of his character was different, no doubt, but he had a wild will, and so had the other. He had the advantage of social place and expectations, but he outlawed himself and only maintained a sort of recognition by enterprise, courage, and fortune which made him too valuable to be set aside. He had the aspirations of an ambition; Dalgetty looked forward to the purchase of the old tower and five hundred acres of barren land which had belonged to his family. After his years of service with Gustavus in siege and battle, not allowing himself to be imposed upon by any one, steering through difficulties by mother-wit, loyal to his standard for the time, he could look at length to the dull life of a petty laird as the close of the scenes of blood and toil through which he passed since as a stripling he had left his native land. We have a constant hold of Dalgetty, we find something Protean in Kmita.

SCOTT AND SIENKIEWICZ.

Again, the great figure of Brian de Bois Guilbert, who seems to tower by his intellect, ambition, fire, energy, and despair above the haughty conscientiousness of the Grand Master, the wiles of Malvoisin, the heroism of Richard, the fortune of Ivanhoe, is superior to the only character in Sienkiewicz that can be compared with him. In the greatness of its proportions the conception is like the demi-god of a Greek play, but human to the very core in the pain of his passions, the strength and weakness of his will, in his relentless cruelty and indomitable

pride, for these touch the heart by their union with a generosity that knew no limit, a fidelity to his peculiar code of honor, which did not reckon danger—for this no knight would count—and redeemed the guilty love that was stronger than the ambition which had been the breath of his life. With the Templar we compare the Voevoda of Vilna. Both authors have bestowed pains on these two creations, using all the resources of knowledge and skill in giving to the reader incarnate powers which directed all other influences in the drama, or seriously appealed to them. Yannish Radzivill was a Calvinist member of the princely house of the Radzivills and head of the heretical branch. He was a real historical personage, and to what extent the artist allowed himself to be restrained by this consideration in moulding him for the ideal world in which he was to live as one of the controlling spirits we do not profess to determine. No explanation of an author's failure to attain the highest mark alters the result. Scott embodied his own view of the policy, craft, wickedness, and impiety of the Templars at the time the order was suppressed, in a character living some hundred and twenty years before. The anachronism in no way affects the dramatic truth of the creation. Bois Guilbert possessed no longer the iron will which had coerced everything—an insane passion for a woman had made him vacillating as a boy. There was shame in it too; for she was a Jewess and he a Christian noble and knight, though without belief. Conscience was dead, but in its place certain rules of conduct exercised an authority to which that of conscience even in his best days was nothing.

THE GENESIS OF A TREASON.

Radzivill is a great prince, one of the foremost nobles in Poland, entrusted with a great military government by the king and commonwealth, and he betrays the country to the Swedes. To be made a sovereign prince instead of living as the greatest subject was his ambition, and this the cause of an unparalleled treason. In the condition of the commonwealth we think that personal jealousies and interests had too much scope, but for the purpose of high art these are not a sufficient motive. We can understand that he had no historical sympathy with the Catholic past of Poland, but he had a boundless sense of the grandeur of his descent and the honor of his family. So much did this influence him that he regarded the interests of the Catholic

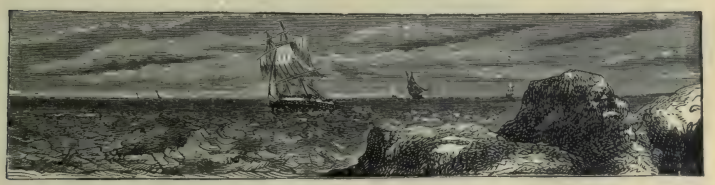
branches as a title to his services which nothing could relieve. He felt, too, he had a claim upon their services, but he recognized in opinion one limit to this claim—their duty to their common country. All this is historically true, but not dramatically true. Again, his vacillation is the result of a certain infirmity of purpose akin to cowardice. There have been such men. There were Roman emperors who united inconceivable ferocity with a weakness of will in the presence of difficulty which moves one's wonder and contempt; but for the effects of that high art which must spring from proportional causes, an equal ferocity and a similar weakness in Radzivill will not explain an ambition leading to infamy surpassing in cynicism all that has been told of treason in ancient story, or in Roman treaties, that has been said of Count Julian in Spain or the Huguenots in France. There was not an intelligible temptation for the crime of Radzivill, judged by the sense of dramatic propriety, as there was for Count Julian's.

Zagloba is a master-piece belonging to the school of Falstaff, and barely surpassed by Falstaff. He is more interesting because there are solid qualities of truth and honor in him, while these only pass from time to time over the fat knight's mind, leading to a resolution to repent when his health or convenience permit him. However much his acquaintance liked Falstaff, not one had a particle of respect for him. The lies of Zagloba are not believed, but he bears down opposition. His readiness is infinite. He is reminded on a particular occasion that in the former telling of a story he had placed an experience in a different country. At once there are two facts of which he was the hero, while his critic is informed that if reasoning were to be performed by the hand he was the right man, but not when it is to be done by the head.

We regret we can say no more about this admirable creation. Unsurpassable in lies, he is wise of counsel; full of affection, no one escapes the lash of a tongue which bites like a scorpion. We do not know whether our readers have remarked that Falstaff was an acute judge of character. It is true he failed to see the great qualities hidden under the license of Prince Hal, but perhaps no one could have seen them. Indeed, Falstaff must have observed that the prince's wit was parasitical —that is, it sprang up from the suggestion of Falstaff's own: I am not only witty myself but I am the cause of wit in others, was the profound judgment of an able man too lazy and un-

principled to employ his talents, and only entering on public service through vanity, the influence of example, and the spur of necessity.

Zagloba possessed all the other's vanity, but he had a high sense of duty springing from religion. Indeed, the power of their faith is strong on all we meet in those historical novels of Sienkiewicz. It does not always check cruelty—it may be that perpetual war accounts for their ferocity; but faith gives to the worst and meanest a certain elevation of sentiment which will not permit us to despise them, while it consecrates the sacrifices made by higher natures for their country; lifts to an enthusiasm such as that which inspires heroes alike the courage of the common soldier and the hereditary pride of his leader.



CONVERSION.

BY MARION F. GURNEY.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to Myself."

AN angry waste of waters, wide and gray,
A starless sky, down-drooping, brooding, dark,
Wild winds that beat against one lonely bark
And drench her slender spars with salty spray:
Shining across the night a five-fold ray
Of roseate glory, which Christ Crucified
Sheds forth from Hands and Feet and riven Side,
As light-house set on high to show the way:
A pallid, thorn-crowned Form, with sad, sweet eyes,
Pointing the helmsman, with mute, outstretched Hands,
To that safe Harbor where doubt's tempests cease,
Where winds blow sweet from fields of Paradise
And morning light shall show the golden sands
Where lies the far-off City of our Peace.

CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH'S ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARY: A MONUMENT OF ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN'S UNTIRING EFFORTS IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CLERGY.

CATHOLIC LIFE IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY RICHARD H. CLARKE, LL.D.

THE Catholic life of New York City starts with historic prestige. Scarcely had the eyes of Columbus rested on the mainland of the American Continent when two Catholic navigators, John and Sebastian Cabot, representing the last of the Catholic kings of England, Henry VII., and carrying a Catholic crew, discovered our North American coasts from Newfoundland to the Chesapeake Bay, in 1497, sighting no doubt that

portion of the greater city known by the euphonious names of Gravesend and Coney Island. In their second voyage, in 1502, a Catholic priest from Bristol accompanied the expedition, and the chanted liturgy of Mass and Vespers resounded across the outer bay. In 1525 the Catholic navigators, Verazzano and

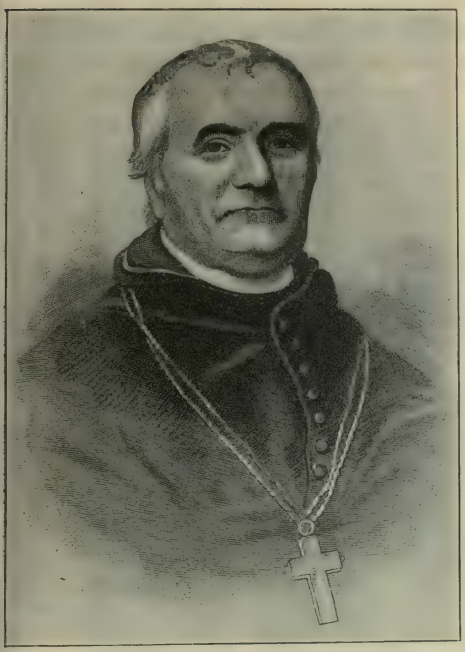
Father Le Moyne administered the Sacraments in New York 250 years ago.

Gomez, visited the bay of New York and its beautiful shores. A century of historic silence now intervenes, but in 1626 two Catholic soldiers are reported among the Dutch at Fort Orange, now Albany. In 1643 the first Catholic priest visited the city, the venerable Father Jogues of the Society of Jesus, just rescued from the martyrdom which was to follow, and still bleeding from his recent wounds—he who won then the eulogium of the pope, and his cause is now progressing towards his canonization by our illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII. He found

Governor Dongan opened the first Catholic Chapel near Bowling Green.

only two Catholics in the city. In 1644 the Jesuit Father Bressani, passing through New York, found here no Catholics; but some years later Fathers Le Moyne and Vaillant visited the city and administered the sacraments to the only Catholics they found, a few sailors, who no doubt were from the Spanish South-American ports. In 1674 the colonial lieutenant-governor, Anthony Brockholls, and Lieutenant Jervis Baxter were Catholics, and men of loyal and noble service. In 1683 commenced the administration of a Catholic colonial governor, Thomas Dongan, an ideal governor, who established religious liberty in New York, and set the example of its practice by bringing to the city the Jesuit Fathers Harvey, Harrison, and Page, opening a Catholic chapel near Bowling Green and a Jesuit Latin school on or near the site of Trinity Church. But afterwards they had to fly for their lives, governor, Jesuits and all, in the Protestant Revolution of 1688. Father Harvey, who had escaped on foot to Maryland, and another Jesuit father visited afterwards New York in disguise and at the peril of their lives, to minister to the little flock still there. But in 1690 the New York mission was extinct.

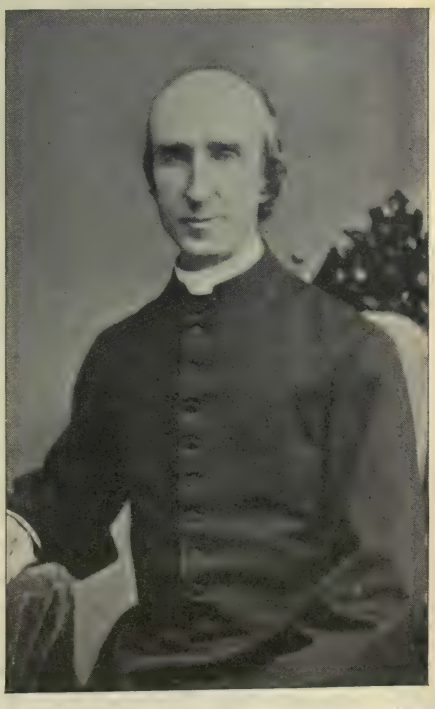
In 1696 the number of Catholics in the city was only nine;



BISHOP DUBOIS PASSED THROUGH THE STORMS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, WAS A MISSIONARY IN THE VIRGINIAS AND MARYLAND, AND DIED, THIRD BISHOP OF NEW YORK, IN 1842.

worshipped in a carpenter shop in Barclay Street, which was but the foundation of St. Peter's. In 1814 Bishop Connolly, the first of New York's bishops to reach his see, was so poor in this world's goods and so destitute of priests that he officiated as a missionary priest, and resided in a humble house, first at 211 Bowery and afterwards in Broome Street, nearly opposite the present Catholic Protectory's House of Reception.

Yet such was the Catholic life of New York during this period of poverty and struggle in 1700, few as they were, penal statutes were enacted against them; in 1741 there was an anti-Catholic riot, and as there was no priest to be found and sacrificed, a non-juring Protestant minister was executed for a Catholic priest. In 1755 the exiled Catholic Acadians were landed in the city, but after thirty years there was no trace of them. The American Revolution wiped out all the disabilities of Catholics. At this time the Catholic flock of New York devoutly and perseveringly



FATHER EVERETT, NOW LIVING, WAS BORN THREE MONTHS BEFORE ITS FIRST BISHOP REACHED NEW YORK.

—the episcopate of Bishop Connolly—that the flock so increased in numbers as to result in time in the erecting of two fine churches, St. Peter's and St. Patrick's, in the first acquisition of the Fifth Avenue property, and in numerous conversions among distinguished Protestant clergy and laymen. It was in this period of poverty and struggle that the church received into her bosom that pious and eminent lady who, as Mother Seton, founded the American Sisterhood of Charity, whose daughters are now ministering to the spiritual and corporal needs of millions, in a country whose dioceses have since increased from five to eighty-three vicariates and three prefecture-apostolic, and with thirteen archbishops and eighty bishops.

Mrs. Seton, afterward Foundress of the American Sisters of Charity.

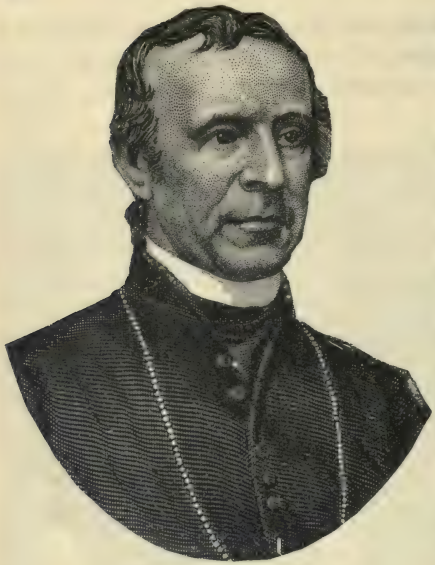
The active episcopate of Bishop Dubois extended from 1826 to 1837, when he assumed the coadjutor administration. The diocese extended then over the whole State of New York and eastern New Jersey; the Catholic population had increased to nearly 35,000; the whole revenue of the bishop was only $1,200, with which he supported himself and his two assistants." Though he was sixty years old, his energy, courage, and labors won for him the title of the "Little Napoleon." Among the drawbacks to the development of Catholic life in New York, from the time of Archbishop Carroll to the time of Archbishop Hughes, was the element of lay-trusteeism, and against this Bishop Dubois had waged a vigorous warfare. Such were the energies and forces, mercantile, social, political, and religious, then pushing forward and developing the metro-

politan and Catholic character of the city, that it became a necessity, hastened by Bishop Dubois' advancing years and declining health, and by the contest with lay-trusteeism, that a

The Devotional Life of the Christian Brothers: Their Chapel at Manhattan College.

master mind and character should be placed in command, and the man of providence and of destiny was at hand in the person of the illustrious John Hughes.

His keen eye detected the powerful elements of good which then existed in germ in the Catholic life of New York. He marshalled them into effective organization, he gave them their right direction, and called new energies into existence. His first great achievement was to crush out lay-trusteeism from the church. He fought valiantly for the rights of Catholics in the public schools, and for their equal social and political recognition; he met the hostile uprising of Know-nothingism and triumphed over it; he vindicated the doctrines and morals of Catholics and the history of the church by his eloquent voice and powerful pen; he promoted the development of vocations for the priesthood, and founded an ecclesiastical seminary;



Archbishop Hughes.

he labored for the education of his flock by founding St. John's College, which was followed by the establishment of the Colleges of St. Francis Xavier and Manhattan, the parochial schools, and numerous institutions of charity, religion, and education, the establishment of religious orders of pious men and women; the number of churches was increased to thirty; he projected and laid the foundations of the grand cathedral; developed the Catholic life, interests, and influences of New York to a degree that caused it to be raised to the rank of a metropolitan see, and by his patriotism and services to his country proved the Catholic Church to be the strongest bulwark of the Republic. From the beginning of the Paulist movement for the organization of the only religious institute of clerics in the United States that is of American origin Archbishop Hughes was its firm friend and supporter, and so continued until he joyously laid the corner-stone of the church and convent of St. Paul the Apostle on Trinity Sunday, June 19, 1859, and until his death. So ardently did he enter into the cause of founding the American College at Rome that, next to Pope Pius IX., he might be almost called its founder.

The logic of the historic view powerfully illustrates the present church's work upon the Catholic life of nations, communities, and cities. The Catholic forces in Archbishop Hughes's episcopate did not lose but gained in numbers and in strength during the administration of his able, eloquent, and laborious successor. To him must be given the credit of placing on a broad basis, with Dr. Ives as president, the Catholic Protectory, then in its infancy, and then, too, were founded those two splendid charities, the Foundling Hospital under Sister Irene, and the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin under Father Drumgoole. His methods were different from those of Archbishop Hughes. This was owing to the advanced and changed condi-

tion of things. The aggressive policy and methods of Archbishop Hughes were necessary and suited to the conditions he found or created; the gentler methods of Archbishop McCloskey were as admirably suited and effective for his times and conditions. He was also a providential man. For his mission he was equally successful, as witnessed by the great increase in the churches, the clergy, the Catholic laity, and the noble institutions and new Catholic energies set in motion. So much so was this the case that he, the first of American prelates, received from Rome the highest honors of the church in the gift of the Supreme Pontiff, the princely office of the cardinalate, and was the first and only American ever summoned to conclave for the election of a successor to St. Peter. May the next summons be long deferred!

Necessity compels us to limit our review to the city proper, as it stood prior to the incorporation and union of the Greater City. Its Catholic population may be approximately estimated at 800,000, its Catholic priests at about 500, its churches at 100, chapels about 50. The secular clergy are about two to one more numerous than the members of religious orders. The city is the see of the great Archdiocese of New York, which is the Metropolitan See, with the dioceses of Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Newark, Ogdensburg, Rochester, Syracuse, and Trenton as suffragans. The ecclesiastical government is complete, compact, efficient, and prompt. None could be more so. So numerous and urgent have become the labors of the Archbishop to meet the calls of a diocese so teeming with Catholic activities that an auxiliary bishop, in the person of the popular, accomplished, able, and laborious Monsignor John M. Farley, has been necessarily assigned to assist in the episcopal labors. The Archbishop is also assisted in the official work of his exalted office by two vicars-general, a chancellor, secretaries, diocesan con-

Legislative Library Ontario.

Cardinal McCloskey.

sulters, examiners of the clergy, a diocesan attorney who is a priest, a defender of the marriage bond, theological censors, a commissary of the Greek clergy, moderators of theological conferences, examiners of teachers, rural deans, a school board, a superintendent of schools, a general supervisor of Catholic charities, and a board of trustees for the funds for infirm priests. A treatise would be required to define the detailed workings and duties of this elaborate official machinery, but sufficient to say that with this complete ecclesiastical organization to assist him there is not outside of the White House at Washington a more laborious and busy person than the Archbishop of New York.

But this beneficent administration is not in itself the life, but it gives direction and guidance to it. It is the head, the most important part of the Catholic organization. Behold the other portions of the Catholic body performing the functions of its daily life—a hundred churches thrown open at early morn, five hundred priests offering the holy sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb, countless thousands of laymen attending Mass on Sundays, about ten thousand hearing Mass every day, and possibly two hundred thousand communicants. These figures are not official, nor the result of detailed statistical work. But while they are merely conjectural, they are probable, and sufficiently reliable to convey a good general conception of this part of the daily religious life of our people. The baptisms in the archdiocese in the year were 34,156 and the confirmations 16,883, of which figures the much larger portions belong to the city.

The religious life of a people does not consist in bricks, mortar, and stone, however grandly and beautifully constructed into temples, colleges, academies, convents, asylums, charitable homes, nurseries, hospitals, schools, protectories, and refuges. These exterior works are the expression and manifestation of the inner life, its useful and splendid instruments, its glorious monuments—earthly types of the heavenly kingdom. The City of New York stands first among American cities for these striking and noble evidences of its Catholic faith and piety.

First among the churches of New York and of America is its magnificent cathedral, whose broad and deep foundations were laid by Archbishop Hughes, whose erection and dedication to divine service was accomplished by Cardinal McCloskey, whose lofty and beautiful towers with the chimes of bells are among the many distinguished evidences of Catholic progress under Archbishop Corrigan. The carpenter shop in which the

early flock worshipped is succeeded by the majestic temple, the perfection of architectural beauty and grandeur, located in the finest and most valuable portion of the city, the heart of Fifth Avenue.

The cost of erecting the cathedral was about $3,000,000, not counting the cost of the towers, the main or chapel altars, or the pulpit, which last alone cost $10,000. The value of the whole, in-

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY BUILDINGS, AT A COST OF OVER A MILLION DOLLARS; THE CROWNING WORK OF THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

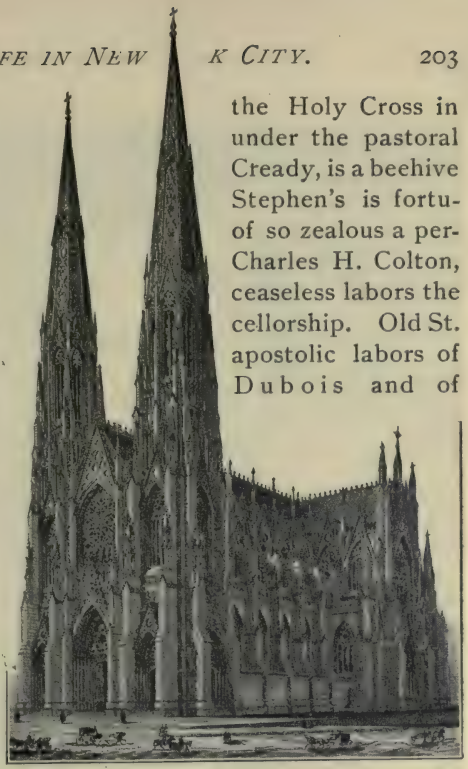
cluding the episcopal residence, the erection of which cost $90,000, and the parochial residence, which cost $80,000, not including the altar services, vestments, paintings, library furniture, and other equipments, all of which are fine and costly, cannot be less than $5,250,000.

Much could be said of the cathedral parish as a centre of religious, ecclesiastical, educational, and devotional activity, with all of which the Most Rev. Archbishop is intimately identified, and with which he keeps in constant touch, supporting the zealous and arduous labors of the indefatigable parochial clergy, with Rev. Michael J. Lavelle as rector. The Cathedral Library is a noble institution.

One among the beautiful and large churches is St. Francis Xavier's, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers of the adjoining college of the same name. Here the Very Rev. Provincial of the New-York-Maryland Province resides, while not visiting his extended province and its institutions; and here, between the church and the college, nearly or quite forty of the learned, zealous, and indefatigable Jesuits reside and labor most efficiently.

We accord our highest encomiums to the heroic labors of the New York Jesuits among the unfortunates in the hospitals, almshouse, penitentiary, lunatic asylums, nursery, and lying-in hospital, the infant and boys' hospital, and idiots' asylum, and house of refuge, on Blackwell's, Ward's, and Randall's Islands. The fathers also attend St. Joseph's Home for Aged Women, in Fifteenth Street; St. Vincent's Hospital, in Twelfth Street, and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, in Seventeenth Street.

There are few if any centres of religious activity in New York, or in any city, where the pulsations of Catholic life are more vigorous and fruitful than at St. Gabriel's on the East side, where the Right Rev. Bishop Farley has brought out the best energies of the church; or at the Church of the Sacred Heart, where Right Rev. Monsignor Mooney has an unsurpassed organization. At both of these centres, whose pastors are the Vicars-General of the Archdiocese, considerable portions of the diocesan work is done, and the Vicars-General hold regular stated conferences with the Archbishop at the archiepiscopal residence. Under the arduous efforts of the Jesuits the old St. Lawrence's has been replaced by the new and beautiful Church of St. Ignatius, under Father McKinnon and his able assistants, a charming feature of which is the mosaic baptistery on which Father Prendergast has bestowed his finest Scriptural taste and



THE CATHEDRAL, WITH ITS ADJUNCTS, WAS ERECTED AT A COST OF OVER FIVE MILLION OF DOLLARS.

genius. The Church of the Holy Cross in West Forty-second Street, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. McCready, is a beehive of apostolic labors. St. Stephen's is fortunate in the untiring charge of so zealous a permanent rector as Rev. Charles H. Colton, who also adds to his ceaseless labors the arduous labors of the chancellorship. Old St. Patrick's, the scene of the apostolic labors of Bishops Connolly and Dubois and of Archbishop Hughes, has an untiring pastor in Rev. John F. Kearney, while Father Edwards, at the Immaculate Conception, has reaped golden harvests in the apostolate. In every one of these instances a self-sacrificing corps of assistants share the toils and the rewards of the missions, and congregations of pious and loyal laymen zealously sustain and generously support the best efforts of their pastors. The same could be said of every church and congregation in the city whose names and examples I would like to cite if space permitted.

The church and community of St. Paul the Apostle occupy a unique position among the metropolitan churches. The avowed and exalted purpose of this religious body is the conversion of non-Catholic Americans. The massive and imposing Church of St. Paul the Apostle is at once their monument and their missionary headquarters. Its immense proportions, great seating capacity, the large number of the Paulist Fathers laboring there; the missions given for Catholics, the novel but most successful feature of missions for non-Catholics, in which they have had the sympathy and continuous support of our Most Rev. Archbishop; the temperance crusade; the splendid ceremonials, noted for rubrical exactness and splendor of decorations; the Gregorian chant, introduced and cultivated towards the reform of church music and promotion of congregational singing, and the identification of the Paulists with every good work of

Monsignor Mooney.

public zeal, add a peculiar interest to the church, and result in unmeasured good. The conversions of the Paulists are very numerous, the recent mission for non-Catholics bringing nearly one hundred into the fold, including a distinguished Methodist Episcopal minister. They were the first to introduce the five-minute sermons at the early Masses on Sundays, which outlived the opposition they awakened, and have now become of general practice in New York and other parts of the United States. They have elevated the standard of pulpit oratory, published a volume of Paulist Sermons and three volumes of the Five-Minute Sermons. As a missionary organization the Paulists have proved themselves a dynamic force whose energy has quickened the American Catholic apostolate throughout this vast Republic.

Prominent and productive of the best and largest results is the Paulists' Apostolate of the Press. Father Hecker said to me one day that he hoped to see in the Paulist Congregation both religious men and women, members of the Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, sanctifying their lives by their labors at the press, preparing the literary work, setting the type, working the presses, and binding the books, for the mission of truth to non-Catholic Americans. In the years while he was yet a Redemptorist he wrote his two treatises—*Questions of the Soul* and *Aspirations of Nature*. His splendid articles on the

relations of the church with the state, with society, with the American mind and kindred subjects have reached the highest standard of profound and practical thought. In 1865 the Paulists commenced the publication of THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. In 1866 they organized the Catholic Publication Society, and more lately the Catholic Book Exchange, which is doing the same work on a purely missionary basis. In 1870 they founded *The Young Catholic*, the first of its kind in the United States. In 1871 they united with the Catholic Union of New York in a brave and almost successful effort to found a first-class daily Catholic newspaper. In 1896 they began the editing and publication of *The Missionary* and the organization of the Catholic Missionary Union, whose success in the missionary field has been wonderful. The Paulists are now issuing from their own press, THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE, *The Young Catholic*, *The Missionary*, and a great quantity of temperance and other moral literature, and religious tracts.

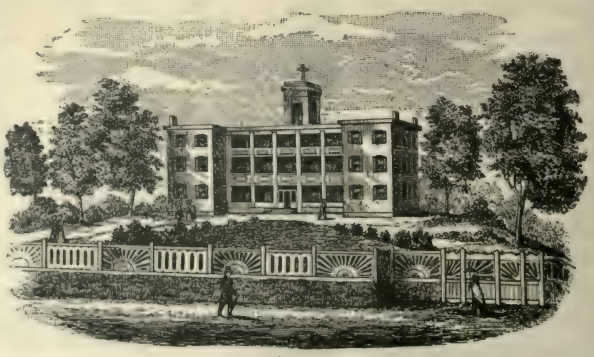
Under their successive superiors, Fathers Hecker, Hewit, and Deshon, the Paulists have begun and increased their great work like the mustard seed. In some of the dioceses the bishops and secular clergy have begun to share their chosen missionary field among non-Catholics, and in New York City we have the apostolate conducted by Rev. Fathers Cusack, Guinon, Goggin, and Cunnion, for missions to non-Catholics and Catholics.

RT. REV. BISHOP FARLEY.

The religious orders of New York are among its brightest jewels, and they contribute immensely to its Catholic life. It would be a happy task if I could find space for according the well-merited meed of praise for their splendid work to the Dominican Fathers, with their headquarters at St. Vincent Ferrer's; the Benedictines and their noted abbot, the Right Rev. Alexius Edelbrock; the Capuchin Fathers at the churches of Our Lady Queen of Angels, St. John the Baptist, and Our Lady of Sorrows; the Carmelite Fathers at Our Lady of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, New York City; the Franciscan Fathers at St. Anthony of Padua's, St. Francis of Assisi's, and Most Precious Blood, and their Commissariat of the Holy Land; the Fathers of Mercy at St. Vincent de Paul's; the Fathers of the Pious Society of Missions; the Missionaries of St. Charles at St. Joachim's and Our Lady of Pompeii; the Redemptorists, worthy sons of St. Alphonsus Liguori, at St. Alphonsus', the Immaculate Conception, Most Holy Redeemer, and Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE AT DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE.

It would also be a work of love to say something of the religious organizations of Brothers, who greatly add to the activity and harvests of Catholic work in New York. I cannot refrain



THE ORIGINAL MOTHER-HOUSE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

from saying that I have witnessed at the Catholic Protectory, while I was president there, the noble work of Brother Leontine, and while the companion of Dr. Ives, that of Brother Telliow, and their brethren, at that Institution; and I have witnessed the more general labors of those two ideal superiors of the Christian Brothers—Brothers Patrick and Justin. I have admired the good school work of the Brothers of Mary, at St. John the Baptist's and at Our Lady of Sorrows, and I have been an eye-witness of the noble labors of the Marist Brothers at the parish school of St. Jean Baptiste's, and St. Ann's Academy in Seventy-sixth Street.

Mother Aloysia Hardy.

The Communities of Religious Women in New York City illustrate in other and different fields even still more the holiness of the Catholic Church and the sanctity of Catholic life. To the mind and soul they form an admirable sacred study and meditation. I must at least name them: the Sisters of Charity, with their mother-house and splendid academy at Mount St. Vincent, with their labors in so many of our parish schools, and their heroic services in our asylums, protectories, hospitals, day nurseries, homes and retreats, which seem to meet every form of human suffering; the Sisters of Mercy, with their convent, two academies, St. Joseph's Homes at New York and Tarrytown and Mount Vernon, and the exalted work of the sisters in visiting prisoners in the Tombs and other prisons; Sisters of the Divine Compassion, a community of American origin, for befriending children and young girls, with their House of the Holy Family in the city and at White Plains, their Good Counsel Farm, House of St. Stanislaus, and House of Nazareth; the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with their splendid academies and convents at Manhattanville, Seventeenth Street, and Madison Avenue, who also extend their teachings gratuitously to their schools for the poor at Manhattanville; their convent in Seventeenth Street is the headquarters of the

pious association of lay ladies, the Children of Mary, with over five hundred members, who meet every month and also make an annual retreat, an association embracing the leaders in many exalted lay works of charity; Sisters of St. Agnes, with their Leo House for German Immigrants, and School of Our Lady of Angels; Sisters of Bon Secours, who nurse the sick at their homes; Sisters of Christian Charity, who teach and succor the poor; Sisters of St. Dominic, who have several organizations in charge of schools, hospitals, etc., one of whose convents is that of Corpus Christi at Hunt's Point, eminently holy in the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, with their hospitals of St. Francis and St. Joseph; and Sisters of Loretto, who serve the splendid institutions of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Lafayette Place and Mount Loretto on Staten Island; Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whose holy work in the reformation of fallen women is nobly manifested in the Magdalen House of the Good Shepherd in this and in many cities and countries; Marianite Sisters of the Holy Cross, who are to be found laboring in our schools and hospitals; Sisters of Misericorde, whose mother-house is here, and their Maternity Hospital; School Sisters of Notre Dame, whose labors are in schools and hospitals; Little Sisters of the Poor, who have in this city two homes for the aged and the poor; Ladies of the Cenacle, whose house at Manhattanville is dedicated to St. Regis, where ladies in the world are afforded opportunities for making spiritual retreats; Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; Presentation Nuns, laboring in schools and homes; Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in charge of the Italian hospital of Columbus; Ursuline Sisters, who conduct with great success female academies; and the Felician Sisters, with their St. Joseph's Home for Polish Immigrants.

The Helpers of the Holy Souls lead lives of sanctification and charity, and offer all they do for the relief of the suffering souls in purgatory; they visit and nurse the poor at their homes, instruct the poor and the working classes at their convent, prepare children and adults for the sacraments and instruct newly received converts, lead a life of prayer and meditation, reciting the office of the dead, and perform every possible work of charity. Our New York Helpers labor heroically among the sick and poor and among the colored people, making many converts among the poor and the obscure whose conversions are never known or published. It is no uncommon thing for

as many as forty converts from among the poor and the colored people to be baptized at the Helpers' Convent, 114 East Eighty-sixth Street, at one time, and as they are constantly serving the poor their conversions are said to exceed in numbers the conversions at any of the churches. They never accept any reward, compensation, or gift from the people they serve, but are themselves the poorest of the poor, having a precarious subsistence on the alms of the charitable. But what is most heroic in their lives is that they offer all the good they do, not for themselves but for the souls in purgatory, even their own sanctification.

Sister Irene, Foundress of the Foundling Asylum.

So too with the Little Sisters of the Assumption, 312 East Fifteenth Street. These Little Sisters nurse the sick poor at their homes both day and night, even doing the cleaning, cooking, and every household service. They take care of the children and endeavor to keep the family together while nursing the sick member. The poorer the family the more certain they are to receive the devoted ministration of the Little Sisters of the Assumption. They also do much towards clothing the poor. They make no discrimination of creed or nationality. They accept no compensation, reward, or gratuity, not even their

food while nursing in a family, but carry their food with them. For their own subsistence they beg from door to door and depend on alms. The Little Sisters of the Assumption came to us in 1891 and now number only fourteen.

But Catholic life in New York has its lay charities, sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority. There is St. Joseph's Day Nursery; the Presentation Day Nursery; St. Joseph's Institute for the Improved Instruction of Deaf Mutes, in 188th Street, and St. Joseph's Institute for the same purpose at Westchester, New York City; St. Elizabeth's Industrial School in East Fourteenth Street; St. Zita's Home for Friendless Women, in East Fifty-second Street, having for its object the reclamation of unfortunate women who have been committed to the island for intemperance or other cause, receiving them on their discharge and introducing them to a life of industry and self-respect.

The Catholic Protectory is managed as a whole by a board of lay managers; the male department is in charge of the

The Foundling Asylum.

Christian Brothers, with Brother Eusebius as rector; and the female department under the charge of the Sisters of Charity, with Sister Anita as Sister Servant; the religious care is attended to by the reverend clergy of St. Raymond's parish; the present president is James R. Floyd, Esq. Since the found-

ing of the Protectory it has received, cared for, and instructed over thirty thousand children, and during the past year has had an aggregate of three thousand, two hundred and ninety-six, in the proportion of two-thirds boys and one-third girls. Though the city pays one hundred and ten dollars per annum for each child, the Catholics of New York have during the existence of the Protectory given to it from their private means the sum of one million, six hundred and seventy-four thousand dollars. But we must pass on to other living forces in New York's Catholic life.

FATHER DOUGHERTY SUCCEEDED FATHER DRUMGOOLE IN THE CARE OF THE HOMELESS CHILD.

One of the most extensive and successful of our charities, the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children, founded by Father Drumgoole, and rejoicing now in the paternal care of Rev. James J. Dougherty, superior. The house at the corner of Lafayette Place and Great Jones Street contains three hundred and twenty-seven boys. The Mission at Mount Loretto, Staten Island, St. Joseph's Home for boys, contains twelve hundred and sixteen boys. St. Elizabeth's Home for Girls contains one hundred and fifty-seven girls. St. Joseph's Trades School has seventy boys, and St. Joseph's Asylum for Blind Girls contains eleven girls. The Sisters of St. Francis serve these noble institutions of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.

In the majestic structures of the New York Foundling Hospital have been received and cared for during the past year three thousand, two hundred and seventy-four foundlings and five hundred and thirty-six needy and homeless mothers. St. Ann's Maternity Hospital in 1897 treated four hundred and thirty-two patients.

The Sisters of Misericorde have also a maternity hospital in East Eighty-sixth Street, in which in 1897 they cared for five hundred and thirty-nine patients.

Special and honorable mention should be made of the great orphan asylums of New York, so generously maintained by the alms of the faithful. The two Asylums of St. Patrick, near the cathedral, in care of the Sisters of Charity, and managed by a board of lay gentlemen with the Most Rev. Archbishop as president, are among the foremost charities. The male asylum has four hundred and fifty orphan boys, and has also the Boland Trade School; the female asylum has five hundred and forty-three orphan girls. So also St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, in East Eighty-ninth Street, is nobly conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, and provides a home for four hundred and seventy boys and three hundred and twelve girls; the Rev. Hugh Flattery is their chaplain. St. Vincent de Paul's Orphan Asylum, connected with the French church of St. Vincent de Paul in Twenty-third Street, and in charge of the Marianite Sisters of the Holy Cross, provides for eighty-eight boys and a hundred and forty-five girls. The Christmas and Easter collections in all the Catholic churches of the city are for the orphans. The Grace Institute is a new work of charity founded by Mr. William R. Grace, a former mayor of the city, and conducted by the Sisters of Charity, having for its object the training of poor girls, without distinction of creed, in cooking, laundry, and housework, in order to prepare and educate them competently for such domestic service as they may seek.

The vast co-operation and distinctive effort on the part of the Catholic laity in all these great works of religion and charity are beyond praise. There is scarcely one of our charities in which there is not a lay band or association of Catholic gentlemen or ladies in deep sympathy and active participation. I could name Catholic ladies and gentlemen who regularly visit and carry spiritual and temporal religious comfort to the prisoners, the sick and the unfortunate in our hospitals, homes, asylums, and institutions of every kind, and to the inmates of the municipal institutions on the islands in the East River, and

to the poor and the unfortunate in the cheerless tenement houses. The Helpers of the Holy Souls and the Little Sisters of the Assumption are assisted in their works of angelic charity by ladies exalted and angelic like themselves, and so with every

Boys and Buildings at Mt. Loretto.

work in which the clergy, secular and religious, and the various communities of sisters are so generously engaged.

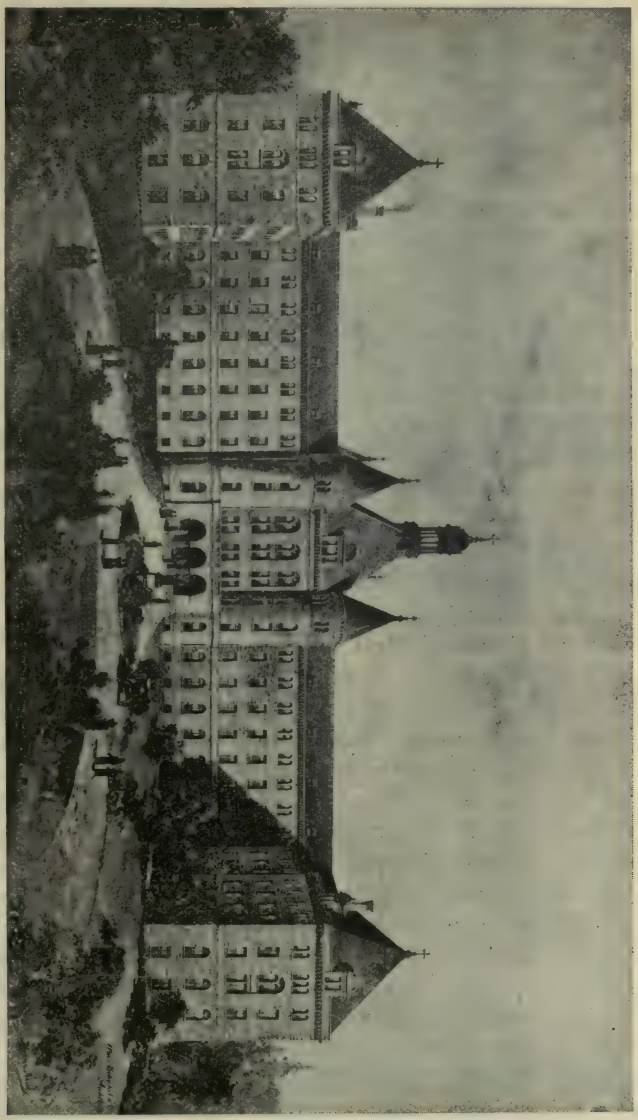
I need not speak of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and its participation in the healthy and vigorous Catholic life of the metropolis. This city is the seat of the Particular, or central, council, with which are affiliated the conferences of the whole country, and thus the living pulse here is felt throughout the land. Besides this the society has here sixty-two local or parochial conferences, with a membership of twelve hundred men, who visit the poor at their homes, carry them spiritual and temporal relief, and labor for their redemption from the pauper condition. They also visit the institutions on the

islands. There are also societies of ladies who provide clothing and other alms for the Vincentian members to distribute.

The subject of lay action in the church is one of the growing questions of the day and of the future. One of the most distinguished laymen of our century said: "It is the duty of each of us, humble and obscure Christians as we are, to co-operate in the great action of the church upon society." In the early church, when Christianity had to make its way among heathen and infidel nations and peoples, there was no work of Christian activity, except those that were sacramental and jurisdictional, in which the laity did not take an important part. Since the revolt of the sixteenth century and the more recent developments of intercourse among the nations, the vast emigrations that mingle the peoples with each other, Christianity and the church are in positions similar to those of the three or four first Christian centuries. Take for instance a single fact: three hundred years ago St. Francis Xavier had to go to the Indies for their evangelization—now the peoples of the Oriental races come to us and are in the midst of us. How changed, too, is the situation that grows out of the fact of our environment with a hundred sects professing Christianity, and the growth even of the Oriental religions among Christian nations, including our own country. The church must meet such an emergency. In London there are to-day bands of educated Catholic laymen announcing and explaining Catholic truths to mixed assemblies in the parks of that great city. In the first Catholic lay congress of America, assembled at Baltimore in 1889, one of the ablest and most interesting papers read was one on "Lay Action in the Church," by Mr. Henry F. Brownson. In New York the missions to non-Catholics are movements in the right direction, and will lead to vigorous lay co-operation. Our Catholic Truth Society, our Tract Societies, and Societies of St. Vincent de Paul, of the Holy Name, Benevolent and Temperance Societies, Catholic Knights of America, Young Men's Catholic Unions, Catholic Historical Societies, the Catholic Authors' Guild recently organized in this city, and numerous sodalities and other devotional associations, in all which this city is so rich, will be able to render important aid to the work of the church.

There is a feature in the church-corporation laws of New York which seems to recognize and favor lay co-operation in religious work. In the incorporation of Catholic churches there is provision made for two lay incorporators among five, the

other three being the bishop, the vicar-general, and the pastor. The control is well secured to the ecclesiastical members by their numbers and by their exclusive right to select the two



THE PROGRESS OF THE CHURCH DEPENDS TO A GREAT EXTENT UPON THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF HER CLERGY.

laymen. This provision of law affords an effective opportunity for securing the services in every incorporated church of laymen of educational and business ability, of zeal and piety and

learning. When St. Alexander, Metropolitan of Jerusalem, and Theoctistus, Bishop of Cæsarea, indignantly repelled an objection to the active work of a distinguished layman in the churches in the third century, they alleged that it was the ancient and current practice of the church to invite the active co-operation of learned, zealous, and orthodox laymen in the Christian apostolate, going then even to the extent of preaching in the churches in the presence of bishops.

The People's Eucharistic League, a pious and devotional society of laymen, which had its first origin in America in New York, is a fit illustration of lay action in the church. It was first introduced amongst us by a pious lady, Miss Eliza Lummis. To promote increased and ever-increasing devotion to Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is its object. Who can visit our churches now and not notice the wonderful increase in the number of the silent worshippers before the tabernacle, the increase in daily and weekly communions, and the greatly enhanced manifestations of piety wherever the devotion of the Forty Hours takes place in a New York church. Gentlemen are as zealous in this, the central devotion of the Christian religion, as the more pious sex. Bands of ladies and gentlemen, in great numbers, alternate every hour in coming, going, and remaining in rapt devotion before the Blessed Sacrament, and present a spectacle pleasing to God and angels. The cathedral is the centre of this organization. At the last celebration of the Forty Hours' Devotion in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, the alternate bands of gentlemen continued the devotion during the entire night, so that the Lamb of the Tabernacle was not left for a single moment without his devout adorers. The Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan is the Eucharistic League's protector, Rev. Michael J. Lavelle is its director-general, Miss Lummis is its president, and also the editor of *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, whose editorial department is under the supervision of Rev. Joseph H. McMahon. When will every Catholic church in Greater New York have its People's Eucharistic League? When will every church in America have one?

New York is from its peculiar advantages a great Catholic educational centre. The colleges of St. Francis Xavier, St. John's at Fordham, and Manhattan College turn out every year a host of educated young men as graduates, and mostly residents of the city. Our male and female academies are very numerous and well equipped for their work. From these insti-

tutions are poured into the Catholic life of the city a stream of educated young men and women whose intellectual and moral training will keep the vital religious current of the community always pure, fresh, and vigorous.

Hon. Joseph F. Daly.

But the educational influences of New York are more widely felt as flowing from its parish schools, where the Catholic masses are educated both in the fundamental courses of secular education and in the principles of their religion. The Catholics of New York, after contributing towards a most expensive system of public school education, have erected and maintain a vast system of Catholic parochial schools. In the city there are now approaching forty thousand children attending these fine Catholic schools. The emulation among the pastors in erecting and conducting them is spirited and noble.

The average attendance at the parochial schools is 308 boys and 343 girls, making a total average of 651 children. There is eloquence in the fact that twenty-four churches have greatly exceeded this large average.

It was my desire to speak particularly of our Catholic judges, lawyers, physicians, authors and writers, our merchants, and other professional and business men. But it is already apparent that our theme is too vast. I must now, however, mention the Catholic Club, whose ample and elegant club-house occupies one of the choicest sites in Fifty-ninth Street, opposite Central Park. The club sprang from the Xavier Union, was organized in 1871, having for its objects the promotion of

the best Catholic spirit among the laity, the study of Catholic literature and history, and the cultivation of union and social intercourse and refinement. It has one of the finest club-houses in the city, built in the early Italian Renaissance style, and possessing every luxury and elegance of current American life. It has the finest and largest club library in this or any city. The presidency of the club is now held by the Hon. Joseph F. Daly, one of the judges of the New York Supreme Court, an ideal gentleman, jurist, and Catholic, who is ably seconded by the vice-president, a whole-souled typical Catholic layman, Mr. Oliver P. Buel, a zealous convert to our faith.

What more appropriate and inspiring mention could I now make than that of St. Joseph's Ecclesiastical Seminary, at Dunwoodie, near Yonkers, which was founded by and is the distinctive work and monument of the zeal and enterprise of our Most Rev. Archbishop? This splendid structure, crowning Valentine Hill, ample in dimensions, imposing and elegant in architecture, and equipped for its sacred purposes in the most perfect and modern manner, is the pride of the metropolitan city. Its departments of theology and philosophy are training one hundred aspirants to the sacred ministry, of whom eighty-four are of this archdiocese. The seminary possesses an excellent library of nearly twenty-four thousand volumes. It is conducted by those eminent educators of the clergy, the Sulpicians, with Very Rev. Edward R. Dyer as its able president. No greater service could any bishop render to his people for the promotion of religion and the higher Catholic life than the creation of such a splendid institution as St. Joseph's Seminary.

Father Cunnion. Dr. Guinon. Father Goggin. Father Cusack.

The four Diocesan Priests constituting the New York Apostolate to non-Catholics.

THE LIFE OF SLEEP.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

"La Psychologie demeurera incomplète tant qu'elle ne tiendra pas compte de tous les faits Physiologiques."—Maury, *Le sommeil et les rêves*, p. 111.

"I confess . . . that to posit a soul influenced in some mysterious way by the brain-states, and responding to them by conscious affections of its own, seems to me the line of least logical resistance, so far as we have yet attained. . . . The bare phenomenon, however, the immediately known thing, which on the mental side is in apposition with the entire brain-process, is the state of consciousness and not the soul itself."—James, *Principles of Psychology*, vol. i. pp. 181–2.

E are not among those who look regretfully to the past and sigh for the good old days when people believed in fairies and hobgoblins, and when hystero-epileptics were put to death as witches. Without wishing to cast a slur upon our not distant ancestors, it will hardly be gainsaid that too many of them devoted over-much time to metaphysics and not enough time to physics. With a few exceptions the learned ones among them were as credulous as the *oi polloi*, and with all our reverence for our great-great-grandfathers, we are thankful that we live in an age when natural science has come to the front, and when the vagaries of the nervous system are recognized as having nothing to do with witchcraft. Yet with all the progress we have made in the last century and a half, comparatively few of us realize that there is a universe within us which we are only beginning to explore, and that the body of man, the master-piece of the Creator, contains more wonders than all the heavens within the sweep of the Lick telescope.

It is strange, indeed, that so few people ask themselves, What is sleep? although many of us pass one-third of our lives in this mysterious state, which has been termed psycho-physiologically the resting-time of consciousness. Before we proceed to give the latest views on the subject, let us observe that our brain contains a mass of cells gathered into myriads of groups. From each group project two sets of nerve-fibres, known respectively as *motor* and *sensory* nerves, which communicate with our five organs of sense as well as with every muscle and tissue in the body. The function of the *motor* nerves is to receive the impulse given to them by their cell-

group and to transmit it *outwardly* to an organ or muscle, where it is expressed in an action characteristic of the same; the *sensory* nerves have sensitive terminations, and are specially adapted to receive impressions from the outer world and to transmit these impressions *inwardly* to the cell-group to which they belong. But besides these two sets of nerve-fibres, there is also a sub-division of the motor class known as the *vaso-motor* nerves, which are distributed to the blood-vessels and serve to constrict or to dilate them according to the impulse imparted by their cell-group, and as the condition of the blood-vessels has, according to eminent authorities, a potent influence on sleep, the vaso-motor theory of sleep is to-day most widely accepted.

MOSSO'S BALANCE.

It has been discovered that at the approach of sleep a change takes place in the circulation of the blood; there seems to be a general relaxation of tone in all the skin or surface vessels of the body. These skin vessels—it is believed owing to the vaso-motor nerves losing their controlling power through fatigue—become enlarged, and this enlargement brings about a fall of arterial pressure, and this diminished pressure on the arteries causes less blood to flow into the brain. And that there is a diminished amount of blood flowing into the brain during sleep has been ingeniously illustrated by the Italian physiologist, Mosso. When a person is placed on what is called Mosso's balance and drops asleep, the feet begin to fall, and the deeper the sleep the lower do the feet incline. Then, after about four hours passed in this state, the skin or surface vessels begin again slowly to contract and the contraction of these surface vessels increases the pressure on the arteries, and this pressure on the arteries becomes gradually greater and greater until finally the normal amount of blood in the brain is reached and sleep comes to an end.

Here let us observe—for it may throw light on the vaso-motor theory of sleep—that during our waking hours the vaso-motor nerves (dilators and constrictors) are kept in ceaseless activity through the numberless sensory impulses which fall upon them, and this activity may very well result after a certain length of time in a condition of fatigue. The vaso-motor centre loses its power to constrict the skin vessels, and these, as we have already remarked, being freed from its control, grow dilated, while the cerebral arteries, through the dilatation of the skin vessels, grow constricted and a comparatively bloodless state of

the brain is brought about, so that sleep ensues and lasts until through rest the vaso-motor centre recovers its tone—its power to constrict anew the skin or surface vessels. *In a word, the coming on and the passing away of sleep would seem to be intimately connected with a rhythmic relaxation and recovery of tone in the vaso-motor centre.*

An interesting fact to note with regard to sleep is that there is now a marked decrease in the carbonic acid eliminated by the body and a marked increase in the oxygen taken in, and this greater quantity of oxygen taken in may be viewed as a reserve supply to be drawn upon during our waking hours. At the same time the heart beats more slowly, our inspirations are lengthened, and the temperature of the body is lowered. The sweat-glands of the skin, too, act more energetically during sleep owing to the dilatation of the skin vessels; there is a more active perspiration, and the body is more inclined to become chilled than when we are awake.

That certain changes take place in the blood during sleep there is little doubt, although we do not yet know positively what these changes are. We do know, however, that after a sleepless night the number of red corpuscles in the blood is greatly diminished, and as the function of the red corpuscles is to distribute oxygen through the body, we can well understand why loss of sleep is weakening, for the blood has become more or less impoverished through loss of oxygen.

THE ACTIVITIES OF SLEEP.

But while sleep has been termed the resting-time of consciousness, experiments show that the spinal cord, and the sensory nerves of the muscular system, do not sleep. We know too, by observation, that the motor nerves of the muscular system may remain active. Indeed, it would seem as if certain of the brain centres must stay more or less on the alert; otherwise how account for the fact that soldiers have been known to march while asleep, and that a duck will sometimes use one foot and keep paddling round and round while fast asleep? The brain may even do good work in this state; if we try to commit to memory some lines before we retire at night, we are often able to repeat these lines much better when we open our eyes the next morning. Here the original impulsion given to the brain has not altogether ceased while we were asleep. And to quote Professor James (*Psychology*, vol. i. p. 213): "The mother who is asleep to every sound but the stirrings of her

babe, evidently has the babe portion of her auditory sensibility systematically awake. Relatively to that, the rest of her mind is in a state of systematized anæsthesia. That department, split off and disconnected from the sleeping part, can none the less wake the latter up in case of need; . . . (we) are forced to admit that a part of consciousness may sever its connections with other parts and yet continue to be." We know too that a whisper, a touch, while it may not rouse the sleeper to full consciousness, can still reach him, albeit faintly, for the brain has been seen to increase in volume at a touch or a whisper, and the same increase in volume occurs during a dream, thus showing that there is for the moment a greater flow of blood into the cerebral arteries. *

VARYING NECESSITIES FOR SLEEP.

Good authorities maintain that a person with an active, highly developed consciousness does not need so much sleep as a savage or a semi-civilized person whose consciousness is not so highly developed; and one physiologist even goes so far as to believe that we may one day be able to do without sleep.† This, however, is extremely doubtful. Beings with a central nervous system who expend an intense energy through conscious life, cannot well repair the machinery—give the needed nutrition to the tissues—unless the anatomical basis of consciousness be allowed to move more slowly for awhile: a healthy mental existence presupposes integrity of the nervous system. We must sleep in order to be awake: these are twin conditions of life. But while a certain amount of physical work which causes a healthy fatigue is conducive to sleep, it is no less true that over-fatigue may drive sleep away. Here the increased heart-throbs have sent too much blood to the brain, and sleep will not come until the heart beats more slowly and until there is a contraction of the cerebral blood-vessels. The reason why too much head-work is not conducive to sleep is because the over-strain causes too great an expansion of the blood-vessels of the brain; these become for the time being incapable of contracting; they are temporarily paralyzed, and until they do contract and until less blood flows into the brain sleep will not come. And we may remark that as the activity of the nervous system is vastly stimulated by light, darkness is

* Blumenbach's experiments on persons whose skulls were injured in such a way as to allow the brain pulsations to be visible.

† Girondeau, *De la circulation cérébrale dans ses rapports avec le sommeil.* Paris, 1886.

always favorable to sleep; it shuts out the stimuli of the outer world and lessens the activity of consciousness. It is very interesting to observe ourselves falling asleep, although every one cannot do this. And as there is a close kinship between waking life and dream life, so between dream life and delirium there is only a difference of degree; dreams and hallucinations have the same origin. We know that a vivid dream, especially if it be repeated, may take such a hold on a person that in his waking state he may not be able to get rid of the haunting vision which came to him in the dream state. Sometimes just as we are about to fall asleep, especially if we have been studying hard, curious, fantastic images appear, and these images are known as hypnagogic hallucinations. One writer, Grüthusen, calls them the chaos of a dream, and they indicate cerebral congestion. Hypnagogic hallucinations would seem to mark the precise moment when our intelligence is withdrawing into the background; they form, as it were, the advance guard of true sleep. And these fantastic figures often assume more reasonable attitudes, take on a less unnatural aspect, as we drop further and further into perfect sleep, and they may then compose the background of an interesting scene in dream life. Maury says in his classic work, *Le sommeil et les rêves*, p. 67: ". . . Je m'entends appeler par mon nom comme je fermais les yeux pour m'endormir; c'était là une pure hallucination hypnagogique; dans le rêve qui suivit de près mon nom me fut plusieurs fois prononcé."

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF.

And now when we are really asleep what a wonderful thing is the dream which comes to us! The long past may be brought to life again. Seemingly unbidden, some part of our brain is able to marshal our thoughts and our memories without the help of the will; and even as the insane person believes in the reality of his hallucination—of his perception without objective basis, so does the dreamer believe in the reality of his dream. Indeed the dividing line between an insane person's hallucination and a sane person's vision cannot easily be drawn; sleep is a phenomenon which stands midway between sanity and insanity.

Although authorities are not entirely agreed on the point, the better opinion is that even in the deepest sleep we have dreams; and that when we awake we are not able to remember them, is no good evidence that our sleep has been dreamless. Our dream may not be recalled until some time

afterwards, and Aristotle held that many of our actions in life have their origin in dreams.

Persons with little intellect seldom dream, and as a rule blind persons dream less than persons with sight, while those who have lost the use of their eyes before their fifth year and during the time when the visual centre is being developed, do not see in dreams; they have no visual sensations. But if sight be lost after this age, the optic nerve is able to maintain its function and the blind person's dreams scarcely differ from those of a person with sight.

THE LAW OF ASSOCIATION IN SLEEP.

During sleep the faculty of memory, instead of growing weaker and disappearing, may on the contrary grow stronger; in a dream we may sometimes recall an event which we had forgotten when awake. We may even continue in a second dream a scene or a conversation begun in a previous one. A sense impression may also cause a dream. Maury tells us how in experimenting on himself he requested a friend to provoke in him certain sensations the nature of which he was not to know beforehand. Accordingly after he had fallen asleep a bottle of cologne water was held to his nose, upon which Maury dreamt that he was in a perfumery shop; and this idea of perfumery evoked in him the thought of the East, and lo! he presently found himself in the shop of Jean Farina at Cairo. Albert Moll, in his interesting work on Hypnotism, says on page 196: "The opinion that by far the greater number of dreams are induced by sense stimuli gains more and more adherents. This receptivity to stimuli which reach the brain, unregulated by the consciousness and mistakenly interpreted, is a phenomenon of both sleep and hypnosis." And to show the link between a dream provoked in normal sleep and the waking dream or hallucination of a mad person, let us say that Maury once heard an insane gentleman, whom he met on a steamboat, complain that a certain usurer who had ruined him was still pursuing him to do him further injury, and was at that very moment cursing him. Sure enough Maury did hear loud oaths; but it was one of the sailors who was swearing, and the unfortunate lunatic blended these real, objective sounds with his own inward, imaginary sensations. Here the phenomenon of auditory hallucination differs but little from that of a provoked dream. As Maury says, in the work we have mentioned, page 159: ". . . dans l'aliénation mentale et le rêve il s'opère une confusion, une association entre le réel et l'imaginaire, entre

ce que l'esprit perçoit réellement du dehors et ce qu'il tire de ses propres créations." Nor is it improbable that a comparative study of dreams and hallucinations may lead to the discovery of some of the laws which govern insanity.

In regard to the sleep of intoxication, it is to be viewed as a pathological condition and is caused by an abnormal flow of blood to the brain. In the mad dreams of alcohol, of delirium tremens, the hallucinations of sight are constantly changing and assuming extravagant appearances. Professor Lasègue holds that in this form of delirium the frightful images are the very starting point of the disorder: "Le délire alcoolique n'est pas un délire mais un rêve."*

And let us add that the most recent investigations of delirium tremens explain the very common visual hallucination of snakes in this disorder to be an abnormal condition of the blood-vessels of the retina. These blood-vessels are found to be dark and congested and are projected into the field of vision, while the turning, squirming movements of these projected blood-vessels do give them the appearance of snakes.

MEMORY AND HALLUCINATION.

It happens sometimes that an image or a face seen in a dream, or a perfume smelt in a dream, may be smelt or perceived for an appreciable time after we are awake. Here again we see the close analogy between a dream and a hallucination; and as memory-pictures form the ground-work of hallucinations —"only what has passed in at the portals of sense can be reproduced"†—so between a memory and a hallucination there is only a difference of degree; they are both quickened by the same mechanism. And the theory of hallucinations which is to-day very widely accepted is, that the brain-picture which originally, normally came from *without* through the sensory nerves, here, owing to a morbid irritation of the sensory centres, comes from *within*: the image follows an inverse route, for it has been proved that the retina of the eye is placed by a hallucination of sight in the same physiological condition as it is placed in by a visual sense impression coming from the outer world.‡ A person who has a hallucination of sight (as when he declares he sees somebody that is dead and buried) does indeed experience a veritable sense impression; only, instead of coming as it originally did (when he saw the person in life), from without to within,

* Lasègue, *Arch. Gen. de Médecine*, November, 1881.

† Parish, *Hallucinations and Illusions*, p. 185. ‡ Max Simon, *Le monde des rêves*, pp. 91–2–3.

the impression now comes from within to without. And what is true of a hallucination of the sense of sight, is true of the other senses. In a word, subjective phenomena are connected with the same nerve-processes as when the organs of sense are outwardly, objectively stimulated; every repetition of a past sensation is accompanied in the nerve elements by processes analogous to those brought about during the accomplishment of the primary and real sensation.

HEREDITARY TENDENCIES MANIFESTED IN SLEEP.

It is the belief of some physiologists that during sleep we may hark back, as it were, to an earlier stage of our existence; our thoughts, our feelings may be the feelings and the thoughts of some remote ancestor. Laycock says in the *Journal of Mental Science*, July, 1875: ". . . When men or animals manifest impulses of an unaccountable character, and experience pleasures and sympathies and pains and antipathies which seem to be out of relation to their culture and personal experience, or to the culture of the family or the race, whether in dreams or when waking, the source of these must be found in long past or ancestral memories reproduced according to the law of reversion; but being out of relation to the external conditions of the individual, and not, therefore, developed by reflex action due to external impressions, they are not revived as knowledge."

And Marie de Manacéine, in her late interesting work on Sleep, pages 318 and 326, says: "Every one sometimes dreams of acts, thoughts, and desires in direct contradiction with his whole character, his convictions and tastes; he dreams of things which cause him horror when awake and fill him with disgust. . . . How can we explain such dreams? The explanation I would offer lies in the sleep of personal consciousness. As soon as a man's personal consciousness is profoundly lulled and consequently inactive, all the tendencies transmitted by his farthest ancestors, which were latent in his waking consciousness, now begin to revive. . . . In the hereditary transmission of the characters of the physical and psychic organism—the continuity of the germ-plasm, as Weismann calls it, or the ideo-plasm, as Nägeli terms it—nothing is lost. The forms which thought takes are organic and transmitted by heredity. Even characteristic gestures, special and peculiar traits, the characteristics of the hand-writing, of thought itself, are transmitted from one generation to another. They are certainly transmitted unconsciously."

In the condition of the nervous system known as somnambulism we find the muscular system remaining wide awake. In this

curious sleep the sense of touch is abnormally keen, so keen that the tactile properties of objects may be connected with their visible aspect—one property can at once suggest the other. Colors even, Professor Frank tells us, may sometimes be recognized by the touch of the sleep-walker; and if true, this must be owing to temperature differences. The somnambulist may even perform his usual avocations, read, write, make calculations, etc.; but the better opinion is that, although his eyes may be open, he has no objective sight perceptions. If he be writing a composition and you deftly slip a blank sheet of paper just like it in the place of the sheet he has been using, he will proceed to make corrections on the fresh sheet. Here the somnambulist has a hallucination of the environment, of the very object which the hyper-excitability of his sense of touch has revealed to him; you have removed the paper on which he was writing, but the exteriorized mental image is transferred to the fresh sheet.

DUPLEX PERSONALITY.

Perhaps an even more singular state than somnambulism is what is known as double personality.* Here one-half of our being would seem to fall asleep while the other half stays awake and goes roaming off by itself. Good authorities hold that the anatomical substratum which unites the elements of general consciousness is here for the time being—through some abnormal weakness—in a state of inactivity, and the anatomical basis of union being for the moment inactive, each half of the brain acts as if it were a whole brain: the disjointed half becomes a subconscious whole. In double personality memory is also seemingly divided; each condition—the normal and the abnormal—possesses a memory of its own, and while the person is in one state he forgets entirely what has happened in the other state. He is not at all aware of his double character, and it is not improbable that by double personality we may explain many cases of mysterious disappearance.

Professor Wigan, in his interesting work—*The Duality of the Mind*—maintains that every person has two brains, and his investigations have been followed up by Dr. Brown-Séquard and others, who see in the phenomena of epilepsy the working of the double brain. In epilepsy there is often a predisposition to an unequal mental development: the two hemispheres of the brain have not been equally educated, and hence arises a greater liability to brain exhaustion in one hemisphere than

* For unconscious cerebration and the double self see the late interesting work, entitled *The Psychology of Suggestion*, by Dr. Boris Sidis.

in the other, and in consequence of this exhaustion in one hemisphere comes the irresistible explosion of energy to which the name epilepsy is given.

But if the reader wishes to learn more about this mysterious state we recommend to him Dr. J. S. Morand's work, *Le Magnétisme animal;* especially chapter xv.

HYPNOTIC SLEEP.

Having spoken briefly of normal sleep, of somnambulism, and of double personality, we conclude with a few words on the hypnotic sleep. The better opinion is that this peculiar pathological condition (artificially induced madness it has been called) is entirely due to suggestion; the suggestion theory of Dr. Bernheim is to-day much more widely accepted than the neurosis theory held by the late Dr. Charcot.* We believe that light may be thrown on the phenomena of hypnotism by self observation —by carefully observing the connecting links between normal life and hypnosis. We know that every person is more or less prone to let himself be influenced by the ideas of others; and if we expect a certain physiological or psychological effect to take place, the expected effect often does take place. A person who suffers from sleeplessness may often be put to sleep by drinking a spoonful of something which he has been told is a sleeping potion, yet it is perhaps only a little colored water. He sleeps because he expected to sleep. Here we see that to expect a thing to happen and to wish for it are essentially different things. A person may wish for sleep, but it does not come because he does not expect it. Expectation may even produce a sense perception; sometimes as soon as we sit down in a dentist's chair we begin to feel the pain of an operation, although the dentist has not yet touched the tooth.

THE CLUE TO THE MAZE.

What we say makes it clear that in order to produce a motor disorder in a person who is in a perfectly normal condition, we must first of all draw his attention to what we wish to effect, and then make him firmly expect that it will be brought about. If we succeed, for example, in placing in the foreground of his thoughts the conviction that he cannot lift his arm, in many cases he will not be able to lift it. Here we have disturbed the man's mental balance; he feels that his will

* Dr. Charcot held that the phenomena of hypnotism are represented by three successive states, viz., 1st, Catalepsy; 2d, Lethargy; 3d, Somnambulism.

power is weakened, and this feeling of weakened will power lessens more and more his power of resistance. He already doubts his own will power, and is ripe for further susceptibility to accept as true whatever else we may tell him. Now, this development of a weakened will power in himself, accompanied by an increased faith in us, gives a clue to the wonderful things done in the hypnotic sleep through suggestion. In hypnotism the all-important point is to gain sufficient influence over the subject, to persuade him to have absolute faith in us. And let us observe that while in normal sleep a person is in touch only with himself, in the hypnotic sleep he is in touch with the one who has thrown him into this state. The subject has fallen into the hypnotic sleep with his mind wholly engrossed with the hypnotizer; he hears only what the hypnotizer says and accepts as true what the hypnotizer suggests. *Nor are the effects developed through suggestion anything more than a dream evoked and directed by the hypnotizer.* And in this condition of psychic hyper-excitability, in this marvellous dream-consciousness, all kinds of delusions may be suggested. The person hypnotized will drink vinegar for wine, he will take a broomstick for a man, while well-defined reddenings, a burn, a blister, have been made to appear on his skin at the suggestion of the hypnotizer.

BUT IS IT A SAFE CLUE?

But while the better opinion is that the will is not entirely in abeyance during the hypnotic sleep, it would seem in every case to be set in action by an impulse coming from without—from the hypnotizer. But we have not space to say more on this deeply interesting subject, and we believe that we cannot do better than recommend the reader to read chapter xxvii. of James's *Psychology* if he wishes to find the latest views on hypnotism. In a note to page 610, vol ii., Professor James says: "I must repeat . . . that we are here on the verge of possibly unknown forces and modes of communication. Hypnotization at a distance, with no grounds for expectation on the subject's part that it was to be tried, seems pretty well established in certain very rare cases."

That we stand on the threshold of wonderful discoveries relating to the physical basis of life, we do firmly believe. And among these discoveries none will shed more glory on natural science, none will be of greater benefit to humanity, than the one which will make clear to us the physiology and psychology of sleep.

"Monstra te esse Matrem."

Oh, show Thyself our Mother! Let the cry
Of us, Thy children, gain Thy listening ears;
Mourning and weeping in this vale of tears,
In dreary banishment, to Thee we sigh,
For help, for succor, still to Thee we fly,
Our loving Mother; all our hopes, our fears,
Our griefs are known to Thee; the weary years
Of exile: Mother! when we come to die,
Be near us still, we pray Thee, for His sake
Who took our flesh from Thee: in ev'ry need,
In ev'ry danger, Blessed Mother, plead
For us with Him, who deigned to undertake
The burden of our sins, our chains to break:
Mother, our Mother! hear and intercede.

F. W. Grey.

THE NET IN THE MODERN WORLD.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.

ONE night when wandering away from the town of Bognor, on the southern coast of England, I came upon the hut of a fisherman. The sea was very calm, the sky was very beautiful; the fisherman's net was spread out on the shore; it had done its work for the day. The light was out, the fisherman was asleep. He too had done his work for the day. The whole scene seemed a picture of that blessed night of rest which is to come; that hour when there shall be no deordination anywhere in God's universe, either upon the sea or upon the shore, by water or by land.

This is not to-day's picture! The fisherman is not asleep, but awake; we have not the cool shadow of the night, but the lurid fervor of the day; the sky is not decked with stars, but heavy with clouds; the sea is not still, but ruffled; the net is not upon the shore, but in the sea. What a marvellous figure is Christ's parable of the net! The net is swamped below—is part of the sea; yet it retains its distinct nature—its own individuality. So does the church, in relation to the world. Times there have been in the church's history when, to the careless eye, it would be hard to find; when the world seemed all sea, and the church a net that had lost its moorings, a net sunk into the deeps with its precious freight. But, somehow, with the stakes firmly rooted upon the shore, with the durable fibre of the net attached thereunto, with the strength of some invisible hand, the captive fishes are slowly dragged to shore. This we must not forget. Rationalist historians do not give sufficient natural causes to explain this historical fact.

Is it, then, extreme to say that we of the present have lost confidence in the divinity that preserves our mission?

Is it unsafe to say that what we call tempting providence is but superstition and human fear?

Is there anything irreverent in believing that we do not presume enough upon the divine power that is safeguarding the church—the stake that binds the net unto the shore?

The church's principles are divinely protected. They are reflections of God's immutable nature. We have clinched every argument for their support; they are expressions of the truth that shall live for ever, in spite of the buffeting of the fluctuations of time. The essence of religion is safe. It is indelibly sealed upon the church's constitution by a stamp more impressive than man's. Christ's promise to the commonwealth of the church is of no value unless it holds good to-day! Therefore we may broaden out methods of church work, make them more elastic, adjust them to new situations in modern thought, to new complications in modern history. Fishes are fishes all the sea over, as men are the same everywhere in the world. Yet fishes divide themselves into finny tribes, as do men into nations and different tongues. Fishes take on the color of the flood that stirs above them. They are affected by the vegetation that grows in the caverns of the deep. So do men vary, in temperament and racial characteristics. They are part of the institutions of their countries, they are even influenced by climatic conditions. Likewise must it be with the church—a net cast into the sea and gathering together of all kinds of fishes. The church's methods for the placing and drawing of the net must perforce differ with different circumstances. The church must be superior yet not opposed to the state, as the state must not be antagonistic to the church; but each must move in its own sphere.

The Mediterranean, to the south of France, is quite unlike the blue waters of the Adriatic; as the Baltic Sea, to the north of Germany, is fringed with a country dissimilar from the Irish coast. By this is meant there is sometimes the danger of transplanting foreign measures to effect a domestic cause. Italy and Spain are lands rich in poetry and sentiment, romance and melancholy, art and religion, where the women are easily beautiful and the skies ever soft, where every grain of dust is tinged with martyr's blood and every treasure contains a sacred relic. In Spanish churches pretty children, clad in white and streaming flowers, dance before the tabernacle. The Italian *festa* is a national holiday, and the patron saint of the town the hero of the hour. These peoples are artistic. So is their religion. They live on ideals, they love heroes, they must have bright lights and florid music, color and form.

With us religion is very often different—the country is practical, the people cast in severer mould. Essentially we believe the

same truths; accidentally our applications are different. There are men in the church to-day who will not make compromises in little things, thinking that they are sacrificing principles. They will not relax the cords of the net to give way to the action of the waters. The consequence is that the church, in many places, is unduly under strain from the force of the current in the sea. They have no faith in the Fisherman who wove the web of the network of the church. It was so constructed that different streams of different tides—of different races—should flow through the threads of its meshes. It was made to expand and contract with every dangerous eddy that whirls in the relentless sea. It is of the nature of church methods to yield to the pitch and violence, the dash and fretting of the waves. The fabric of the net was stitched to be worn upon the crest and in the trough of the billow. Its texture gives way with pressure and rises with the heaving of the swell. Shall we, then, make the net rigid until it snap? Shall we not see that the fundamentals are few? That upon the outer margin of our line of work there is almost unrestrained liberty, the capacity to adapt to moving conditions in this new life and in these United States? Let us frame a law within the kingdom of our souls forbidding the importation of unsuitable modes of spiritual devotion, exotic religious customs, certain books of asceticism that were written in a peculiar crisis of the church and can bear fruit only in another clime. The church's majesty of ritual, its styles of architecture, must ever appeal to the æsthetic sense; but these are only shadows of the body. They enter into the region of emotion, and only indirectly touch the mind and the will of this age.

Our mission is to emphasize the essentials of church work and to widen out the accidentals. There are pressing problems all about us, ripe for solution. Men nowadays are not troubled by ripples on the surface; they strike down to the bed-rock of the stream. It is not so much that they will not believe in a truth, but they deny the objective existence of all truth. There are subtle difficulties of sociology, problems of justice, definitions of rights, limitations of ownership, brokerage and interest, usury and speculation, ill-adjustments of undeveloped departments of theology with reputed science, a more thorough understanding between moral ethics and medical knowledge, questions of crime and heredity, the rights of life as against the agents of destruction, grades of intensity of sin in different complexions of

body, the relative power of the will in diseases like kleptomania and dipsomania. These are but a few of the objections, and superficial answers to them will not do. Men say we are narrow, and sometimes they are right. We believe the net to be fragile and the sea too treacherous; we are morbidly timid. We will not slacken the cords of the net to the shifting of the sea, but we strain and pull even against the hand that holds the church. The pressure of recent events obliges us even to humiliate ourselves to meet these new changes. We shall never properly be understood upon the subject of education until we make it clear that we are not seeking to destroy the present system, but rather looking for some method that shall secure moral discipline to the young. The ignorant will ever distort our motives until we show that our centuries of traditional teaching do not prevent us from bowing in reverence to the advances of modern pedagogy. These are simple instances, touched merely in passing—brief references to occasions in which we are driven to make legitimate concessions to the enemy, to force him to appreciate our attitude of mind.

If space were at hand, much could be said of that essential life of the church which never changes—that deeper life of God's spirit in the church which is immutable, since the Being of God is ever the same. However, enough has been asserted to rid us of the awful fear of being misinterpreted in making a very serious distinction between what is of the church and what are merely the human methods in the presentation of the church's truth.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN CITIZENSHIP.

BY ROBERT J. MAHON.

E can forgive the man who parts with us, leaving the old road when it becomes obstructed, and seeking some new route that promises good travelling and a short journey. He will sadly miss the old landmarks, and the familiar holes and difficulties that marked the progress of the old journeyings; still he may reach his destination much earlier in the day. But let him undertake to reach his political end by any other than the party way, and the thorough-going party men will never pardon him. He may forsake his political creed and take up another, may abandon his party to join the opposing one, and there will be charity for his offences; but when he acts on his political convictions independently of party, he commits the unpardonable sin of mugwumpery.

Looking back at the long-continued efforts for higher ideals within the parties, and measuring their scant results, it does not seem strange that men who think alike are now wise enough to make a new venture on their own account. The familiar promises of reform within the parties, of broadening primary entrances, of meeting the better element in the true spirit of harmony, and the like, have usually sufficed to prevent any wandering from the old party road; and some expert politicians still believe they will yet do their accustomed work. But now that a new way has been found, and one seeming so much more convenient and decidedly more effective than the old, it becomes a cause for unusual alarm in the party councils. For it is now feared that the new way will look so easy and so direct that it will soon become the popular and sensible direction of political activity.

When we cast about for the causes of the remarkably popular disposition to act politically without regard to party organizations, we find a fertile literature on the subject. It has even come about that the courts have had occasion to discuss the topics, and we can offend no one if we quote a decision of the Supreme Court of this State which has been adopted and affirmed by the Court of Appeals:

STRONG LANGUAGE FROM THE SUPREME COURT.

"It is a part of the history of the State, that at the time our present election statute was first enacted municipal government had generally fallen and settled into the control of dishonest and criminal persons, who were mere politicians by trade and without any lawful occupations, and who had no interest in government or in politics, except to obtain opportunity to enrich and aggrandize themselves by looting the public treasury. They obtained and held such control by means of their control of party organizations, and by a system of voting which exposed the voter to the oversight and strong influence of such organizations at the polls. In this way they were enabled to nominate and elect to high office, not themselves but individuals of better name and fame, willing, however, to be their mere tools when elected, and to place allegiance to those who thus put them in honorable office above official obligation and duty to the community. The government of many of our cities had in this way become so low, base, and corrupt that no account of the like could be found in past history except in the case of governments and nations which were fast tottering to their fall, either from the general moral debasement or the general despair of their citizens. It was with the avowed purpose of helping the electors to lift government out of this condition that our election statute was passed. Its object was to make independent nominations and independent voting not only possible but easy; to enable every one to vote freely according to his manhood and conscience. Such object was expressed in its first title, which designated it as 'An act to promote the independence of voters at public elections.'" (In re McCloskey, 81 State Rep., 295.)

THE DEFECTS OF THE PRIMARY SYSTEM.

But taking a more cheerful view of the situation and passing over the more glaring offences of some of our public servants, we can readily find another and most potent cause for the new departure. Many are now taking the view that the party method of trying to maintain representation by the primary, is about as antiquated and worthless as the old system of peddling ballots that would now seem so absurd. The primary election does not seem to have any practical value in modern days for thickly settled communities, in getting at the actual desires of the people. The average citizen, fairly willing to do his duty as a citizen, will not go to it. In the cities, where

neighbors are not known to one another, it can amount to no more than the bringing together of a mass of people who have few interests in common. The poor and the rich, and all the various degrees between, are supposed to meet at long intervals for a purpose that will be, or at least has been, generally defeated. Under ordinary circumstances the brusque and the daring have had more weight than the wise and the decent. A certain class could always be counted upon, and it is said that they graced the meetings of both the great parties. And even should it come about that attendance became general, what would it avail? Before any practicable good would come of it the practice would have to be continued for a long time, and in all parts and districts. Many things would happen that would so disgust the citizen as to force him into quitting. It would be practical politics of the sharpest kind, a duel between the selfish and the unselfish with boisterous harangue, insult, and low ridicule as the principal weapons. Few men will undertake to cope with the primary if they have to meet these difficulties. Sensible men prefer the limited express to the slow accommodation train—especially if the passengers in the latter are given at times to horse-play. If it is well known that the people as a whole will not go to the primaries, and thus make the party organizations actually representative, ordinarily intelligent men will not waste further effort in that direction. There is no positive command that the only way must be *via* the primary. If any decent practicable method is at hand by which the real intent of the people can be expressed, it would seem to be right to try it. The professional politicians have a suspicious love for the old-fashioned primary, well knowing that the people have always avoided it, and cannot be dragged out of pleasant homes to meet the hurly-burly of preordained defeat, or the mechanical operation of prearranged unanimity.

The new way of nominating by petition is at least one practical, workable plan of getting at the wish of the people. If they will not go to the petition, it can be taken to them. It costs time, money, and effort as the law now stands; and if the few will pay for the benefit of the many, it is likely that the practice will continue in spite of its many difficulties. In effect, it is the carrying of the primary to the people. The recent contest in New York City has proven its great strength and popularity by beating a great political party, the victor of the preceding election. The expert politicians see its great possibilities, and are rushing over one another with all sorts of claimed reform methods for the discarded primary.

Perhaps the best feature of the new independentism is that it dwells almost exclusively on honest administration, as against mere legislative reforms. The several parties have a great fancy for demanding new legislation without an equally brave desire for enforcement. It becomes the old story of misleading the people, perhaps unwittingly, by pretending that statutes are automatic. A new broom is no more effective than an old one unless an active person handles it. And it is more the enforcing of law, rather than the making of it, that needs improvement. The general public has an imperfect conception of the extent of official lassitude suffered through non-enforcement of existing statutes. We are taught to reverence law, as the command of the whole people for the public good, and by its very majesty it is supposed to compel respect; and we are loath to believe that public officers handle it with scant courtesy at times. The old-fashioned notion that officials were the instruments and not the masters of the law is often assailed by some assumed right to interpret the law according to the whim of some man or class of men. Thus we have some administrators claiming to exercise a superior wisdom when they make some law inoperative or suspend it in special cases. Excluding from consideration the solicitude shown to special classes at times, the liquor trade and illicit enterprises founded on vice and prohibited by law, there is besides this feature of local statesmanship, a very large degree of unnoticed voluntary non-enforcement. It is matter of common knowledge, however, that high officials strain human ingenuity to evade the competitive civil service. The cheapest trick or sham will be used to override it, and the courts are often kept busy undoing the wrongs wrought by otherwise self-respecting officials.

ONE MASTER AND ONE TEST.

Another feature which commends the new departure to many people is that it recognizes but one master—the whole people; and but one test—the oath of office. To draw from all the people it must of necessity be non-partisan with respect to office. The candidate is supposed to stand for the people, as distinguished from a party or several parties. The latter-day publicist makes a sharp distinction between non-partisanship and multi-partisanship; defining the one as the non-recognition of party, and the other as the recognition of several parties. In practice, it is claimed that men will be selected for public duty on their merits, without regard to the benefit the appointment would give the party; and dismissed when they appear incom-

petent, in spite of any great importance as party workers. Any other plan would, of course, be gross deception. You cannot get a man to join you in an independent movement if, after victory, you use patronage to build up a national party which he opposes; that is, he won't repeat the experience. He will tolerate much rather than be the open victim of a trick.

Thus, it is claimed that the non-partisan plan is particularly applicable to villages and cities. The great party organizations do not differ in principle or practice as to the administration of municipal corporations Each party declares itself to be the more honest and the more capable, and each uses or wants to use the patronage of city control for the pecuniary benefit of its workers and contributors. Party platforms, made to sound the death-knell of official abuses, become weak instruments when once the practical party men begin the distribution of their favors. Even the unselfish and the honest patriots feel a glow of pleasure in the doling out of the loaves and fishes, for they believe that success begets success and state and nation will be their next publical advance, and the commonwealth will thus be guarded. When both the great parties adopt the same plan, have the same aim, and are prone to the same vice, the difference between them on local affairs depends wholly on the partisan point of view.

When official sustenance favors your party you are not so sensitive to public scandals as when the other side is growing fat on similar nourishment. But when patronage is not used to strengthen any party, men of all parties will join an independent movement that promises well. It will be said that some one must hold office, and that members of parties, being probably better known, will get them, and thus patronage will go to the parties. But this is the seeming of something not real. If party organizations are not taken into account in making appointments, there will be no party patronage. Scattering appointments among several members of a party without respect to the dictum of the organization, is more demoralizing in practical politics than absolute exclusion from office. It injures party discipline and shakes the authority of leaders, and the like.

THE LOGIC OF PLACE.

All who are not so called political amateurs have abiding faith in the persuasive argument contained in an appointment to office. And logically, those selecting men for public place become a fount of political wisdom, develop into leaders, and thus make a strong organization. Large cities are the great

feeders for this kind of party development. This is so generally recognized that leading men of both parties regard the control of cities as of the highest practical importance. And as it is a good thing in one sense for the party, it is nursed and developed until its many ramifications touch the most unexpected places. The party organizations have extended the plan and scope of distribution so as to take in employment under the large corporations and contractors and merchants having business with city governments. Men now seeking employment of that kind go to district leaders of the several parties instead of seeking the employer. The only fair inference is that the corporations, merchants, and contractors expect favor in return from the party organizations. The making of new places goes on without end, and some have offices with invisible duties. Certain public servants think so well of some of their brethren in that fraternity that salaries are to be raised, and special legislation can be had for the purpose of making it legal in a formal sense. Special classes of placeholders form an association and "employ counsel" to watch their interests; the cause of one being thus made the concern of all, and with the tax-payers at a disadvantage. And all this while the people are crying of "hard times"! As non-partisanship cannot adopt these features of government except for self-destruction, it gains considerable credit with all except the official class; for these latter fully realize that the surest means of gaining and holding office obtain in the strict party organization.

You will find extreme parties who will have none of non-partisanship, although unable by themselves to attain any practical success. They believe in keeping up a losing fight from one generation to another, as a sort of highly moral protest. They will say that this formal contest will at least keep the organization intact, and thus perform one function of party. In this they find many supporters among unselfish and sincere people. Excluding the suggestion of any sinister motive, the practice is at best a mere contest for organization purposes, and wholly unmindful of the real end for which a political organization is supposed to work. It is an absolute contradiction to the true party policy of seeking the best attainable good. And yet the same party men will harshly criticise the Prohibitionists for similar wilfulness, although having a highly moral motive. The only terms on which these extremists will join an independent non-partisan uprising is on a parcelling of the offices, or

what they term in more dignified phrase a "recognition of the organization." And in default of such a compromise they are quite content to keep up a hopeless fight on their separate account. Of course this is not political controversy, but a mere contest for offices, or at least some of them, on the old "benefit to party" plan.

GOVERNOR FLOWER'S ARRAIGNMENT.

In an interesting paper aimed at non-partisan movements (*Forum*, July, 1897) ex-Governor Flower draws the familiar picture of this harmonizing, on the spoils plan, of repellant elements and principles:

"A succession of conferences follows; the first difficulty encountered being, as a rule, not any difference among the parleying representatives as *to the principles or issues* of the campaign—*for those are usually left to the original non partisans*—but a difference as to the proportionate representation of the various political organizations on the ticket, and as to the availability of the names suggested for candidates."

Mr. Flower was describing the independent movement in New York four years ago, and reasonable men will admit its general accuracy. But in a moment of unconscious jest he continued: "The ticket is nominated, not in convention by delegates duly chosen after public notice, but in a club corner by self-appointed *nominators*." If we can place any faith in current political literature of the highest class, we are led to believe that local party nominating does not require more than the singular number. But if a goodly number of nominators are requisite for independent nominations, it will be observed that much progress has been made in four years. The recent nominations in New York are said to have had at least five hundred nominators in each assembly district, each of whom took the trouble to sign his name five times, and swear to his qualifications as well. This the statute required, for the partisan legislators who allowed the law to pass were extremely careful that independent nominations by express statute could not be less generally representative. But no wise people will quarrel with any one man if he by some magic perspicacity selects a candidate whose name suggests honest government, fair treatment, and the intelligent support of the people; providing always that after victory the then official does not depend unduly on the talents of the magician nominator. It would be human to bend the will and yield to the judgment of the man

having such remarkable power of political divination. And then there is a debt of gratitude due from the nominated which ordinarily demands a large measure of reward lest it be said that the people are ungrateful, for they it is who pay these debts.

NEGATIVE EVIDENCE.

These suggestions naturally lead the mind to a frank admission by Mr. Flower of some prevailing public wrongs generally considered as part of our political system: "The success of the party in state and national contests has frequently been prevented by having to carry this heavy burden of administrative sins heaped up by local political adherents who, treacherous to party name and party principles, have used the party name to promote private plunder." Then with equal frankness the non-partisan plan is unwittingly commended in these words: "I believe that the net result of the non-partisan movement . . . has been of distinct advantage, in some respects, to the people of New York; but its merits have been confined to the services of a comparatively few men who have conducted their offices with conspicuous fidelity and intelligence."

We find cordial support for non-partisanship in these quotations because the officials he commended were the only men appointed, as every one knows, without regard to party organizations. Mr. Flower suggests the usual remedy, of a more general interest and direct action by the people in party affairs, eliminating that which is offensive and rehabilitating party integrity; but he nowhere points to any practical work or means by which this much-desired result is to be had. Presumably, he would on special request refer us to the primary.

Before taking leave of this ingenuous argument against non-party action, we cannot fail to notice the unusual view taken by it of party purposes:

"In the great cities of New York and Brooklyn, where so large a proportion of the voters are of foreign birth, and where there are so many ignorant persons easily swayed by un-American influences, the restraint laid upon that element by the powerful political organizations, with their clubs and workers in every election district, has many times been the greatest protection to good government in those cities, and must still continue to be to the government of Greater New York. To encourage political independence among the ignorant and vicious, and to break down the power of political organizations

which hold these in check, is to stimulate anarchy and to open the way for socialistic attacks upon property. The possible evils of partisan government had better long be endured than to incur any risk of delivering the city over to the power of such dangerous elements."

If the party is really to serve as a shield, or as a strainer, one's attention naturally turns to the character and public disposition of the man or men holding and using this peculiar party instrument. When we have discovered whether they are in fact responsible to the people, are acting under an official oath, have patriotic instincts, or are blessed with a high ideal of public duty, then we have a more accurate idea of this auxiliary government. But it is to be hoped that in a democracy of intelligent citizenship, and surely ours is claimed to be such, one would as lief admit autocracy as to publicly avow the exercise of such bureaucratic powers as these would be. As against this, Jefferson's professed trust in the people comes like a gust of fresh air.

ROSE-COLORED VIEWS.

It is trusted that the misfortunes said by professional party men to follow in the wake of independent movements, whether non-partisan or multi-partisan, will not come to pass. Political freedom cannot be said to be harmful in a true democracy, and its wider growth will be feared by none who are in a good state of health and understand true democracy. To the parties it seems to promise hitherto unseen benefits. The drum of the independent and the bugle of the belligerent non-partisan have called out from decent, intelligent firesides a good quality of active citizenship. Men are now taking a most active part in politics who wouldn't have touched the subject before. The influential middle-class are taking hold of the machinery that moves the state, and they seem to like it. And what seems most favorable is, the permanent enthusiasm of a large body of voluntary workers without axes to grind, and no leaders to serve. All these will naturally act within their parties on all State and national matters, and as an acting part of the organizations will put new life where it is most needed. But elbowing themselves very noisily to the front, we shall find others, mere mercenaries at heart, masquerading under the cloak of good citizenship; some bearing good names that help to confirm the disguise, all of them ready to abandon their professed principles the moment personal gain can be

best served. It proves nothing, of course, but gives a handy weapon of attack to those of the same kind who follow the usual and surer route to personal preferment, *via* the party organization.

The attractive feature in the movement is the idealist, as willing to preach from the cart-tail as from the dignified opera-house platform; as earnest with a score of chance listeners as with a thousand. The sputtering lantern and red fire are his beacons of welcome, and a single convert will be taken as a substantial gain. Interrupt his discourse, and he will thank you for the attention; he then knows that you listen. He is of no special class, condition, or creed; he may be a baker, a printer, a lawyer, or a merchant. I have seen each of them in turn mount the politico-educational truck, and have heard them talk with that certain inspiration of eloquence—sincerity. To the plain people they claim a special mission: as to all who have no relatives in places or expecting places, to all who would have men seeking work go direct to the employer for it, and to all who want government on its merits and from its officials. For there is a rare pleasure in talking directly to the people on that which is so directly important to them; and when there is truth in what is preached, one begins to feel in some sense akin to the brotherhood of man.

All substantial advances were once ideals. And, as the people take them up, they assume practical shape and become real to all. The so-called idealists of to-day may become the wise leaders of to-morrow. They will look at the preliminary repulse as the mere forerunner of substantial, permanent victories. They will tell you that Bunker Hill was a defeat for Prescott's men, but might have been a victory had the American forces been more homogeneous; that the colonists gathered new courage when they saw that British valor had been made to yield twice that day to American arms behind the rail fences; and that a stubborn, persistent campaign soon after drove the British out of Boston. They would rather spread the principle broadly among the people than be satisfied with the temporary success or defeat at an election.

As it is, the non-partisan idea has in a few years become practical enough to be feared. It is now regarded rather as respectable than as foolish, and ridicule has given way to abuse, as a more effective weapon of party defence. But whatever may be the actual outcome, it cannot harm American politics. In a free land none can be, politically, too free.

IN THE PARISH OF THE SACRED HEART.—III.

BY MARGARET KENNA.

"I AM THE CAPTAIN OF MY SOUL."

WAS it an April shower, or was the parish of the Sacred Heart whispering its prayers?

A shower it was, for as little Tom and Molly ran into the garden to plant a paper of mignonette the last rain-drops were still clinging to the grape-leaves, and when a blue-bird hopped on the old vine they fell tinkling like dream-bells.

When the mignonette was scattered over the dark earth the two little people paused a moment in the twilight, wondering what the harvest would be.

"I choose to take the first bunch to Miss Agnes, for Our Lady's shrine," said Molly.

"No, Molly, I choose to take it."

"No, Tom, I'm going to take it. I'm the oldest."

"I'm the youngest," said Tom; "but isn't it my mignonette?"

"Isn't it mine, too? Tom, you ought to be ashamed!"

"Molly, so ought you!"

"But you're only a little boy!"

"You're only a little girl! Molly, do you think mamma

would like you to behave like this to your only little brother in the world?"

"And what would mamma think if she knew you would treat your only little sister this way?"

Now they paused.

"Molly," said Tom very softly, "you may take the mignonette to Miss Agnes."

"No, Tom; thank you just as much, dear, but you must take it."

"No, Molly—" Tom's voice was sad.

"But, Tom, you promised mamma to be good!"

"That's why I want you to take the mignonette, Molly."

"But, Tom, that's why I want you to take it. I promised, too!"

Tom sighed so that his soul almost escaped the little blue sailor-waist.

"Well, Molly, I suppose we can't both be good."

"I'll let you be good, Tommy," said Molly gloriously, "but —I wonder what mamma will think of me!"

"No, Molly, you can be good. You're my only little sister in the world!"

"Tom," said Agnes la Garde, when April was almost over, "don't forget you promised me some mignonette. We shall have bride-wreath and lilac, but I want a handful of your mignonette for fragrance. So see that it is up and blooming," she added caressingly to the little fellow, "and Our Lady will not forget you."

Tom looked up at Miss Agnes with a silent, beautiful smile. As the glistening April days chased away into fragrant April nights, he forgot the joy of sacrifice. He forgot Molly. He wanted to take the mignonette to Miss Agnes, with his love. In some strange way she foreshadowed to his little heart the sweet Lady for whom flowers bloomed. Through the long winter the shy delight of handing her this little bunch of mignonette had haunted him and held back his arm when it ached to do a deed of war upon some one of his own doughty kind. Last year he had pledged himself to the blossoming of this dainty flower for the first of May. He was a good gardener, but not as good as the sun and the sudden, blithe showers. The mignonette now stood waiting.

At sundown, on the first of May, he went into the garden with the scissors. Molly was not there. No one was there

but the blue-bird and the old grapevine. But a voice said, loud enough for the blue-bird to hear:

"And what would mamma say, if she knew you would treat your only little sister this way?"

The blue-bird heard—and so did little Tom, with the bouquet in his hand. Oh, it *was* hard! In battle there is a general, on a big white horse, to point the way, but in every-day marches, like this one of little Tom's, the heart must needs be its own leader. The mignonette was all of life to him to-day—and a day was long to little Tom.

He ran around to church, smelling the bouquet as he went.

Agnes had not come yet. He thrust the flowers in a glass, and, finding a scrap of paper, printed his message:

"*Here is the mignonette, Miss Agnes. Molly sent it.*

Yours truly, TOM."

O little Tom with the blue eyes, no general rode before you on a big white horse, but you won in your first engagement!

A PARISH CHILD.

As John Martin was passing the church he heard a child's voice in the vestibule:

"Lie down, Victor, and wait for me. I'm going in to make a visit to my Blessed Mother."

It was his little Mary.

Victor curled himself up in the sunshine, and when the child had flashed up the aisle to Our Lady's shrine, John walked in and sat in the darkness near the door. He was a very tall man, in a long black coat and black trousers. His hair was white, his shoulders bent, and his cheeks were red and scarred.

It was long since he had been in the little church. A great sadness came over him there. It was a day in spring-time and he could smell the apple-bloom and hear the robin in the tree. To his thirst the bird's song was like a spring of living water, murmuring in the silence. He thought of the roses he had seen blossom and die on the little white altar, and he thought of the gladness of his youth.

Only a few bars of sunshine separated him from little Mary. She was kneeling very still, with her hands folded. A parting beam of sunlight fell on her, silvering her face and making her white dress shimmer in the dusk. John slipped one or two pews nearer, and shaded his eyes with his hand as he watched her.

Was she a miracle of marble, or his own little child?

"Sweet Mary, papa was drunk again last night and mamma cried herself to sleep. O sweet Mary!—you don't care if I call you by your first name, do you? Mamma says I must say

"JOHN SAT IN THE DARKNESS NEAR THE DOOR."

Miss to Miss Agnes, but in heaven it's different. I don't say Mister to our Lord. I just say:

Little Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a simple child.

Well, sweet Mary, please help mamma. Do you know me? I am little Mary Martin."

In the dusk little Mary went tiptoeing down the aisle, and Victor barked for joy.

Her father went to the communion-rail, and, searching for the marks her dimpled knees had made in the dust, he knelt too and prayed.

How different the prayers of innocence and guilt! He almost sobbed the words out and his tall frame trembled.

"Sweet Mary, I am little Mary Martin's father. Have pity on me and help me to keep the vow I take. Let me die rather than taste drink again. Pray for me, my Blessed Mother, for little Mary's sake!"

ONCE UPON A TIME.

The parish house used to be a little gray cottage under the maples. The trees were so close together that, in summer, they made a solitude almost sad. A sunbeam there was as mystically bright as a sunbeam in some dim cathedral. But the birds found it gay enough. They came at the sound of Father Salvator's voice, not one but all—robins, blue-birds, swallows, red-birds, sparrows were rivals for his love.

It happened more than once that as he was walking up and down the garden path saying his office, a red-bird flew upon the gilt leaves of his breviary and even walked over the black and red letters. Sparrows lighted upon his shoulders, and when once a blue-bird's nest was rifled, she brought the last little fledgling and put it into his pocket. When the Angelus rang they knew that it was crumb-time, and they flew to the porch and waited for him. He always came, and the good and the bad received the same bounty from his hands. There are bad as well as good amongst the birds, so Father Salvator says, for one of the frequenters of his feast is a black-bird with a white feather in its wing. Mr. Blackbird, he says, has grown gray in serving the world. He is like St. Francis among them, and his tenderness goes like a golden text into their little hearts.

A child came down the garden-path one summer day. It was little Mary Martin, and above her head the leaves parted to let the blessed sunlight warm her delicate white cheeks.

"Father," she said, "mamma wants you to say Mass for Grandada to-morrow, please."

There is music in the world when Mary Martin speaks. She holds out an envelope now with the offering in it. Father Salvator takes it, and then, as she is running down the garden-path, he calls. He always calls little Mary back at the last moment. She comes with a faint blush of delight.

"Mary," he says, "do you believe in broken hearts?"

"I don't know, father," little Mary answers shyly.

"Do you believe a bird could have a broken heart?"

"I don't know, father."

"Yes, you do know. Why don't you know?"

"I don't know, father."

This time she laughs.

"Well, sit down; I want to tell you a story."

Little Mary sits down on the edge of the porch. Her bare feet do not touch the ground, but the long grass tickles her

"He is like St. Francis among them."

toes. Like a little bog-trotter from Connemara, more than like an American child, is this innocent Mary. Her brown feet know the hot ways of the town, and the baker, the butcher, the candle-stick-maker know her meagre little marketings for her mother, who, like all the Irish, finds the glory of God in poverty. Father Salvator knows her well—this pathetic mother of little Mary, and will swear to her goodness in any court.

The children understood him, and could read his heart before their A–B–C's. The birds liked the old man, too. But in winter they got cold, the little things, and flew away and left him. They didn't mean to be summer friends, but they loved the sunshine and the old man had not wings to go with them.

He watched them starting south in sweeping flights. For days before they had circled around the cottage, singing songs of parting. When they had all gone, he stood in his garden one evening and, looking up at the trees from which the red leaves were falling, murmured sorrowfully:

"Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang!"

The next morning, as he was breakfasting, he was startled to see the flash of a blue wing against his frosted window-pane. Evidently, not all the birds were gone. This one was a loiterer, out of love. He was beating with his breast against the glass and leaving his chill foot-prints in the frost. The shutter swung heavily then, and the old man, sitting motionless, with his toast in his fingers, knew this was more noise than one bird could make alone. There are two of you, he thought. What keeps you here so late? I will not feed you my toast; for if I do, that will be enticing you to come back to a warm breakfast to-morrow, and if Jack Frost walks abroad to-night, you will breakfast in heaven. In the birds' heaven, of course."

But now the blue-birds began to caress and plead and pray, in song.

"I will not let you in," he said. "I will not make you prisoners, even though you ask it. Follow the sunshine, and come back to me in the spring."

But they would not leave him, and at last he opened his window and took them in. After that there was often more play than work in the little study. When he was writing, they flew to his desk and poured forth overture after overture, as if the congregation had bribed them to see that the sermon was short. The mother-bird dusted his books with her tail and her silken wings. When she sang in a melancholy strain he knew that she was thinking of the little birds that, having flown fearlessly from the nest, must now take the world as they found it. The two birds were very frolicsome together. When the old man went to sleep, they would dance a Highland fling up and down the buttons of his cassock.

But, alas! this frolicking came suddenly to an end. The mother-bird fell in the fire and was burned to death. When the old man came in and saw this, he picked the little thing from the ashes and laid it sorrowfully on his knee.

"You were a sweet singer," he murmured. "You did your part to make the world beautiful."

The other bird flew down and stood beside its dead mate. It flew to its perch on the book-shelf. Then it flew down again and sang a note or two, as if the mother-bird would answer; but there was only silence. Then the lonely little warbler lay down beside its mate and died.

"There now, little Mary, that is a true story. Do you know who the old man was?"

"Yes, father."

"Why, then, you do know something after all. Who was it?"

"You, father."

"It was," said Father Salvator, "and since then I believe in broken hearts."

RUTH.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.

EVENING, and a wine-red sky
That bends athwart the barley-fields of Bethlehem,
And stains the bearded grain with amethyst.
Two doves among the bushes holding tryst:
A solitary gleaner passing by,
A lowly maid, sad-browed and shy.

Midnight, and the sky-woof blue
That glooms the fanes of sacred Bethlehem,
And paves the star-wrought arch of space.
The winnowed grain lay round the threshing-place,
Where Ruth crept to the feet of Boaz with trustful grace,
As Naomi had bade her do.

Dawn-time, and the sky-flush rose
That warms the opal globes of dew
Depending from the barley-heads at Bethlehem.
The Christ-child, watching where the reaper mows,
Thinks lovingly of humble Ruth; and knows
An equal love of Moabite and Jew.

"TA PINU" AND ITS MADONNA.

BY DOM MICHAEL BARRETT, O.S.B.

TO the north-west of the more important island of Malta lies the small, insignificant-looking island called in the native tongue of its people Ghaudex, but better known by its Italian designation of Gozo. It is an unattractive spot, seen from the Mediterranean. On the west and south-west sides rocky cliffs rise sheer from the water, and it is only on the north and north-east that the land slopes down to the level of the sea. A barren and desolate place it seems, with not a single tree to break the monotony of its nine miles of arid-looking stretches of land, diversified only by rugged hills of limestone and granite.

And yet Gozo, on closer acquaintance, has many redeeming points. Barren as it looks from the sea, it is in reality the fruit and vegetable garden of Malta. By dint of hard and unremitting toil its terraced lands, mounting up the rocky sides of its hills, have been rendered extraordinarily productive. Fruit is grown in abundance and its quality is excellent. The pears of Gozo are proverbial in the markets of the neighboring island; grapes too and other fruits are plentifully produced. Not only fruit and vegetables, but butter and dairy produce from Gozo fetch a high price and are much sought after. In short, Gozo seems to exist for Malta's sake alone, so faithfully does she furnish, through the ceaseless toil of her children, the food which the more crowded sister island is unable to produce.

The situation and character of the island have wrought their results in the nature of its people. Remote from others, their language has retained its purity intact, escaping the inevitable decadence which the mixture of foreign words, following on intercourse with foreign peoples, must always bring. Hence, to hear pure Maltese one has to visit Gozo. Another result of their isolation is that the people of the island have retained their rustic (almost boorish) simplicity of address and manner. This is exemplified in the way in which the more civilized Maltese use the *Gozitano* as a butt for their witticisms; he figures in their comic anecdotes much in the same way as a native of the Emerald Isle in our own.

But a far more important result of the quiet, hidden, laborious life of these islanders is the unsullied purity of their faith. Rough in exterior they may be, hard-working agriculturists, reckless sailors, pushing out for fifty miles on the open sea in their little craft; ignorant and uncultivated some would style them, yet the *Gozitani* are unmistakably a deeply religious people, full of earnest, thorough, practical piety. Their piety, too, is of the right sort. We have compared them with the Irish for childlike simplicity and *gaucherie;* we may liken them also to that thoroughly Catholic people in their unswerving allegiance to the Holy Roman Church.

God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise, St. Paul tells us. We cannot wonder, then, that he has made choice of this humble community to work his marvels in their midst. Like every Catholic country, Gozo is rich in sanctuaries. Besides its cathedral at Rabat and the parish churches of its five villages, it possesses many little chapels and oratories which the piety of its people has dedicated to the worship of God and the honor of his saints.

One such oratory has stood for four hundred years in an open stretch of fields in the parish of Gharb. It is a plain, unpretentious structure, built from the ordinary stone of the district on a little mound slightly raised above the surrounding level, and about one hundred yards from the narrow, uneven road that joins the parishes of Gharb and Ghammar. Its founders were from the Gentili family, and it was commonly known as *Ta Gentili* (belonging to the Gentili). In course of time, probably on account of its isolated position, away from any village, the little sanctuary became deserted, and was in such a dilapidated condition that more than one of the bishops of Gozo ordered its desecration and removal. Thus, Bishop Duzzina, in 1575, decreed: "The church called *Ta Gentili*, in the Ghammar district, built by the Gentili family and endowed by them with a small glebe, with the burden attached of a yearly Mass on the feast of the Assumption and the repair of the furniture of the said church, . . . is falling into decay. The bishop has ordered it to be pulled down, and has transferred the burdens to the parish church." Tradition says that when attempting to carry out this order one of the workmen broke his arm and another his leg; so that the people, terrified at the catastrophe, dared not continue the demolition, but, on the contrary, raised up a fund for the restoration of the building. Later on, when Bishop Balaguer, moved by similar reasons,

again ordered the destruction of *Ta Gentili*, Janni (John) Gurgiun rebuilt it once more. The subsequent decisions as to its demolition had always the same result, and to this day the little sanctuary still stands. The Assumption was, as Bishop Duzzina's decree intimates, the titular feast of the chapel, and it was an appropriate gift which, in 1619, one Pino, or Pinu, in whose patronage it then was, presented to it. This was an altar-piece representing the Assumption of Our Lady.

The picture has no great artistic merit, but its effect is pleasing and devout. Our Lady is represented with a crescent beneath her feet, supported upon and surrounded by clouds. Three cherubs are under her feet, and four draped angels support her as she rises into the heavens, two of them at the same time holding over her head an imperial crown. The face of Our Lady is mild and sweet, the eyes uplifted in rapt devotion, the hands joined in prayerful attitude. The figures of the angels are also full of grace, and the faces not wanting in beauty of expression. Below the group, at the bottom of the painting, is seen the open grave and some of the Apostles standing round, their faces full of sorrow. The colors, after nearly three hundred years, are still fresh and brilliant. The picture bears two inscriptions: "Pinu Gauci, son of Salvu Gauci" (Gauci means "native of Ghaudex"), and "Amadeo Perugino pingebat (Amadeo of Perugia painted this), 1619."

On account of the name attached to the picture, the chapel came to be known popularly as *Ta Pinu*, after the method, common in Gozo, of designating a chapel by its owner's or founder's name—*Ta Pinu* being the Maltese equivalent for *Pino's Chapel.*

The little chapel itself, though so frequently saved from destruction by the people, has been subject from time to time to periods of neglect, and sometimes of almost complete desolation. At times Mass was said there on feasts, but its isolation from human dwellings rendering the chapel of no practical utility to the people. The state of affairs was frequently changed. In the present century an aged priest, Don Giuseppe Cassar, out of devotion to the deserted sanctuary, took up his residence in the vicinity, and as long as he lived said Mass there daily. After his death it was again closed. The door was kept locked, the key being hidden in a place hard by, known to those who continued from time to time to visit it out of devotion.

At length, some ten years ago, rumors began to spread of wonderful favors granted by Our Lady on that spot, and even of miracles which had taken place. *Ta Pinu* became the scene of constantly increasing pilgrimages from the different villages and even from Malta. The matter was taken up by the ecclesiastical authorities, and the result of the official investigation was to bring to light circumstances which seemed to point to supernatural manifestations at the little chapel.

A devout unmarried woman of Gozo, named Carmela Grima, living with her sister on their small farm in the parish of Gharb, had long been in the habit of visiting the chapel for prayer whenever she could spare the time from her labor in the fields—for she and her sister earned their bread, as all the *Gozitani* are forced to do, by the sweat of their brows. Although these visits were not very frequent, yet Carmela bore a very strong affection for the little place, lamenting its desolation and keeping it ever in mind. One day in June, 1883, she happened to be passing along the road from which runs the foot-path leading for one hundred yards up to the chapel; but though she longed to pay a visit, she was unable to do so on account of some pressing occupation awaiting her at home. She was therefore hurrying by, when a voice, proceeding as it seemed from the chapel, cried distinctly: "Come, come, come!" As she paused in wonder the voice continued: "Come to-day, for you will not be able to return here for a whole year." The woman then felt sure that the intimation was a supernatural one, and at once went to the chapel. Taking the key from its hiding-place, she opened the door, but found the place quite empty. She prayed for some time, awaiting any further manifestation, and at length heard proceeding from the picture the same voice directing her to say three *Ave Marias* in honor of the three days Our Lady's body rested in the tomb. This she did, and nothing more occurring, she locked up the chapel and hastened home. It happened, from some reason or other, that she was unable to return to *Ta Pinu* for a whole year.

Although Carmela felt convinced of the reality of the favor granted to her, she felt a strong reluctance to breathe a word to any one on the subject for two years. There was a devout youth named Francesco Portelli, who, like herself, took every opportunity of visiting the chapel, and Carmela, having reason to suppose that he also had been the recipient of similar favors ventured to ask him, and found that Our Lady had several

times spoken to him, exhorting him to certain special devotions to the Passion. The two then agreed to keep the matter a profound secret from all, and two years passed by without anything being divulged. At length, as has been said, various rumors began floating about, and attention became directed to the chapel and the picture.

Both Carmela and Francesco were subjected to a strict investigation by the bishop, and the result was to render the matter more worthy of credence than before, although many details related by the two persons under examination have never been made public.

The devotion aroused with regard to the chapel and picture was rewarded by Our Lady in a special manner. Miracles began to be of frequent occurrence, the first recipient of such a favor being the mother of the youth Francesco. Her case had been pronounced hopeless by the doctors, and she was dying of heart-disease and dropsy. When her three other sons (Francesco, strange to say, did not join them) had paid a visit to the sanctuary, and had promised to light a lamp before the picture whenever they could afford it if Our Lady would restore their mother to health, the hitherto bed-ridden woman opened the door of their cottage on their return, completely cured.

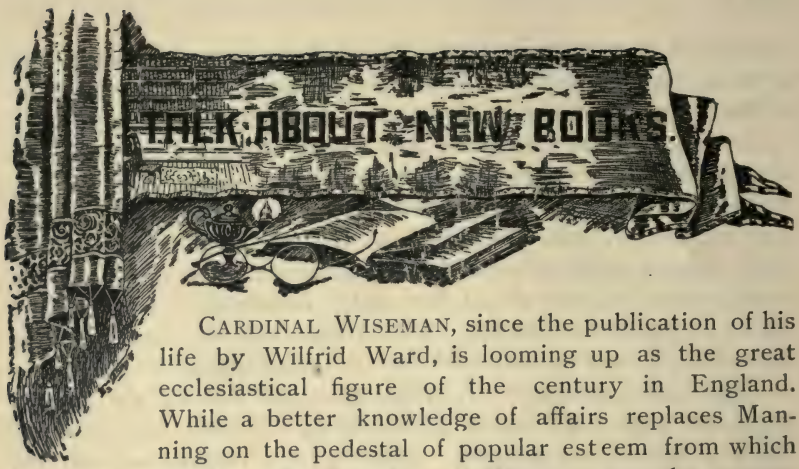
This, and even greater miracles, made the sanctuary famous. The picture has been copied and circulated, not only through Gozo and Malta but to Sicily and Tunis, and the devotion bids fair to extend to other and more distant lands. Pilgrims still flock there, and the little chapel is crowded with *ex-votos*—waxen limbs, crutches, and such like; while more costly offerings in the shape of valuable golden ornaments fill numerous glass cases on the walls. These will be devoted to the erection of a new church on the spot, when circumstances and funds permit.

As to the first recipients of Our Lady's favors, Carmela and Francesco, they still live their humble, hidden life of toil and prayer. It is characteristic of the people of the island that no favor from heaven, however great, seems capable of rousing their astonishment. They live in an atmosphere of faith, and to their simple minds it seems only to be expected that God and Our Lady should from time to time make some manifestation of their constant nearness to mankind. Hence, although these wonders move their devotion and grateful love, they do not astonish them. Carmela Grima, in the eyes of her

neighbors, is a woman highly favored by God, it is true, but after all the mere instrument of his workings, and therefore undeserving of special admiration or concern.

She herself, as one who has conversed with her told the writer, seems to regard the matter in the same light as her neighbors. Still the same humble working-woman, she goes her way as before, quite unconscious of any claim to distinction. And yet, in spite of her homely exterior, there is a certain nobility and majesty about her which impresses every one who comes in contact with her. One feels that she has stood on holy ground and carries with her the atmosphere of heaven.

The little sanctuary *Ta Pinu* was enriched by the present Pope in 1890 with many indulgences, and still continues to attract devout worshippers. May it long remain one of Our Lady's favored possessions, a lasting proof to an unbelieving generation of God's undying power and of Mary's loving care for the sons of men! Like many of God's works, it began quietly and humbly, but is yearly growing in importance from the ever-increasing pilgrimages to the sacred spot. The existence of some legal dispute with regard to the site has delayed the erection of the church, which the bishop has decided to commence as soon as possible. When the sanctuary of *Ta Pinu* shall have been beautified in a manner befitting its sacred associations, we may look for a still more wide-spread devotion to its Madonna, and a consequent increase in the miraculous favors vouchsafed to her clients there.



CARDINAL WISEMAN, since the publication of his life by Wilfrid Ward, is looming up as the great ecclesiastical figure of the century in England. While a better knowledge of affairs replaces Manning on the pedestal of popular esteem from which he was thrown down by Purcell, still Wiseman was the greater mind and from many points of view a more providential man. It was Wiseman that made both Newman and Manning possible. Had any one else been appointed to Westminster but the broad-minded Roman ecclesiastic, especially one who was possessed of the traditionary feelings of the old English Catholic towards the Established Church, the budding Oxford movement would have been nipped. Wilfrid Ward's review of the religious history of Wiseman's times is one of the best portrayals of contemporary religious history we know of. The popularity of Wiseman's Life has given rise to a Wiseman cult, showing itself in the publication of many works hitherto unattainable because out of print. The *Meditations on the Sacred Passion of our Lord* * embody some very deep devotional thoughts, and are side-lights on the spiritual side of a great man's life.

Speaking of Wiseman, it is well known that his *Recollections of the Last Four Popes* was one of the best guide books to Christian Rome, far better than any of the books which in their glaring red covers so blatantly claim the fulness of knowledge for the stranger sojourning in the Eternal City. It is not a little remarkable that with all the English travel there has been to Rome in the last half century no one has thought to prepare, from a devotional point of view, a hand-book which, while giving adequate information, would not mislead or pervert the devotional instinct. It must be admitted that the majority of people go to Rome as pilgrims, to pray at the shrines and

* *Meditations on the Sacred Passion of our Lord.* By Cardinal Wiseman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

visit the places consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, and it is of Christian Rome and not Pagan Rome they want to know, and it is concerning the present church and its liturgy, and not the orgies of paganism, they desire to be informed. *A Hand-book to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome* * has lately appeared which we think will crowd aside Murray and Baedeker, and deservedly so, because it is written in a reverent spirit and is pervaded by a tone sympathetic with all that has made Rome what it is—the centre of the throbbing life of Christianity. Travellers intending to visit Rome cannot do better than to go there with this hand-book in their satchel.

It is the real art of the master historian to rise so high above the detail of time and place as to get a broad and comprehensive view of the great movements of history. A mere record of events chronicled as they happened, great or small, without any estimate of their importance or any statement of their bearing on other events, is not history. After that manner one makes a catalogue for a library, but to write history it is necessary to have a masterly grasp of the great movements, and so co-ordinate them that events may be traceable as effects to certain causes, and in it all the providential ordering of affairs towards the great purposes of humanity may be seen.

Father Douglass, in his own simple way, has succeeded in giving us a comprehensive history of the "Gesta Dei." It is true that when one sets out to write the history of six thousand years in six hundred pages he must of necessity be concise and leave out many of the lesser points of detail, but the general impression left when one has gone through with *The Divine Redeemer and His Church* † is something akin to the impression made by viewing the turning and bending of a great river from a mountain height. Moreover, details sink into insignificance, the great mountain ranges stand out in bold relief, the great cities loom up, the trend of the landscape impresses one.

The real history of the Church of God starts with Adam in the Garden of Paradise and finishes with Leo XIII., while the climax of it all was the Passion Play enacted in the sanctuary of Judea, in which the Man God was the principal personage.

* *Hand-book to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome.* By H. M. and M. A. R. T. 2 vols. London: Adam and Charles Black.

† *The Divine Redeemer and His Church.* By Edward Douglass, C.SS.R. With a Preface by his Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. London: Catholic Truth Society; London and Leamington: Art and Book Company.

In commending the work of Father Douglass the best praise we can give it is that it is admirably adapted to the end he has in view—the making of Jesus Christ better known and loved.

The very large amount of literature that has appeared lately concerning the Blessed Sacrament indicates as much as any other one thing the trend of the devotional life, and to those who are expecting the dawn of an era of convert-making nothing can be more hopeful. Not the least of the advantages which accrue to us from a holier presentation of the Eucharistic Sacrifice is the relegation to their proper places of other and minor devotional practices. The cultus of lead statues and miraculous medals and various colored scapulars is all very good and has its rightful place when properly understood and properly utilized, but in the hands of the simple it soon replaces the weightier elements of the law, and, if allowed to grow unchecked, the lowest phase of Catholicism would be the most manifest. If the devotional life is fed from the higher sources, as for example from the Blessed Sacrament itself, it will become more virile and will commend itself more convincingly to those who are seeking the truth. As a missionary force there is no convert-maker like the altar itself and all it signifies. The presence of the Blessed Sacrament in the church immediately transforms the place from a barren meeting-house to the palace of a King. It immediately puts one in touch with that world of the invisible, and so brings heaven down to the earth that the cold formulas of creeds and methods of ceremonial become instinct with a diviner life.

The manuals of devotion which have for their purpose the explanation of the ceremonial of the Mass and the emphasizing the meaning of the altar are to be encouraged. The Blessed Sacrament is the centre of the devotional and teaching life of the church. It is the great magnet which draws all souls into itself.

The Benedictine, Father Lanslots, has given us a popular manual of explanation of the Mass and all it signifies.* He does it in a straightforward, simple way, with a great deal of the devotional spirit in his language and ideas. The illustrations are good outline representations of the various attitudes assumed by the celebrant during the Holy Sacrifice, and contribute not a little to make the work one of greater utility to the faithful.

* *Illustrated Explanation of the Prayers and Ceremonies of the Mass.* By Rev. D. J. Lanslots. With a Preface by Most Rev. F. Janssens, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

The *Manual of the Blessed Sacrament*,* translated from the French of Rev. T. B. Boone, S.J., by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs some twenty years ago, has been reprinted, but so badly as regards type and paper that it is hardly likely to have an extended circulation. The same shabbiness of get-up mars the truly admirable *Manual of Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament*,† compiled by a Benedictine who remains *incognito*. The sections of this manual follow the order of the church's feasts and seasons, and its prayers are taken chiefly from the Bible, Missal, and Breviary. Their wealth and variety can but bring home with an outburst of thanksgiving to the heart of many a convert an almost overwhelming sense of the elasticity of Catholic devotions, offset and safeguarded by the adamant changelessness of Catholic dogma. In contrast one recalls Dr. Anderdon's matchless arraignment of the Anglican "Establishment" in a paper read in 1867 before the *Academia* in London:

"The Anglican communion . . . has bent to every breath of doctrine; then, as if in tribute to the principle of stability, has bound down her children to pray, at least, by rule. She does not pipe to them that they may dance, and mourn to them that they may lament. There is no modulation in her pastoral reed; no change of expression in her fixed uniformity of demeanor. . . . Like something learned by rote and spoken by a machine, her ministers address their flock in the self-same language, whether the morning usher in the annual solemn fast or the queen of festivals."

But we have no hesitation in saying that Father Lasance's new contribution to the devotional literature of the Blessed Sacrament, under the title of *Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle*,‡ is the most satisfactory work of the sort yet issued in America. Its typographical dress is good and its few illustrations well executed. The scheme for each visit is so carefully worked out that listlessness is almost an impossibility for those who use it in their half-hour's adoration. The spiritual readings and "Eucharistic gems" collected by Father Lasance are from the loftiest sources and fresh and unhackneyed. A unique feature of the book is the constant union of prayer to the Holy Ghost with prayer to our Lord in the Tabernacle. The author desires that each visit should begin with the *Veni Creator*, and that a prayer to the Holy Ghost should be made in connection with the spiritual communion at its close. He writes:

"The Holy Ghost, who overshadowed the Mother of God

* Christian Press Association Publishing Co. † St. Louis: B. Herder. ‡ Benziger Bros.

at Nazareth, overshadows the Tabernacle of God from the rising to the setting of the sun. Hence it is eminently proper that the faithful should cultivate a particular devotion to the Holy Ghost in connection with the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament."

Confession and Communion,* by the author of *First Communion*. The fact that Father Thurston, S.J., writes the preface is as safe an *imprimatur*, with respect to its literary excellence, as is that of Cardinal Vaughan for its orthodoxy! Its freshness of thought is remarkable and its Saxon simplicity of style refreshing. We quote a few characteristic paragraphs:

"What a joy it is, my God, to lay down my soul at your feet, and feel that you read it through and through. I know what you see there. I know I ought to fear your all-holy glance. And yet I love to think of you as my Inward Witness. It is a joy to know that *Thou hast understood my thoughts*, that there is nothing I can hide from you, even if I would. Bad as I am, I am content that you know all. I have no secrets from you, my God."

"I know, my God, that you will never do great things by the soul that has but a feeble grasp of truth."

"So must we come to know Christ our Lord, that we may conform ourselves to him and bring out his characteristics, some in one way, some in another. This is the secret of finding an easy way into the hearts of all. Those who have this strong personal devotion to our Lord have a tact, an address, a facility of approach denied to others."

The wonder with which non-Catholics regard the multiplicity of prayer-books and little printed helps to devotion which issue from Catholic publishing houses will be readily understood by any one who has ever made it—or had it made—his business to run through the corresponding little religious gift-books which lie on the counters of Partridge's, in London, or of Fleming, Revell & Co., in New York. Their monotony of thought and paucity of aspiration is generally rendered more conspicuous by their floridity of language. On the other hand, as the overflowing, exuberant life of the church finds expression in the varied devotions which mark the stages of spiritual evolution of races and of individuals, these must of necessity crystallize into petitions and aspirations, acts of contrition and modes of adoration, to be continually gathered and selected and adapted for people of varying capacity and differing needs.

* London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Bros.

Spiritual Exercises for a Ten Days' Retreat. By Very Rev. Rudolph v. Smetana, C.SS.R.*—This unpretentious little book should not be lost sight of in the heap of mediocre volumes with which Lent is always fruitful (?). It is especially intended for the use of religious congregations and has all the sturdy practicality one might expect from its Redemptorist origin. At the same time, its chapters point out so clearly those underlying principles of perfection which stand unvarying for all states of life, that no one can study them without profit. The meditation on the Hidden Life of Christ brings out with singular clearness the inner meaning of many religious usages after a fashion much needed to-day. We quote from its third point: "Let it be our constant and most anxious care, then, not to cultivate the spiritual life too much according to natural principles, but wholly according to faith; let us resist every approach of worldly notions, and let the rules of the saints govern us more and more, and flourish among us. Great care is the more needed in this matter since the rules of the spiritual life have never been more keenly attacked, and never was the danger greater of allowing a deceitful philosophy, hostile to the doctrines and the spirit of Jesus Christ, to creep in."

The somewhat old-fashioned phraseology of Right Rev. Augustine Egger's *Catholic Father** will, by the law of association, give its instructions and devotions added weight with many a modern father who wishes to train his boy as faithfully in some great bustling city as he was himself trained in an out-of-the-world village twenty years ago. The same may be said of Very Rev. Father Girardey's *Mission Book for the Married.* Entirely different is the crisp, curt style of the little paper-covered *People's Mission Book*, by "Father M. F., Missionary Priest," with its newspapery sub-heads and catch-lines, apparently meant to be carried in the pocket and dipped into on the "L" train or street car, by men to whom "making the mission" means a breathless race with time.

*How to Comfort the Sick.** Rev. Joseph Aloysius Krebs, C.SS.R.—This is a useful little manual in aid of those whose vocation it is to care for the sick. Not its least valuable feature is its full recognition of the fact that sick-nursing is not an occupation inherently sanctifying, as some humanitarians seem to think. The best nurses are exactly the ones who are likely to

*New York: Benziger Brothers.

get so interested in their external mission as to lose sight of what should be its inspiring motive—service to Our Lord through his suffering ones. Father Krebs' hints on this point are admirable, as is his collection of seed-thoughts to be used in suggesting cheer to the invalid.

*Ecce Homo: Forty Short Meditations.** Rev. D. S. Hubert.—Although this little book is the work of a French priest, it has in it none of that element which is apt to strike other nationalities as somewhat artificial in French piety. The considerations are brief and the applications and resolutions pointed and useful.

Jewels of Prayer and Meditation, by Percy Fitzgerald, is a fresh volume of the *Jewel Series*, likely to find favor with those who like to have their spiritual reading "cut up, with pepsine poured over it and already half-digested," as a robust missionary-priest once expressed it.

Catholic Practice: The Parishioners.† Little Rule Book. By Rev. Alexander L. A. Klauder. *A Practical Guide to Indulgences.*‡ Rev. P. M. Bernad, O.M.I. Translated by Rev. Daniel Murray.—These are two useful hand-books, well printed and neatly bound, whose scope is sufficiently indicated by their titles.

Mark Twain's *Following the Equator* § is one of the best of his books. It is lively and interesting almost all the way through; and it is not an easy thing to make a book of travels in fairly well-known parts of the world interesting at all. It is probably quite true that, as he says in this book, most people have forgotten the details of very well-known matters like the battle of Waterloo; but still when they are repeated, they have not the interest that absolutely new things would have. So it is well, as a rule, for those who can give what is really new to give it, instead of repeating what is old. And Mark's jokes are new; and a good joke, by the way, will stand a good deal of repeating, being more of a joy for ever than a thing of beauty usually is. There are many most amusing stories and episodes scattered through the book, and here and there we find those innocent remarks which are the best, perhaps, of all humor, and in which no one excels Mr. Clemens; as, for instance, "I had

* New York: Benziger Brothers. † Boston: Angel Guardian Press.

§ *Following the Equator: A Journey around the World.* By Mark Twain. Hartford: The American Publishing Co.

often heard of bench-shows, but had never felt any interest in them, because I supposed they were lectures that were not well attended." "He could not have stood still, and cleared a bar that was *four* feet high. I know this, because I tried it myself."

His theory of the pledge is one of his best things; a most valuable idea, and well known to Catholic theology, though not always duly insisted on in this particular matter.

There is a little—perhaps a good deal—too much about India in the book; it weighs it down, one gets tired of it. Indeed most people, perhaps, are tired of a book about India before they begin. At any rate it is a subject which does not show Mr. Clemens to his best advantage.

The latest issue of the Quarterly Series is an exquisite *Life of Blessed Master John of Avila*,* beatified in 1893.

Greatly as God is glorified in those saints toward whom sets, immediately after their death, such a rushing tide of veneration and love that their speedy elevation to her altar is, as it were, forced from the Church governant by the Church worshipful, there can be no doubt that his purposes are also wonderfully served by those long-delayed, often interrupted processes of canonization which recreate saintly lives of long past centuries before the eyes of generations which need exactly their teachings. The way in which hindrances, delays apparently unnecessary, obstacles seemingly easy to surmount, bring it about that holy men or women almost forgotten, except in the town which their spiritual beauty irradiated or in the conventual community which has treasured their memories, are set before the Christian world just when it needs a fresh picture of the virtues they embodied, is interesting in the extreme to the student of hagiology. St. Clare of Montefalco brought, with her terrifying penances and her perfect humility, with the image of the Crucified buried deep in her heart, before the eyes of this comfort-loving and self-satisfied generation, is a case in point. Blessed John of Avila is another.

Moreover, many Protestants think it no sin to indulge in the most barefaced and blatant defamations of character, provided the object of their attack lived a few hundred years ago. They assume, forsooth, that our modern standards of sanctity are higher, our modern alembics more potent in detecting alloy

* *Life of the Blessed Master John of Avila.* By Father Longaro Degli Oddi, S.J. Edited by J. G. Macleod, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Bros.

than those of our fathers! Have we not just seen a sectarian doctor of divinity reiterating in the daily press his previously challenged assertion that there was "not a decent Christian" among the popes of a period which, to mention no others, gave to the world Pope St. Pius V.? Dr. Van De Water is doubtless able, in his own estimation, to detect flaws which the Devil's Advocate failed to discover during the process of the Holy Father's canonization! Among his admirers are probably many people like the good lady who said, in reply to an allusion to the transverberation of the heart of St. Teresa, "Hm! it was a long time ago, *so you can't prove it*." Of course such crass self-assumption is absurd. Its possessors sorely need Lord Macaulay's caustic reminder that Sir Thomas More's was one of the greatest intellects the world has ever known and that Sir Thomas More came to certain conclusions, having all the information on the question of Transubstantiation which we have, and all which, *from the nature of the case*, we can ever have. The same may be said of questions of conformity to those great counsels by which the life of our Blessed Lord is re-imaged through his servants in each generation. But it is well to have that principle reasserted by the bringing, once and again, of lives like Master John's out of the "blue glories" of the past and by the setting of them under the judicial inspection of prelates who are familiar with the Röntgen rays as well as with methods of particular examen.

His was a life of almost matchless self-abnegation. His spirit yearned for the strictest seclusion and the most unbroken contemplation; yet even the isolation of foreign missionary labors was denied him, and he spent his life in journeying and preaching in his own home-land of Andalusia. He was the spiritual director of saints who, living and dead, have overshadowed him—St. John of God, St. Francis Borgia, St. Peter of Alcantara, and St. Teresa of Jesus. Though, indeed, it might have been matter for a life-time of thanksgiving that he was chosen of God to give St. Teresa perfect rest of mind as to the divine source of her raptures and the complete safety of her method of prayer.

"The Master," as he was called through the loving veneration of his saint-disciples, marvellously combined pulpit eloquence with ability as a director of individual souls. His sermons drove crowds of such varied circumstances and conditions toward the confessionals that they were likened to the net of the Gospels. More could hardly be said in praise of

their utter Catholicity. It was after one such, dealing with the greatness of the reward laid up by God for those who suffer willingly out of love, that the wandering hawker whom we know now as St. John of God flung himself out of the church, plucking out his beard, tearing his hair, and crying "Mercy, mercy!" Father Avila's wonderful gift of the discernment of spirits led him to allow his convert that strange penance of simulated madness, bring down on his head contumely and insult —regarded then as positively remedial, and not unknown in state institutions in these enlightened days when we believe them to be the reverse—which wrought out such wonders of humility and charity in a chosen soul.

His special devotions, as might be expected in a man who walked in so rarefied an atmosphere, were to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Holy Ghost. The chapters in the Life which dwell on his love for the Holy Eucharist, his views of the priestly office, and his teaching on frequent communion deserve careful study.

So far from regarding devotion to the Holy Ghost as a spiritual exercise reserved for select souls, his feelings about it were those of our present Holy Father, Leo XIII., and those expressed freely in the life of that most modern of apostles, Father Hecker. "Oh, if I could kindle within you," he used to say, "some devotion to this truly consoling Spirit, I feel certain that in a few hours you would become completely changed; open your heart to him and allow him to imprint his divine teaching upon you, and you will see."

Certainly, something of the sweetness and power of this holy man's own life and utterances have been preserved in this brief history.

Conan Doyle has developed a vein in his latest book which few admirers of his brilliant detective sketches and rather icily sparkling romances would suspect him of caring to work. *A Desert Drama** is the story of a handful of ordinary tourists, English, French, Irish, and American, captured by a troop of fanatical dervishes while making an excursion from a Nile steamer. The latent heroism, the simple unselfishness displayed by the captives, with the deep-hidden devotion to principles expressed by them in widely-varying shibboleths, are exactly what we should expect to see forced to the surface by circumstances so calculated to melt the ice of conventionalities. What gives us a little surprise and a good deal of pleasure is that Dr.

* *A Desert Drama.* By A. Conan Doyle. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Doyle should have proved himself capable of so delicate a study of nineteenth century consciences manifested in face of death. He is clearly not the Catholic which he has sometimes been asserted to be, although he comprehends that ours is "a creed which forms an excellent prop in hours of danger." But he is fully in sympathy with the spirit prompting the cynical Frenchman who has quarrelled with every phase of Christianity all the way up the Nile, to drop on his knees with an ostentatious sign of the cross and invite certain death rather than save his life by denying the creed he has so steadily insisted was no better than that of the raiding emirs. The story of the rescue is not too remarkable, and while description and action are as good as in any of the writer's previous tales, we consider this one informed by the soul the others have lacked.

The great question of "What Education Means" will not down. Like every vital question which receives at the hands of experts only a partial solution, it returns again and again until the fullest answer be given to its demands. Nicholas Murray Butler has compiled in one volume * his best thought on the educational problem. The book is of great value, more because of what its author represents than for what it says. The Columbia College set is powerful in educational matters, and Mr. Butler is the mouth-piece of a movement which is far-reaching in its practical influence on the educational work in this country. So important do we deem this volume that we shall return to it again in a more extended notice. For the time being we shall content ourselves by quoting a significant passage indicating Dr. Murray's position on the perplexing question of religion in education:

"Finally, there is the religious inheritance of the child. No student of history can doubt its existence and no observer of human nature will undervalue its significance. We are still far from comprehending fully the preponderant influence of religion in shaping our contemporary civilization; an influence that is due in part to the universality of religion itself, and in part to the fact that it was, beyond dispute, the chief human interest at the time when the foundations of our present superstructure were being laid. It has played a controlling part in education till very recently, although it has too often played that part in a narrow, illiberal, and uninformed spirit. The progress of

* *The Meaning of Education, and other Essays and Addresses.* By Nicholas Murray Butler, Professor of Philosophy and Education in Columbia University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

events during the nineteenth century, however, has resulted in greatly altering the relation of the religious influence in education,—at first to education's incalculable gain, and, more recently, to education's distinct loss. The growing tendency toward what is known as the separation of church and state, but what is more accurately described as the independence of man's political and religious relationships, and, concurrently, the development of a public educational conscience which has led the state to take upon itself a large share of the responsibility for education, have brought about the practical exclusion of the religious element from public education. This is notably true in France and in the United States. In the state school system of France all trace of religious instruction has been lacking since 1882; and it is hard to dignify with the names influence or instruction the wretchedly formal religious exercises that are gone through with in American public schools.

"The result of this condition of affairs is that religious teaching is rapidly passing out of education entirely; and the familiarity with the English Bible as the greatest classic of our tongue, that every cultivated man owes it to himself to possess, is becoming a thing of the past. Two solutions of the difficulty are proposed. One is that the state shall tolerate all existing forms of religious teaching in its own schools, time being set apart for the purpose. The other is that the state shall aid, by money grants, schools maintained by religious or other corporations. Neither suggestion is likely to be received favorably by the American people at present, because of the bitterness of the war between the denominational theologies. Yet the religious element may not be permitted to pass wholly out of education unless we are to cripple it and render it hopelessly incomplete. It must devolve upon the family and the church, then, to give this instruction to the child and to preserve the religious insight from loss. Both family and church must become much more efficient, educationally speaking, than they are now, if they are to bear this burden successfully. This opens a series of questions that may not be entered upon here. It is enough to point out that the religious element of human culture is essential; and that, by some effective agency, it must be presented to every child whose education aims at completeness or proportion."

*Ave Maria.** By Charles Hanson Towne.—One questions why so exceedingly minute a collection of verses as this should

* Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Co.

have been given to the public. It consists of twelve short poems in honor of Our Lady, seven of which are quatrains, one of three stanzas and another of four. All, however, are sufficiently graceful, as Mr. Towne's verse usually is.

*Storm-bound.** By Eleanor C. Donnelly.—Miss Donnelly's new collection of short stories and poems will be just the thing for storm-bound folk at sea-side or in country this summer. Though rather uneven in merit, not one is uninteresting. "J'anna," the story of the absurd would-be mystic of a Western farm-house kitchen, who turned out "happy as a clam at high water" under an exceedingly funny application of St. Francis de Sales' "Practical Piety," is undoubtedly the cleverest. "Angela's Theatre Party" would be a strong piece of work were it a shade less sensational, but it is difficult to believe that a very clear Carmelite vocation was frustrated by the tragic death of a girl of Catholic training who could carry on a desperate flirtation with a man of exceptionally bad repute, "half-joyously, half-remorsefully," during the year while she was striving "to win her mother's consent to enter the Boston Carmel."

Several other volumes of wholesome but in nowise remarkable fiction have come to our desk. Dr. William Seton offers a volume of "short" stories, all rather long. They are, however, as might be expected from a man so accustomed to distinctions and classifications as Dr. Seton, really *stories* and not fine-spun psychological dissertations wound on a slender reel of incident. Each possesses a clearly defined plot on which it is well built up. Possibly the structure is a little too evident. *Fairy Gold*, by Christian Reid, is, of course, a far more finished and artistic production than is the preceding volume. Indeed, there is always a perfection of execution about Christian Reid's work which may easily pall on one. We can understand, however, that many readers may find Dr. Seton's book more interesting than *Fairy Gold*. Our criticism has to do purely with *technique*. Miss Reid's technique is excellent. Her characters unfold with the narrative, not by dint of descriptive paragraphs, her conversation is easy and flowing, her social tone always irreproachable. But her plots are not of the freshest, and she seems a trifle weary of her work.

* Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

I.—THE GOSPELS OF SAINT MATTHEW AND SAINT LUKE.*

We welcome these two works as valuable contributions to the at present somewhat scanty literature in elucidation of the Holy Scriptures, accessible to those among Catholics whose knowledge of languages is limited to that of their own tongue. While Protestants are more and more having recourse to the Biblical works written by Catholics, and are even translating from the Latin such works as the voluminous Commentary on the Gospels of Cornelius à Lapide, the Exposition of St. Paul's Epistles of Bernardine à Piconio, and Maldonatus's Commentary on the Gospels, on account of the exigencies of modern controversy, the want of leisure of the hard-worked clergy, perhaps we must add, too slight a realization of the importance of bringing them to the knowledge of Catholics, "those most abundant sources," to use the words of Pius VI., should "be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and doctrine."

These volumes, differing though they do in scope, are steps towards realizing the pope's, and therefore the church's, desire. Moreover, Monsignor Ward's work is but the first of a series of St. Edmund's College Scripture Manuals. We learn from the preface that the Catholic Truth Society, which has done so much for the spread of Catholic literature, has also projected a series of simple but adequate Commentaries on Scripture. In addition to these, Father Sydney Smith, S.J., is the editor of a series of Catholic Manuals for Schools, of which three volumes have already been published. We have, therefore, reason to anticipate that what was wanting to fill out the sphere of English Catholic literature is on the way to being supplied.

The author of the first volume cited at the head of this notice is the well-known professor of Oriental languages in Woodstock College, whose *Life of Jesus* has in a short time passed into its third edition, and whose *Christ in Type and Prophecy* proved the profound and extensive learning of the author. In this notice it is impossible for us to do full justice to a work of such importance. It is addressed to scholars, or to those who would become scholars. While its author gives due attention to the most recent views of criticism, so far as this is possible, seeing that those views are ever changing, he does not of course, as no Catholic could, neglect the past, nor

* *The Gospel according to St. Matthew; with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary.* By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J. St. Louis: Herder.

The Holy Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction and Notes by the Right Rev. Monsignor Ward. London: Catholic Truth Society.

believe, as no wise man can, that wisdom was born with the present generation. That neither Father Maas nor any one else can reasonably be expected to deal with the very latest developments of current "criticism" is shown by the following announcement of a Dictionary of the Bible to appear within about a year's time, the object of which is to give the results of a thorough-going critical study of the Bible. This announcement says: "By delaying the stereotyping to the very last, it has been possible to work the results of new discoveries or fresh discussions, as they appear from month to month, into the whole mass of articles."

While not attempting the impossible, Father Maas has, however, given as much attention as they deserve to recent writers, and has made use of the works of Lightfoot, Westcott, and other Protestant writers, German as well as English, nor has he neglected the criticisms of such writers as the author of *Supernatural Religion*, Harnack, Weisacker, and others. The distinguishing feature and chief excellence of the work, however, consists in the exhaustive record which the Commentary gives of the various interpretations of each verse of the Gospel made by the Fathers and the more ancient as well as more recent writers, chiefly Catholic; but, as we have said, also Protestant. Moreover, a complete and minute analysis of the text interwoven into the Commentary enables the reader, by means of letters and numbers, to see the relation of every verse to the whole Gospel and to its main subdivisions. We are not acquainted with any work which in these two respects is so satisfactory. Too often, perhaps, Father Maas is content with recording the views of his predecessors, and suppresses his own. We regret this the more because we have generally found his own judgment of great service to a right understanding of the text.

Monsignor Ward's work is also designed for students, but for students of a different grade. St. Edmund's College is a lay college, and is affiliated to the University of Cambridge. This affiliation renders it necessary for the upper students to be presented for examination to the university authorities, whose standard is a high one for the knowledge which those authorities value—the knowledge of what the scholastics call the letter (*littera*). It was incumbent on Father Maas, writing for advanced students, to place before them, as capable of judging for themselves, all that had been written about each verse. For Monsignor Ward to have done the same would have been

fatal to the object which he had in view. He has, therefore, given the explanation which commended itself to his mind as the more probable. This he has done with admirable clearness and sufficient fulness. No work could be better suited for use in our colleges and schools. Prefixed is an Introduction containing, among other things, an account of the text of the Gospel, of which the section devoted to the Douai version is of very great interest and value. A map of the Holy Land in the time of our Saviour, and plans of the City of Jerusalem and of the Temple, render the work complete for the youthful student.

2.—ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.*

The fact that this life has gone to the ninth edition shows that it has been found to supply a want not supplied by the other lives, numerous though they are. Those other lives were written by grave and sober divines, this by a band of youthful students. Whether a special interest would be found in a work of this kind might, antecedently to the experiment, have been doubted. Any doubt of this kind has been removed by the result.

3.—FATHER BERTHIER'S COMPENDIUM.†

Father Berthier has endeavored in the preparation of his Theology to condense in one volume the knowledge that is needed in the ordinary work of a priest on the mission. While he disclaims any attempt to cut short the work of fuller preparation for a missionary life, or to lower the standards set for more extensive clerical studies, he judges that a compendious manual, embracing the knowledge commonly necessary in all practical affairs, is desirable for the missionary, whose vocation places him among a simple class of people. To say the least, there is a certain practical sense in this, and the large number of copies that have already been sold plainly show that he has not been mistaken. Within the seven hundred pages of this Compendium may be found a concise statement of the latest

* *Life of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, of the Society of Jesus.* Edited by Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J. Written by the students of Rhetoric, Class of '92, of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. Ninth edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Moralis una cum Præcipuis Notionibus Theologiæ Canonicæ, Liturgicæ Pastoralis et Mysticæ, ac Philosophiæ Christianæ.* Auctore P. J. Berthier, M.S. Quarta editio aucta et emendata. New York: Benziger Brothers.

theological lore not merely on questions strictly moral or dogmatic, but there is also a discussion, more or less scant and concise to be sure, of liturgical and ascetical points. And yet the treatment partakes in no sense of the simplicity of a catechism, but rises to the dignity of a valuable theological treatise.

In a cursory glance through we notice that all the information is up to date. The latest documents are noted, and the newest decisions are incorporated in the text.

4.—THE CATECHIST.*

It is indicative of the deeper and more extensive training on religious questions that is imparted nowadays to the coming generation, in the schools and out of the schools, to see in the ordinary manuals a thorough discussion of more abstruse points of the science of religion as well as the strictly scientific methods by which this discussion is carried on. The time was when all that was considered necessary was simply a knowledge of the penny catechism. With such a knowledge one was presumably equipped both for attack and defence in religious matters. But with the development of the science of pedagogy has come the application of the best scientific methods to the study of the catechism, and a consequent demand on the part of the student for a better acquaintance with the whole subject-matter of religion. Sunday-schools as well as parochial schools are becoming "graded," and a complete course covers some years at least of close and painstaking study, and the published examination papers would do credit as well to a class of theology on the eve of ordination as to a number of children taken from various ranks in life, with no higher aspiration to anything but a Christian life in the world.

Both books mentioned below are exceedingly valuable in this regard. The *Exposition of Christian Doctrine* is the first volume of a course prepared for the Christian Brothers in France by one who modestly hides himself under the general specification of "A Seminary Professor." The other two

* *Exposition of Christian Doctrine.* By a Seminary Professor. Intermediate Course. Part I., Dogma. (Course of Religious Instruction. Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.) Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

Manual of Bible Truths and Histories, adapted to the Questions of the Baltimore Catechism; together with a Life of Christ from the Four Gospels. Compiled and arranged by Rev. James J. Baxter, D.D. New York: P. J. Kenedy, Barclay Street.

volumes presumably to come will treat of "Duties to perform, or Morals," and "Means to employ for Salvation, or Worship.' The present work is put in the form of question and answer. It follows in general the articles of the Creed, and embraces a complete and systematic course of dogmatic theology, explaining the points of Christian doctrine with accuracy and clearness. A special merit of the treatment is the profuse and cogent use of scriptural passages. One of the strongest indictments made against the unpopular Baltimore Catechism is its utter lack of Scripture. The language of Scripture is consecrated and almost sacramental in its efficacy, and when learned thoroughly by students becomes a well-fitting garb for religious thought and a forceful means of stating doctrinal teaching. Our "Seminary Professor" has shown in his large use of scriptural passages a keen sense of the fitness of things. Moreover, it is very evident by the grasp of the subject he displays and the way he summarizes each chapter at the end that he is not unfamiliar with the best methods of pedagogy.

In the second book under review Dr. Baxter endeavors to supplement the lamentable lack of Scripture in the Baltimore Catechism by systematically applying the sacred text to the elucidation of the various answers. What a wealth of illustration for the teacher is found in Scripture! How often it is possible to explain a point or to enforce a principle by the concrete story taken from the inspired narrative! The combination of the apt Scripture texts with the answers in the order given in the catechism, will prove a very valuable assistance to the teacher in the parochial school, or to the devoted layman who volunteers to assist the priest in the management of his Sunday-school.

The added Life of Christ, taken from the synoptic gospels and thrown into the form of a running narrative without verse or chapter, is also a very valuable adjunct to catechetical teaching.

5.—MARIOLATRY.*

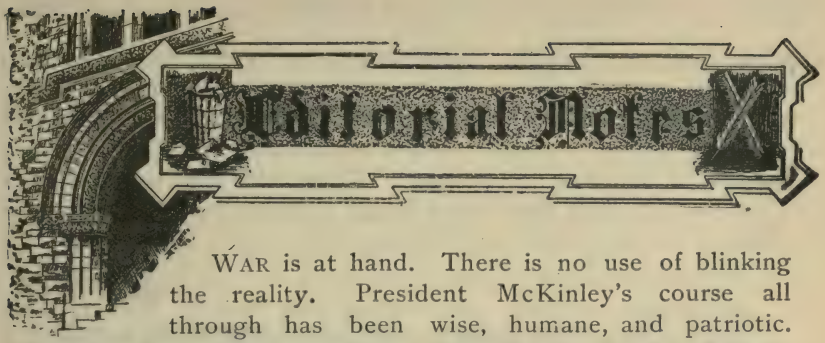
The Rev. W. M. Frysinger, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Carlisle, Pa., did not anticipate he would call forth such a valiant knight-errant as Father Ganss when he dared to asperse the honor of Mary the Mother of Jesus, and, we ven-

* *Mariolatry: New Phases of an old Fallacy.* By Rev. Henry G. Ganss. Notre Dame, Ind.: The *Ave Maria*.

ture to say, if he has the fair-mindedness of an intellectual man, he now thinks much better of the veneration which is paid to the Queen of Heaven by the largest body of professing Christians in the world.

His stale and threadbare calumnies remind one of the enlightened (?) minister who went into one of the churches of Rome and saw an altar dedicated Ad Mariam Deiparam (To Mary the God-bearer). When he came home he told his confiding people that he was now sure that the Romanists made Mary equal to God, for *he* knew Latin because he had studied it, and "Deiparam" meant "equal to God"; for was it not derived from Deus, God, and para, equal to, like the English word "parallel."

Father Ganss in his masterly way deliberately sets out to show his friend Frysinger up, and before he finishes, whatever reputation the attacking minister had for ability or honesty is so completely riddled that one wonders whether he has the assurance to face his people again. Father Ganss does it, too, with Protestant weapons. After felling the giant with one of the little stones from the brook, in the sight of the two opposing armies, he marches up and severs the giant's head from his body with his own sword. Incidentally the book contains, in very neat form, a remarkable array of non-Catholic testimonies in favor of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin.



WAR is at hand. There is no use of blinking the reality. President McKinley's course all through has been wise, humane, and patriotic. When the dogs of war are loosed from the leash who shall recall them? Undoubtedly the war spirit finds some of its bitterness among the hot heads in the fact that Spain is a Catholic country. The cooler heads of the country, they who really feel a sense of responsibility, are guided by the spirit which says, Exhaust every resource of diplomacy before the match is applied to the death-dealing guns.

However, there is some joy in the thought that modern wars are of short duration, and the sentiment that burns so strongly in the American heart that Cuba must be free will so impress itself on the European nations and the Holy Father that they will compel Spain to yield to the demands of humanity.

Russia is making giant strides towards the complete subjugation of Northern China. Manchuria is said to be a province of wonderful fertility. A view from the tops of its wooded mountains is over vast fields of wavy grass or rich forests. Its great water-ways afford access to the very heart of all this wealth. The process of Russianizing is fast going on. It is said that in 1903 the transcontinental railroad will be finished from sea to sea. But the prospect for evangelization is not so bright. When pagans were the masters Christianity was suffered to work its way, and it did with considerable success, as the Life of Monseigneur Verrolles shows. Now that the Cossack rules, Western Christianity meets with but scant courtesy.

The submission of Brunetière, the learned editor of *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to the Church of Leo XIII. is indicative of the strength of the revival of the spirit of faith among the French people. It is also the first flowering of wisdom of the policy of the Holy Father. The cold blight of agnosticism cannot re-

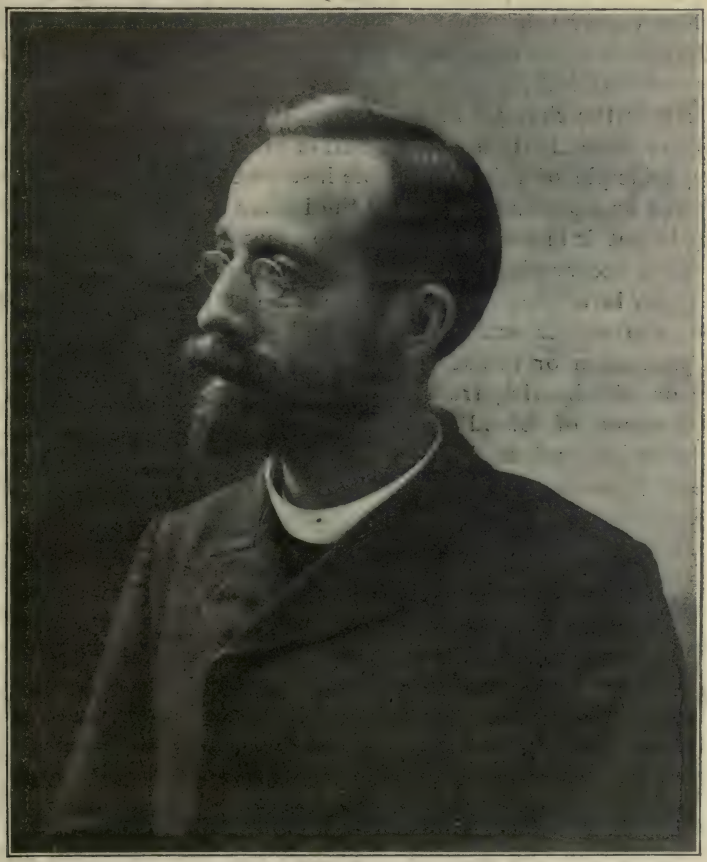
main long on a nation. What is true of every people is particularly true of the warm-hearted, enthusiastic French. Only the other day French scientific men got together and deplored the fruitlessness of their endeavors, because "they would not have God in their knowledge." They said, Let us start with God, and we shall have some broad platform to rest on, and on this we can build our hypotheses.

Brunetière, recently commending the work of Father Zahm in demonstrating the harmony of the theory of evolution and the teachings of the church, says categorically, in a recent article on "Evolution and Literary History," that "The doctrine of evolution contains nothing that cannot be reconciled with the teachings of the church." And again, "the deepest, simplest faith may coexist in one mind with the widest modernity of science." These frank and forceful statements coming from the leading thinker and most potent writer of France to-day will go far towards helping on the religious movement to greater fruitage.

Count de Mun's entrance into the French Academy is another very strong evidence of the triumph of the Leonine policy. De Mun is a man of extraordinary power. Identified with the *ancien régime*, he cut away from the past and followed the guiding star of Leo. He rose rapidly in popular favor by his remarkable power of eloquence, until to-day he is perhaps the very pillar of strength of the new policy in France. His admission to the Academy sets the seal on his work.

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

THAT it is not easy to obtain authentic information concerning scientific men, strictly so-called, is not to be wondered at. They who have achieved real merit are the more loath to speak of themselves and the more anxious to let their work



REV. THOMAS E. SHIELDS.

speak for itself. Rev. Thomas E. Shields, Ph.D., of St. Paul's Theological Seminary, has the true scientific temper in the insurmountable reticence he preserves concerning his own personality.

He was born in Mendota at least thirty-six years ago; we have no baptismal certificate to prove accuracy in regard to

years, but this is certain in the best judgment of his friends, though he looks much older. His education was acquired entirely on this side of the water; both intellectually and physically he is the product of Minnesota's best resources. With what talent he has already manifested, when he comes to rub up against the savants of Europe in that always-to-be-anticipated trip of every cultured student across the water we may expect greater achievements.

Johns Hopkins places him among her favorite alumni, for his student career there in the scientific department was unusually brilliant. It was during this time that he brought to perfection his now famous Plethysmograph, an instrument for obtaining tracings indicating the changes in the volume of a part of the body, especially as dependent on the circulation of blood in it. The underlying principle of this remarkable instrument had been previously affirmed by a professor in one of the Italian universities, but Father Shields put it in such practical shape that it became available for scientific observation. It consists merely in placing the arm, for example, in a glass vessel, with such compresses above the elbow as to render action delicate and the vessel water-tight, and the procession or retrocession of the blood forcing into a small tube or withdrawing from it the small column of fluid whereby the amount of blood is measured. As the circulation of the blood is dependent largely on the mental phenomena, it may be readily seen that the plethysmograph becomes secondarily an instrument whereby the mental processes or the emotional forces are measured.

Father Shields's favorite study is biology or experimental psychology, and among scientific men he has already won his spurs in his chosen department.

We look with interest to the future of Father Shields's researches. He is accounted among the fraternity to have scientific talents of a more than ordinary kind, and his best work is ahead of him if he continues to fulfil the promise of his student life.

His department of biology is one of the most important branches of scientific knowledge, and, with but very few collaborators, has the field to himself. The best-equipped master in the intellectual world to-day is one who has the broadest, up-to-date scientific knowledge, and who has so assimilated this knowledge that the very language of the scientific circle has become his—this combined with the possession of philosophical and theological truth as presented by the church. With this equipment Father Shields faces his life's work.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Champlain Assembly of Cliff Haven, N. Y., is the popular title of the Catholic Summer-School, which has been engaged in various forms of university extension work for the past six years. Lectures and conferences are now being arranged by the Board of Studies to cover a period of seven weeks, beginning July 10. The Chairman of the Board, Rev. Thomas McMillan, of the Paulist Fathers, New York City, has received definite answers regarding courses of lectures for the opening week from the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, of Baltimore, Md., who will present some thrilling epochs of American History, and the Rev. Thomas P. McLoughlin, S.T.L., of New York City, who will give a series of Round Table Talks illustrating the work of some of the great masters of musical composition. The value of Sociology and an account of Socialism in the United States will form the subject-matter of a course of lectures by the Rev. W. J. Kerby, S.T.L., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. The Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J., of New York City, will portray the spiritual beauty of Christian Art, together with other cognate topics relating to the art and poetry of classic Greece, the great German epic, and the lyric drama.

Dates have been assigned for courses of lectures on Literature by the Rev. Hugh T. Henry, of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pa.; Free Will and Hypnotism, by the Rev. Thomas S. Gasson, S.J., of Boston College, Mass.; Atmospheric Electricity, with numerous experiments, by Brother Potamian, D.Sc., of Manhattan College, New York City; Progress in the Middle Ages, by John J. Delany, M.A., of New York City; Art Studies, by Miss Anna Caulfield, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Lectures and Round Table Talks are in preparation by Henry Austin Adams, M.A.; John Francis Waters, M.A.; Hon. James M. E. O'Grady; Thomas O'Hagan, Ph.D.; Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D.; Rev. Mortimer E. Twomey; Rev. Denis J. McMahon, D.D.; and the Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., of the University of Ottawa. Special dates will be assigned for meetings devoted to the practical work of Reading Circles and Sunday-schools. Under the direction of the Rev. Thomas L. Kinkead a series of conferences, beginning August 8, will be held relating to the public aspects of Catholic charities. It is intended to give particular attention to all questions relating to the work of charitable institutions under the laws of New York State.

Other lectures will be announced at a later date when the arrangements shall have been completed; also the list of church dignitaries who may be expected to attend the Champlain Assembly during July and August of the present year.

The Alumnæ Auxiliary Association was organized during the session of 1897 to assist the progress of the Champlain Summer-School, especially by securing the co-operation of Catholic women interested in the work of self-improvement and by the substantial help of an endowment fund for special studies at Cliff Haven. This undertaking will appeal particularly to graduates of convents, colleges, high-schools, and academies, though the privileges of membership will be extended to all who desire to promote the higher education of women. A special programme has been arranged for the alumnæ week at the next session, July 25–29 inclusive. Law lectures for women will be given by Miss K. E. Hogan, assistant lecturer to the Women's Law Class at the University of the City of New York. Mrs. Frances Ralph Hayward, of Cincinnati, will give a critical account of Kalevala, the national song of Finland, and Mrs. D. J. O'Mahoney, of

Lawrence, Mass., will describe the achievements of remarkable women in various countries, including the famous women of the White House. Invitations will be extended to some of the principals and professors of the leading institutions represented among the members of the Alumnæ Auxiliary, in the hope of arranging a series of interesting Round Table Talks on post-graduate subjects.

Applications for membership in the Alumnæ Auxiliary should be sent to the secretary, Miss Mary A. Burke, care of Ozanam Reading Circle, 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City.

The initiation fee of one dollar, and annual dues, fifty cents, should be forwarded to the treasurer, Miss Gertrude McIntyre, 1811 Thompson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

The Polish Catholic writer, Sienkiewicz, is very simple in his manners, and is rather silent when in society, but he is a good listener to a story. He is of medium size, rather dark, and is inclined to baldness, with a hint of gray over the temples. The name is pronounced Chen-kay-veetch, with the accent on the second syllable, and the "ch" pronounced as in child. His home now is at Warsaw, though much of his time is spent in travelling and in getting material for his literary work. He has been married twice. The death of his first wife occurred when he was writing *Pan Michael*, and its sombre tone is traced back to that event.

He was born in 1845, in Lithuania, of an old and noble family. As a student at Warsaw he had a near view of the crises in Polish history. When a little more than twenty he began a long period of world-wandering, through Poland, in various parts of Europe, and finally America. One of his short tales, *The Lamp-lighter*, deals with American life. The letters written during his journeys were afterwards collected and published in book-form. They have never been translated.

Eight years were occupied in writing the trilogy, *With Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*. Like the *Quo Vadis*, they appeared originally as serials. *Without Dogma*, an analytical, highly wrought psychological novel, preceded *Quo Vadis*.

At present Mr. Sienkiewicz is publishing serially a new novel, whose Polish name, *Krzyzacy*, means the Cross-Men. It is a story of a German religious order, charged with the mission of Christianizing the people among whom their lives were spent. They went to Poland, but abused their mission. As the story is not yet finished, it is impossible to give details; but in this, as in his other novels, Mr. Sienkiewicz places his readers in the times of which he writes.

The critics have not yet finished discussing the wonderful sale of *Quo Vadis*. Some have discovered serious objections to the book. These objections were refuted by a writer in the New York *Times* as follows: Sienkiewicz has this artistic and moral sense, that he points the evil when he is obliged to do it, but he does not enjoy it and does not show it too much. He has enough strength and talent to show us the extreme in all its vividness, but he has also enough talent and strength not to overstep the measure, and having shown those horrid things, as it was his duty, to turn away from them as soon as possible.

Sienkiewicz does not write for young misses. He does not fill his novels with angels and Arcadian shepherds. He paints his heroes with their vices. He knows that the man has different bad propensities. He paints them boldly, frankly. But in the meanwhile the air which one breathes from his novels is healthy and pure. Why? Because when he represents a vicious and scandalous situation this situation is not his own, the principal object of his fancy. He intro-

duces it when he is obliged to do it, but he does not display it with a pleasure before his readers. His moral nature is honest. His nature as an artist is æsthetic. Both of them have this good sense, which does not like such things, which cannot suffer the low and rough things.

Another writer makes the claim that the author's aim has not been touched upon by his critics to any extent, if at all. It is apparently his purpose in the book to contrast the Christian with the Roman, or pagan, civilization. He does it through the medium of a story that involves the every-day life in Rome at Nero's time. *Quo Vadis* is a deadly parallel, wherein unfeeling, unsentimental, brute strength occupies one line, and the gentleness and self-sacrificing requirements of the Golden Rule of Christianity fill the other space. In parts the parallel is drawn in longer lines, to include the relationships in daily life of master and servant, of equals, of ruler and governed, and even of stoicism, or whatever of religious life there was in Rome, and the religion taught by Paul and Peter—the Roman on one side of the dividing line, the Christian on the other. That romance was introduced is mere matter of method. The author is certainly enabled by and through it to place before the reader many of the differences of the Christian teaching of personal love, as contrasted with the Roman, which no other method would have sufficed to have done.

* * *

There is a review in the *Academy* of Zola's *Paris*, in the course of which the critic says:

It will be seen that *Paris* is written with all Zola's ferocious sincerity and earnestness. If he sees everything awry, everything through smoked glasses, and marches through experience with an emphatic fist for ever shoving condemnation in the face of Providence, he possesses one virtue his enemies must ever acknowledge—courage. His courage may be a pose, but there it is flagrantly evident. He dares everything—contumely, poverty—for his convictions; and, if money has flowed plentifully into his coffers in his long campaign against reticence and rose-haze in literature, it cannot be denied that no writer has ever had a greater load of abuse and hostility to bear. Of course he earned it as the acknowledged prince of pornography; but it needed all the same an uncommon courage to court it, and this lesson of courage he preaches more eagerly now than ever.

It would indeed be difficult for the average English mind to fathom the astounding and cynical corruption of the Parisian press. There is no attempt to cloak its venality. Every eulogistic article is paid for according to the position of the newspaper. Reviewing is either a question of *camaraderie* or bribe, with the result that not a single new book is ever criticised. Prompted by friendship or money, it is safe to be a master-piece anyhow. Not so long ago the *Figaro* furnished us with a glaring example of unscrupulousness. The first to condemn, and that in no measured way, Major Esterhazy, when the shares depreciated, it tranquilly and cynically changed its opinion and glided to the opposite side. This striking absence of moral conviction, of average honesty or honor in the Parisian press, Zola exposes mercilessly, along with that of ministers and deputies. It is possibly an exaggeration to offer us the spectacle of one ministry reversed and another chosen for its greater susceptibility to the charms of a certain courtesan, who, desiring to enter the Comedie Française, and having no other qualification than a virginal profile, was naturally inadmissible. The new minister forces the doors of Molière's house, all Paris applauds the courtesan's *début*, the austerest critics, bribed with shares or banquets, delicately hymn her praises in the most literary papers.

The United States Catholic Historical Society has been reorganized and is now fully prepared to resume and continue the important work for which it was established. At a general meeting held at De La Salle Institute, Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, at which Archbishop Corrigan presided, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Honorary President, Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D.; President, Charles G. Herbermann, LL.D., Ph.D.; Vice-President, Charles W. Sloane; Corresponding Secretary, Mark F. Valette, LL.D.; Recording Secretary, Patrick Farrelly; Treasurer, Joseph A. Kernan; Librarian, Rev. James H. McGean; Trustees, Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien, Hon. Joseph F. Daly, Frederic R. Coudert, John McAnerny, R. Duncan Harris, John D. Keily; Councillors, Rev. Patrick McSweeney, D.D., James S. Coleman, John Crane, Rev. James J. Dougherty, Edward J. McGean, Francis D. Hoyt.

The following new members were elected: Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J., President St. John's College, Fordham; Very Rev. Dean O'Flynn, Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., Rev. John Edwards; Rev. Joseph J. Synnott, Seton Hall College, N. J.; Rev. M. F. Keliher; Messrs. John E. Cahalan, James Maguire, Stephen Farrelly, Patrick J. Kennedy, Albert Hardy, Charles E. Hardy, Joseph Byrnes, Marcus J. McLaughlin, Joseph H. Fargis, Edward F. McGuire, Alexander J. Herbermann, E. B. Amend, Wilfred Pearce, Edward Berge.

The newly elected President, Dr. Charles G. Herbermann, read a report reviewing the past work of the society and outlining an elaborate programme for the future. A strong staff of contributors to future publications has been organized, and the coming publication of the society will contain important unpublished historical matter and biographical sketches of eminent Catholics who have distinguished themselves in the fields of literature, science, law, medicine, theology, charity, philanthropy, and missionary work, together with portraits, illustrations, and fac-similes. Several valuable paintings were presented to the society at its last meeting.

* * *

The Comparative Literature Society of New York City, which has for an Advisory Board William Dean Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, Horace Howard Furness, Richard Henry Stoddard, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, was incorporated last summer by a number of persons prominent in literary circles for the avowed purpose of deepening the understanding of what has already been accomplished in literature and stimulating to higher literary production. In the accomplishment of this object the society proposes to conduct conferences, lectures, readings, and classes for study, to publish books, to edit a magazine of comparative literature, and to secure the translation or republication of master-pieces in all languages. In its platform the society declares:

The chief worth of any literary monument derives in every instance from the humanity vibrant in it. This humanity is not local, transient in essence, though necessarily more or less such in the forms that clothe it. A literary monument wins immortality in proportion as it speaks the universal language of the heart and the intellect. National idioms and chronological divisions furnish, therefore, rather apparent than real lines of demarcation in literature.

Comparative literature bases its claim to recognition upon these facts. In practice it selects from a given broad field supreme creations alone. These it views as the outcome of the lives of separate peoples, each seeking to give objective form to its subjective life, or to perpetuate, in the language of art, its most impressive experiences. Every literary monument studied is, therefore, placed in its setting of climate, and other physical conditions, race characteristics,

historical environment, etc., is regarded as the product of general and long-acting forces, not as an unrelated and inexplicable phenomenon. Thus, having eliminated chance from its realm, having assigned to the race and to the individual their respective parts in every production, comparative literature proceeds to group its materials according to essential relations of kinship into the lyric, the epic, the drama. It then examines the individuals in every group, comparing each with all. It holds that every attempt to express truth (in dramatic form) contains a partial revelation of that which is permanent and entire, both as to the truth to be interpreted and as to the art-form its vehicle.

With this critical theory for a basis, the society has arranged a course of lectures on the Dawn of Literature, dealing particularly with Oriental literatures and the Scandinavian poems, with reference to their casual relationship to the classical period. This series of lectures extended from February to April.

The subjects chosen were:

I. Man and His Wanderings.

II. Nature and Man, Professor N. S. Shaler.

III. The Dawn of Literature in China and Japan, Professor F. Wells Williams.

IV. The Dawn of Literature in India, Professor C. R. Lanman.

V. The Dawn of Literature in Babylonia and Egypt, Professor C. H. Toy.

VI. The Dawn of Literature in Greece and Italy, Professor Thomas Davidson.

VII. The Dawn of Literature in Persia, Professor A. V. W. Jackson.

VIII. The Dawn of Arabic Literature, Dr. Talcott Williams.

IX. The Dawn of Scandinavian Literature, Professor Charles Sprague-Smith.

X. Before the Dawn: Literature among Savage Tribes, Professor D. G. Brinton.

As a supplement to this course a series of evening conferences on the Contemporary Drama were held on alternate days in March and February. This course was as follows:

I. The Contemporary Drama in France, Professor Adolphe Cohn.

II. The Contemporary Drama in Spain and Italy, Professor Luis A. Baralt.

III. The Contemporary Drama in Germany, Professor Kuno Francke.

IV. The Contemporary Drama in Scandinavia, Professor Charles Sprague-Smith.

The methods upon which these conferences were conducted aim particularly at securing the greatest possible concentration without diminishing the interest and variety of the discussions. The plan for each morning was arranged after consultation between the professor in charge of the conference and the director, and aided the creation of a setting to lend greater distinctness to the main theme, enliven attention, and leave the impression of a well-rounded whole. The preliminary plans for the Babylonian and Egyptian, the Indian and the Arabic mornings may serve as illustrations. Professor Toy spoke for a half-hour upon the dawn of literature in Babylonia. A reader then gave extracts—Professor Toy's translations or selections—illustrating this literature. Professor Toy then for a second half-hour spoke upon the dawn of literature in Egypt, and similar readings followed. Professor Lanman used lantern-slides to show the intimate relation between Indian literature and the pictorial and architectonic representations of old folk-tales. Similarly, Dr. Talcott Williams gave recitations in the original Arabic and introduced musicians from the Armenian quarter.

The society, in its announcement, invites all to seek membership in its classes. Until May 1, 1898, all applicants will be received into membership upon payment of $10 for annual dues, but after that date an initiation fee will also be required. It announces already a prosperous membership. The officers proper, aside from the Advisory Council, are: Chairman Board of Trustees, Merle St. Croix Wright; Treasurer, Abbie B. Longstreet; Secretary and Director, Charles Sprague-Smith.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Noble Revenge. By Whyte Avis. *Humility.* By Mary Maher. *Meditations on the Sacred Passion of our Lord.* By Cardinal Wiseman. *The Life of Blessed John of Avila.* By Father Longaro Degli Oddi, S.J. Edited by J. G. Macleod, S.J. *The People's Mission Book.* By Father M. F., Missionary Priest. *Pickle and Pepper.* By Ella Loraine Dorsey. *How to Comfort the Sick.* From the original of Rev. Joseph Aloysius Krebs, C.SS.R. *Meditations on the Seven Words of our Lord on the Cross.* By Father Charles Perraud. Introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Perraud. *The Month of Our Lady.* From the Italian of Rev. Augustine Ferraud. By Rev. John F. Mullaney, LL.D. *Jewels of Prayer and Meditation from Unfamiliar Sources.* By Percy Fitzgerald. *Ecce Homo: Forty Short Meditations.* By Rev. D. G. Hubert. Second edition. *The Formation of Christendom. Vol. IX. As seen in Church and State.* By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. *Genesis and Science.* By John Smyth. *The Priest in the Family.* By Miss Bridges. *Sister Anne Katharine Emmerich, of the Order of St. Augustine.* By Rev. Thomas Wegener, O.S.A. Translated from the German by Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O.S.A. *Compendium Theologiæ Dogmaticæ et Morales.* P. J. Berthier, M.S. *The Romance of a Playwright.* By Vte. Henri de Bornier. Translated by Mary McMahon. *The Little Altar Boy's Manual.*

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:

A Brief German Grammar, with Exercises. By Hjalmar Edgren, Ph.D., and Lawrence Fassler, A.M. *Story of Æneas.* Eclectic School Readings. By M. Clarke. *Greek Prose Composition.* By Henry Can Pearson, A.B. *The Cyropædia of Xenophon.* Abridged for schools. By C. W. Gleason.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Meaning of Education, and other Essays and Addresses. By Nicholas Murray Butler. *Guesses at the Riddle of Existence, and other Essays.* By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L.

REV. J. A. FANNING, D.D.:

Purgatory.

CADIEUX AND DEROME, Montreal:

Luciferianism, or Satanism in English Freemasonry. By L. Fouquet, O.M.I.

CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, New York:

Brief Explanation of Some Catholic Ceremonies and Practices. Leaflet.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London (CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE New York):

The New Utopia. By Mother Francis Raphael, O.S.D. *Protestant Fiction.* (Paper). By James Butler, K.S.G. *I. Nuns. II. Jesuits. Catholics and Nonconformists. III. Catholic Worship.* By the Bishop of Clifton. *IV. Searching the Scriptures whether these Things were so. V. Justification and the New Birth. Catholic's Library of Tales, No. 27.*

H. L. KILNER, PHILADELPHIA:

Storm-bound: Christian Carols of Love and Life. The Rhymes of the Friar Stephen. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:

Manual of the Blessed Sacrament. Translated from the French of Rev. T. B. Boone, S.J., by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs. *The Rose of Alhama, or the Conquest of Granada.* By Rev. Charles Warren Currier.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

New Rubaiyat. By Condé Benoist Pallen. *The Dutiful Child.* From the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel.

DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, Chicago:

A Trinity of Friendships. By Gilbert Guest.

ARTHUR SAVAÈTE, Rue des Saint-Pères, Paris:

Origines et Progrès de l'Education en Amérique. Étude Historique et Critique. Par Charles Barneaud.

THE

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THE FACULTY OF ST. CHARLES. (*See page 373.*)

F. B. Mayer.

THE PLANTING OF THE FIRST COLONY OF MARYLAND, *March 25, 1634.*

See Page 312.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. LXVII. JUNE, 1898. NO. 399.

CATHOLIC COLLEGIATE EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY AUSTIN O'MALLEY, M.D., LL.D.

THERE are in the United States 180,000 students in 634 non-Catholic colleges or universities, including students in their preparatory departments. 422 of these institutions are called universities or colleges, 54 are technical and agricultural colleges, and 161 are colleges for girls exclusively. Of the 422 called universities or general colleges not 100 really deserve the name college or university. The remainder are mere high schools, and many do not reach the grade of a high school.

The Federal government and the State governments spend nearly six million dollars yearly on the agricultural colleges and the State universities; and according to the last available annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education there were appropriated during the scholastic year $24,052 by certain States for the use of colleges that are professedly sectarian. The money was distributed as follows:

Ohio: $12,500 to Wilberforce University (African Methodist Episcopal); Tennessee: $1,050 to Knoxville College (United Presbyterian); New York: $452 to Alfred University (Seventh-Day Baptist); New Hampshire: $7,500 to Dartmouth College

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(Congregational); Georgia: $250 to Nanny Lou Warthen College (M. E. South); Georgia: $300 to Methodist Episcopal College; Florida: $2,000 to Florida Conference College (Methodist Episcopal).

That Pennsylvania this year gave a single large appropriation to the Episcopalian Lehigh University is, of course, well known. Rutgers College, a Dutch Reformed institution, has been made the Agricultural College of the State of New Jersey, and it therefore receives $35,000 yearly from the Federal government.

On February 3, 1898, Judge Hagner, of the Equity Court in Washington, D. C., ruled that it is unconstitutional for Congress to appropriate money for sectarian institutions. The court granted an injunction restraining the treasurer of the United States from paying to the directors of Providence Hospital, owned and managed by Sisters of Charity, any money belonging to the United States or the District of Columbia. In the same city, however, there is no objection to paying government money to the Protestant Garfield Hospital, which was built solely to oppose Providence Hospital.

The State universities and the agricultural colleges are professedly non-sectarian, but they are all non-Catholic. There is a handful of Catholic professors in the law or medical schools connected with some of the State universities, but there are very few Catholic professors in the academic departments of these colleges. The presidents of the State institutions are often Protestant clergymen, and the trustees are seldom, if ever, Catholic.

THE POLICY OF EXCLUSION.

Professorships in any college are largely hereditary except in new foundations. Most of the faculty in any college were educated in that college, and picked out for special aptitude while still students. Catholic boys are not selected because the professors know these would not afterward be confirmed if offered as candidates for professorships. I know of two Catholic men, now professors in Catholic colleges, who were advised by Johns Hopkins professors not to study in preparation for academic professorships, because they could not get appointments of that kind in any non-Catholic college in the country.

The inheritance of professorships should be borne in mind when comparing non-Catholic with Catholic faculties. It is often said that the non-Catholic college has the country to draw from, while the Catholic college, managed by a religious

congregation, must take its professors from that congregation. The non-Catholic college has the country to choose from, but in the vast majority of cases it selects professors from its own young men. The older the college the more it tends toward this method.

Although we have a Catholic population of at least 10,000,000 that pays taxes to support non-Catholic institutions, Catholics cannot get professorships because of religious prejudice, and the existence of the prejudice prevents Catholics from even preparing for such work. If the disability were suddenly removed there would, therefore, be no Catholic men to accept offered positions. We could, however, get representative men, bishops and others, appointed as trustees, if these men would show interest in the matter. It is important that this step be taken, because in not a few of the Western and Southern State colleges there is much hostility to the Catholic Church evinced in literary and historical classes where Catholic students are present. The Eastern colleges are commonly more civilized in this respect. For example, in the Ohio State University at Columbus, in the winter of 1888–1889, the question, "Resolved, that the Jesuits should be expelled from America," was announced on the public bulletin board and debated. One of the defenders of the Jesuits said, among other remarks, that it was erroneous to think that Romish priests preached to ignorant Irish in Latin. They spoke in English, and "they actually use texts from the Bible." The University of Texas also was notorious for this sort of thing. There are Catholic students, boys and girls, in all the State universities, and Catholic students will be present in these places in increasing numbers for many years to come. Such students should be protected by a just proportion of Catholic trustees. We should demand here nothing but our constitutional rights, and if we do not get these the failure will be a result of our own cowardice.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS IN NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

I endeavored to get an approximate notion of the number of Catholic students in attendance at non-Catholic collegiate institutions in the United States, and the result of the inquiry is as follows:

University of Pennsylvania,	201	University of Illinois,	15
Chicago University,	8	University of Indiana,	9
Harvard,	300	University of Iowa,	60
Yale,	115	University of Kansas,	24
Leland Stanford University,	30	University of Michigan,	120

Princeton,	12	University of Missouri,	27
Cornell,	85	University of Nebraska,	32
Tulane University,	40	University of Nevada,	26
St. John's Coll. (Annapolis, Md.),	3	University of North Carolina,	3
Brown University,	47	University of Ohio,	27
University of Cincinnati,	19	University of Washington,	6
Williams College,	17	University of West Virginia,	6
Massachusetts Instit. of Tech.,	7	University of Wisconsin,	118
University of Idaho,	2	9 Presbyterian Colleges,	18

There are 19 Catholic cadets at Annapolis, 29 at West Point (8.9 per cent. of the number of students), and 150 Catholic Indians at Carlisle, but only about 80 of these Indians go to Mass. These three Federal institutions are not included in the college statistics.

In these 37 institutions there are 1,452 Catholic students, according to the statistics given above. There is good reason for deeming these numbers exact except in the case of Harvard, where the number, I think, is too large, and of Princeton and Chicago universities, for which the numbers are most probably too small.

Of the 201 Catholic students at Pennsylvania University only 15 are in the academic department; the remainder are distributed as follows: 101 are in the medical department, 48 are studying law, 32 are studying dentistry, and 5 are in the veterinary college. Of the 115 at Yale, 50 are in the academic department and 65 in the professional schools. At Michigan University 40 are in literary courses, 36 at law, 22 at medicine, and 22 in other professional courses. At the University of Nevada 13 are in literary courses and 13 in other courses; at the University of Indiana 8 are in literary courses and 1 is studying law. The two Catholics at the University of Idaho are in literary courses. It was not possible to find the distribution in courses for the other colleges mentioned here.

There are, then, 1,452 Catholic students in less than six per centum of the non-Catholic colleges of the United States. The colleges heard from are those that contain most of the Catholic students that are studying in non-Catholic institutions, but there must be no inconsiderable number scattered throughout the remaining 95 per centum of these institutions in the country.

IN CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

In Hoffmann's Directory for 1897 we find 80 Catholic institutions in the United States which are called colleges. These institutions had 14,352 students, if the preparatory boys are in-

cluded. To 51 of the 80 colleges I sent letters asking for statistics, and answers were received from 35. The average proportion of preparatory boys to regular collegiate students in the thirty-five colleges was two to one. This ratio would give 4,764 regular collegiate students in the 80 colleges to put in comparison with the 1,452 Catholic collegiate students in less than 6 per centum of the non-Catholic colleges in the country.

If we add the number of students in our secular and religious seminaries to the number given for the colleges, we have 20,261 students, collegiate and preparatory—about one-ninth of the number of students in all the non-Catholic colleges in the United States. There is a very small number of Protestants in our colleges—115 in 26 Jesuit colleges and 110 in Notre Dame, for example, and in both cases these are nearly all preparatory boys. There are only 12 non-Catholic boys in the collegiate courses at Notre Dame.

AN IMMENSE EXPENDITURE FOR A MINUTE GAIN.

Suppose we reckon the cost of the education of each of these 20,261 boys at one hundred dollars a year. This is a low estimate: a boy that is a "day scholar" in a college will cost his parents, for tuition and books, nearly one hundred dollars, and the boys in the numerous boarding colleges will expend three to six hundred dollars a year. Say, then, each of these boys costs us $100 annually, we Catholics are expending $2,026,100 a year on private collegiate education, or within $127,000 of the amount of money appropriated last year by all the States in the Union for the State universities. We spend enough money to pay the running expense of a good college in every State in the Republic, and what are we getting for this money? We might have and should have universities like the Pennsylvania, or Harvard, or Yale.

I am not finding fault with the noble men who in poverty and toil have built up the collegiate institutions we have, without any hope of earthly recompense, without salary, often without proper food and clothing. I am merely drawing attention to our misdirected struggles, to the indifference of our people to all unity of endeavor. We complain about the scantiness of our resources while we are throwing millions of dollars into holes in the ground.

Not a few American Catholics think their colleges are private institutions managed for the money there is in them. This class looks upon colleges as boarding-houses. In reality,

however, the board of students is but a comparatively small expense—buildings, professors, laboratories, libraries, a hundred other essentials are the things that demand money for their efficiency. People seldom think of a college as they do of a parish church, but a good college, in view of its effect upon the church at large, is comparable with many parish churches.

We have a handful of institutions beside the Catholic University that are worthy the name of college, and these have at least a classical course up to the standard of the leading non-Catholic colleges. The names of these colleges cannot be given for obvious reasons. The colleges really worthy of the name have 973 collegiate students, and 1,693 preparatory students. With preparatory boys we have nothing to do here, as they are not college students. There are 1,452 Catholic collegiate students in less than six per centum of the non-Catholic colleges in the country—479 more than there are in those of our own colleges that are really colleges. There are at least ten American universities any one of which has more collegiate students than these 973, and we Catholics number 10,000,000.

It is true that the majority of these 1,452 students are in professional schools, but there is a large number in the literary departments, and the Catholic who thinks the faith of our boys safe in professional schools knows nothing of the real life in such institutions.

HOW TO GO TO COLLEGE ON $200 A YEAR.

Catholic boys go to the State or sectarian institutions to study law, medicine, engineering of one kind or another, biology in its various phases, chemistry, history, they take literary courses ending with philosophy, or they busy themselves with other divisions of learning. The causes of their choice of a Protestant institution are many: proximity of the numerous large Protestant colleges to centres of population is one cause. Many boys can live at home while studying. The cost of living, moreover, can be made less at these institutions than it is at the Catholic residence colleges. Even at Harvard a boy *can* live for $372 a year, paying all expenses except clothing, and have the advantage of a private room. At great State universities, like the Michigan University, there are many students that pay nothing for tuition because they are citizens of the State; they get a comfortable room for 75 cents a week, they cook their own food on oil-stoves, they wear "sweaters" to avoid laundry-bills, and they are treated as well as the

wealthiest students. With the help of clubs a boy at Ann Arbor that would spend $200 a year would be thought extravagant.

Another cause of the defection is the dislike boys have for discipline. Human nature in any country is not fond of discipline, and the youth in this "free country" is vehemently opposed to it. That is another platitude, but a bitter one. We Americans so often tell ourselves that we have a deeper respect for law than is possessed by any nation in existence that we actually take the joke seriously. We really have no respect for parent, priest, or governor, unless these persons are morally stronger than we are. When we find a strong man we make orations about the nobility of obedience and we march in line. Love for obedience as such, for its sacredness through the touch of God's will on it, is almost unknown among us. Not boys alone, but men—and not a few of the latter are priests—think the discipline in our Catholic colleges too strict.

WHAT IS THE USE OF A CATHOLIC COLLEGE?

What is the very reason for existence of a Catholic college? If it is only to sharpen a boy's wits, then in the name of common sense why do we not turn the matter over to the State universities and keep our two million dollars of yearly expenditure in our pockets? The Catholic college is intended for the teaching of history that can talk for at least a page without lying, of literature that has the foulness cut out of it; we want "narrow-minded," expurgated literature, because we prefer to teach a boy the beauty in literature—he can learn the lechery thereof from the devil without the help of a professor. The Catholic college is also intended to teach the elements of metaphysics and ethics, to replace histories of erroneous systems of philosophy and sneers at scholasticism made by men who, through ignorance of technical terminology, could not understand Catholic philosophy if they honestly tried to study it. It also teaches Christian doctrine; but almost half its work should be devoted to that moral education that is effected by discipline. The end of education is not so much learning as living, and intellectual education alone does not conduce to good living.

President Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University, in the *North American Review* for October, 1897, said: "The American University is changing year by year in its attitude towards matters of discipline. The tendency is to throw on the student, more and more, the responsibility for his work and his con-

duct." Just so; and in December, 1897, President Jordan expelled 41 students for "inferiority in college work, immorality, and vulgarity."

After a foot-ball victory last autumn a correspondent of the public press wrote of Yale: "The intoxicated young men, to the number of nearly a thousand, thronged the lower streets of New Haven, while lewd women carried off scores of them to their resorts." This sort of thing never happens in a Catholic college, yet small boys and big fools tell us to "treat our Catholic boys like men." Perhaps it is wiser to treat them like the rash youngsters they are, who do not know everything and who have souls to save. Mr. Henri Labouchere calls a disciplineless system the "jail-bird system," because it makes work for the police magistrates. That sort of university government was tried and found wanting away back in the middle ages. It is, of course, much easier for the faculty to draw its salary and keep its eyes shut than to instil a respect for authority into a crowd of semi-barbarous lads, and all boys are more or less barbarous. Unfortunately, the Catholic college system of discipline in America is injured in repute by the narrow minds of some "prefects" who mistake a mission from God for a detective's job, but the system itself is sound.

DEFECTIVE ATHLETICS.

Another cause for the attendance of our boys at non-Catholic colleges is that we do not pay proper attention to athletics. It is surprising how many American parents there are that are willing to let a boy go to whatever college he may like, provided he consents to go at all. The boy, no matter how intelligent he is, sees more worth in the great base-ball pitcher or the illustrious full-back than in all the wisdom of all the professors under the sun, and the boy wishes to enter the college that has the strongest foot-ball team. Foot-ball has overshadowed base-ball, and the game of foot-ball will last in spite of opposition because the element of fighting in it is in accord with a boy's nature. What are we to do as regards this game? There were 11 boys killed last year in the United States while playing foot-ball, and the newspapers kept up a constant attack upon the college faculties for permitting the sport to go on. There were, however, during that same year 24 times as many deaths from bicycle-riding (264), 30 times as many deaths from horseback riding (333), 59 times as many deaths from hunting (654), 89 times as many deaths from boat-

ing (986), and 122 times as many deaths from swimming (1,350), but no one had a word to say against the other sports.

I do not wish to defend a game in which players are killed, but if mass-plays were done away with and untrained boys were kept out of the game, there would be no deaths from foot-ball. Even as it is the good players in the university teams are very seldom hurt. The advantages of the training for the game are not inconsiderable when mass-plays are eliminated. To one ignorant of the game foot-ball appears much rougher than it is. It is not a young lady's game, and it has driven the milksop out of American college life. There is no sport without danger, and we cannot make our boys sit around tables and sew like convent girls. The American college that tries to live without games like foot-ball is working against serious difficulties.

Very few of our Catholic colleges have gymnasia, because they cannot get money to put up such buildings. There is an erroneous opinion among college authorities that gymnasia cost more than they really do. I have before me plans for a gymnasium, 135 feet by 100 feet on the ground, with brick walls 25 feet high. The walls are a foot thick except under the nine Howe trusses that carry the roof, where are pilasters 16 inches in thickness. This building will have a track-hall 100 feet square, lighted by a lantern, and a room 100 feet by 35 feet containing a swimming-pool, faced with enamelled brick and lined with concrete, 50 by 25 feet in size, 20 small dressing-rooms, a shower-bath room, rubbing-room, and office. Over this bathing-room is another room of the same size, to be used for gymnastic apparatus and as a gallery for spectators that wish to look down at games in the track-hall. This building will serve the needs of any college for a generation to come, and its actual cost to the contractor would be $8,500. It could be put up for less than $10,000. There would be need of a shed for lockers beside the building, and this shed could be used as a bowling alley.

Let some wealthy Catholic that may be thinking of founding a chair of vital statistics or something like that spend his fifty thousand dollars on five of these gymnasia.

There is a class of Catholics, increasing year by year as wealth increases, that sends its sons to non-Catholic colleges for the social distinction they fancy this risk brings to the boys; but a bachelor's diploma, even from Harvard or Yale, does not dazzle any one whose good opinion is worth having.

WHERE THE DANGER IS.

Another class sends boys to non-Catholic institutions because it is convinced that the courses are better there than in our Catholic colleges. Are the courses really better when compared with those of the best Catholic colleges?

The non-Catholic colleges of the United States are cursed with the madness of experimentation in education. Every month some remarkable woman from the public schools discovers the "child-soul," and formulates a theory of education that was tried and found wanting in the days of Abraham. Some of our colleges are not much wiser than this good lady. Knowledge and science advance, but there is little progress possible in methods of imparting knowledge. The world of knowledge must be created anew in the old manner for every boy of to-day as it was created for his predecessors. The boy of this age is the same glad, blank-brained little savage, God bless him! as was the boy in the day of Moses, and we must walk in ancient paths in training his tender mind so that it can fight for the modern wisdom afterward. With the deepest reverence for the professors of pedagogy, it remains my conviction that teachers, like poets, are born and not made, and therein lies really all pedagogy. For ordinary boys and ordinary teachers, and ninety per centum of boys and teachers are ordinary, we had better cling to Latin and Greek. All our late study does is to pile up facts; it does not better minds more than did the old methods, it does not render minds nearly so keen. Bearing this truth in remembrance, we need not bewail the poverty that prevents the Catholic college from having twenty undergraduate courses to offer to the choice of the American boy—at least as things are just now. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Bring up the boy God has entrusted to us on wholesome bread and meat, and let those who come after us, if they like, give their boys intellectual indigestion with a surfeit of university work before that boy shall be old enough for the university.

The spirit of Didymus haunts all scientific work—medical, biological, and the rest—and this spirit urges a student to withhold faith from what he cannot see with his physical eyes or prod with his fingers. To the medical man death, a force that makes for spirituality in ordinary cases, is a mere phase in a disease. The body absorbs all interest till the soul is forgotten in the dimness of hearsay. We sadly need Catholic schools of all sorts so that the blood of Christ may touch and sanctify the hard, brutal fact.

There are dangerous doctrines concerning human life and other subjects that may be taught in medical schools, and these should be inspired by the approved teaching of the church. It is not true, moreover, that boys who have been well instructed at home will go through a scientific school safely as regards religion. I know many cases to the contrary; so does every man that has studied this matter.

NON-CATHOLIC LITERARY COURSES.

As to sending a boy to a non-Catholic college for a literary course, I contend that it is unnecessary, in the first place, to do so because we have a number of Catholic colleges with excellent literary courses. Suppose, however, we had no Catholic colleges, and many educated Catholics think we have not even one, would there be sufficient reason for sending a boy to a non-Catholic institution for a literary course? There would not. The ordinary Catholic boy had better have no literary training at all than that given in most of the non-Catholic colleges in the United States. I grant that there are good priests and devout laymen that have been graduated at Harvard and Yale and similar institutions, but for every one of these there are ten other graduates of whom their neighbors say, "Those men should be Catholic, but they are not."

I am aware that men in a position to judge will not agree with my contention. I have letters from priests of towns in which there are Protestant universities that have Catholic students, and one of these clergymen tells me: "I feel that if a young man or a young woman is well instructed in the faith, Michigan University will not do him or her harm. If they are not, you can guess what their future will be as well as I can."

A priest writes concerning the University of Wisconsin: "I have been here nearly two years, and my experience with the Catholic student is that they are a good body—both young men and young women. They attend church regularly; it is the exception if one or another should be careless in that respect. They attend to their religious duties as well as the remaining part of the parish, and as I have more than 6,000 communions a year in a parish of about 375 families, you will see that the average is quite good. The students, I think, average about the same as the others."

One priest, a graduate of Harvard, is almost enthusiastic in urging Catholic boys to go to that university, and he looks upon a good Catholic student there as a missionary. The church will

never be overcrowded by the efforts of these missionaries, and a priest of Boston who has much to do with Harvard students takes a position directly opposed to that held by the priest who has been a student of the university. He asserts that the Catholic Club of Harvard meets about once a year, that it does no good, and that boys, instead of being missionaries, fall away from the faith.

A Catholic graduate in a literary course at the University of Michigan in a letter to me holds an opinion practically the same as that of the priest from Ann Arbor—that well-instructed Catholics do not lose the faith in that institution. He thinks that there is nothing which would really weaken the faith of Catholics except in the departments of history and philosophy. What more is wanted? He says, also, that after lectures upon the history of the middle ages and the Reformation, "all the Catholics manifested uneasiness" in their conversations with one another.

I shall quote at length from a letter sent me by a graduate of the Ohio State University at Columbus. He writes of that institution: "A Catholic student must expect to hear many things which grate harshly on his religious sensibility. On every public occasion, Washington's Birthday, University Day, and in the literary contests, there is always some one on the programme who either abuses the Catholic Church or bestows lavish praise on her enemies. . . . In the classes in English, essays were often read which were very objectionable to Catholic ears. The professor, however, encouraged the Catholic students to write essays in answer to the abusive effusions. A class of German one day was reading a historical work in which Catholics were presented in a very unfair light. Among other things they were accused of selling indulgences. A student asked the professor what an indulgence is. He said it is like this: If a man wanted to commit a sin—murder, for example—he could go to a priest and, by paying a fixed sum, have the sin forgiven before it was committed. A Catholic student rose up and said, 'That is not so!' The professor was speechless with astonishment for a moment, and then in a changed voice he asked this student to tell the class what an indulgence really is. The student did so. Then the professor made excuses for what the book said about religion, and the next year he used a text-book in which the objectionable parts did not appear.

"All the students assembled once a day in the chapel for religious exercises, and to hear general announcements of interest to the student body. At one of these meetings a professor

asked the students to patronize a lecture for the benefit of a hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity in the city. One of the older professors interrupted him and asked if the hospital was not a Catholic institution. On receiving an affirmative answer, he began to say that he thought it was not good policy for the students to help the Catholics, etc., but he was promptly hissed down by the crowd of students. The professor that had first spoken then turned to him and said: 'Any man who came along is taken in at this hospital without being asked about his religion; several of our students have been cared for there. Yes, if even you were to go there they would treat you kindly!' This was received with vigorous applause and effectually silenced the old gentleman."

A Catholic graduate of Cornell University writes as follows: "My impressions gathered at Cornell University seem to indicate an effect injurious to the faith of Catholic students. During my stay of four years at Cornell I noticed the gradual dropping away of young men from attendance at Mass and the Sacraments. Of course, at first, being fresh from home, they are not lax in their duties; but as they become more fully acquainted with their fellow-students, that are usually without religious belief, the zeal with which they at first devoted themselves to their Christian duties seems to weaken, and finally to dwindle to utter neglect, and that in a short while. More especially is this the case with students who are members of fraternities. . . . Women students and foreigners who are Catholics are apparently free from contamination as regards their religion; but in the case of American Catholic men students, I should judge that only one-tenth of the number of such students who enter Cornell practise their religion faithfully throughout their life at that institution."

CATHOLICS AT YALE.

That letter needs no comment. A Catholic graduate of Yale writes in enthusiastic praise of the fraternities as a means for preserving order and harmony among students. He says the priests of New Haven find nothing objectionable in the secret as such. The Catholic Club at Yale died out in 1892, and I am told "there is no place for such an organization at so broad an institution as Yale." The gentleman that writes this tells me also that during his four years at Yale he "never noticed the slightest prejudice against Catholic students." On the contrary, class honors and social honors seem to be distributed

evenly. He further says that Professor Adams in his history lectures speaks with high praise of the Catholic Church, that the faculty insist upon the rule that Catholic students attend Mass. He continues: "In our philosophy courses the teaching was violently opposed to the scholastic system. This you may interpret as an opposition to Catholicism. But the professors were sincere, and, for my part, I could never like scholasticism."

What more does a Catholic clerical or lay philosopher want than the last quotation to understand the state of mind induced by Protestant philosophy? The amateur metaphysician even in the church does not approve of scholastic philosophy, because he has not the faintest notion of what the term scholastic philosophy means. After a ten-months course in philosophy and twenty to thirty months at the higher catechism in Latin in a seminary, hundreds of men call themselves philosophers and theologians. So they are, just as a senior classman in a Jesuit college is a "philosopher" the moment he passes the junior class examination. Do I then mean to assert that the great professors of philosophy in Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Michigan, and the other non-Catholic universities are not competent critics of scholastic philosophy? That is exactly what I hold. Not one of them knows anything whatever about scholastic philosophy except at second hand, and then through prejudiced sources.

That good American word "bluff" is very expressive. When a professor with a world-wide reputation for learning claims to know the opinion of the man in the moon, the world admits the claim; but the world is suffering under a plain, vulgar bluff, and it is surprising how much of this bluff there is in high places. One of the most distinguished non-Catholic professors in America once told me impressively, "You know I am thoroughly familiar with all the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas." I did not know it. He could not translate the technical terms on one page of the *Summa* to save his learned soul.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

We have, then, real colleges of our own, and good ones. A small number are in the first class, about twenty others are good. The courses in this twenty are almost a year below the standard in material handled, and often they have weak professors, but there is the compensation of religious influence, discipline, and philosophy to atone for the feebleness of the course. We must confess the other "colleges" down to the end of the list are troubled with the yearning for titles so characteristic of our

Republic. Some of them do not teach even our religion well, because it requires as much learning and talent to teach religion as to teach mathematics. It is one thing to make boys memorize catechism and quite another to teach them their religion.

These colleges by brevet also give degrees, and they are especially fond of conferring the degree Doctor of Philosophy, *honoris causa*. That degree has an impressive air in the catalogue. They might as well give the degree Doctor of Medicine, *honoris causa*. Our respectable colleges are giving this degree at present after courses in single languages, science—anything you please, but they require at least three years' study of this strange "philosophy." The honorary degree in philosophy is a scandal. Grant the degree Doctor of Laws to the man who has built a church and is a good fellow, or to the man that has written a book, even if the book is somewhat paralytic, but save us from the disgrace of the honorary Doctor of Philosophy.

If a Catholic parent sends a boy to a Protestant college without absolute necessity, the boy is left there without the grace of state that he would have in a Catholic college. He breathes in, moreover, an air of scepticism. The better the non-Catholic university is intellectually the less real religion is found in it. Not that religious faith and intellectuality are incompatible, but Protestant faith and intellectuality are. A Presbyterian said to a friend of mine not long ago: "If you want to knock all the Presbyterianism out of a boy send him to Princeton." The Baptist University of Chicago is anything but Baptist. As Father R. F. Clarke wrote of Oxford about twelve years ago, these universities are losing their hold on the supernatural.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NON-CATHOLIC COLLEGES.

There may be no direct attack on Catholicism in the civilized universities, but there is an animus against all sacerdotalism that tinges the historical lectures. If the mediæval popes were not the vicars of Christ, and the non-Catholic professor believes they were not, these popes were stupendous scoundrels; and that belief will taint historical lectures. The normal Catholic boy is at heart, even in America, docile, and he believes a great professor, in spite of the pitiable uneasiness of his Catholic instincts.

I have given a feeble presentation of the state of the question regarding Catholic collegiate education in the United States. We know that there is a large number of Catholic

boys and girls in Protestant colleges, and we also know that we have very few Catholic colleges to supply the intellectual needs of those students that are risking their faith. The regular clergy have so sacrificed themselves in this work of collegiate education that they have, as Father Murphy well said in a recent article in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, almost done an injury to our people by leaving the layman under the impression that he has no obligation in the matter of collegiate education. What remedy is to be proposed?

First, let warning be given to parents of the danger into which they are sending their children when these children are permitted to attend non-Catholic colleges.

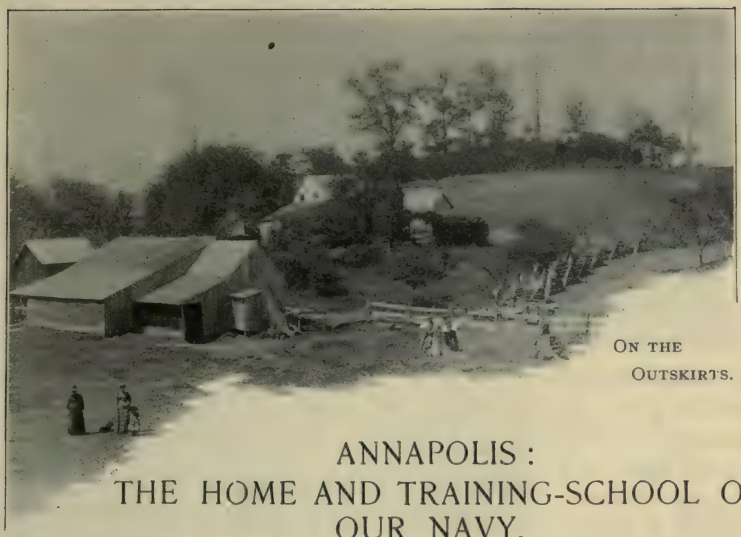
Secondly, let Catholics, clergy and laity, cease looking upon our colleges as private boarding-houses, and then encourage these colleges. One finds wealthy Catholics in almost every town, but when these wealthy Catholics are asked to assist education they found a twenty-five dollar medal for penmanship and then pose as savers of the church. If there is a subscription-list for a course of fashionable lectures on Cimabue, these persons fight for a place among the subscribers, while they may be in doubt whether Cimabue was a painter or a mountain in Mesopotamia.

Thirdly, we should strive to direct toward our real colleges the millions spent by Catholics on what is falsely called collegiate education. We cannot suppress the hedge college, but we can tell parents where to send their boys.

Fourthly, we should make the success of the Catholic University, of Georgetown, Notre Dame, and other institutions a matter of honor. There is too much standing to one side, too much jealous sneering. A university is a very slow growth; do not expect too much at first. There are many chairs already founded in the Catholic University, but it needs money for current expenses. Georgetown, Notre Dame, and other houses have not a cent of endowment.

Fifthly, the men among us whose words have weight should urge good colleges not to ruin themselves by striving to become very poor universities.

Sixthly, we should find means whereby poor boys could live cheaply at our colleges. Poverty is a principal cause of defection. There are forty boys educated at Notre Dame who nominally pay their expense by waiting at table, and no distinction is made between these boys and the others. Let other colleges do at least as much as this.



ON THE OUTSKIRTS.

ANNAPOLIS: THE HOME AND TRAINING-SCHOOL OF OUR NAVY.

BY A. A. McGINLEY.

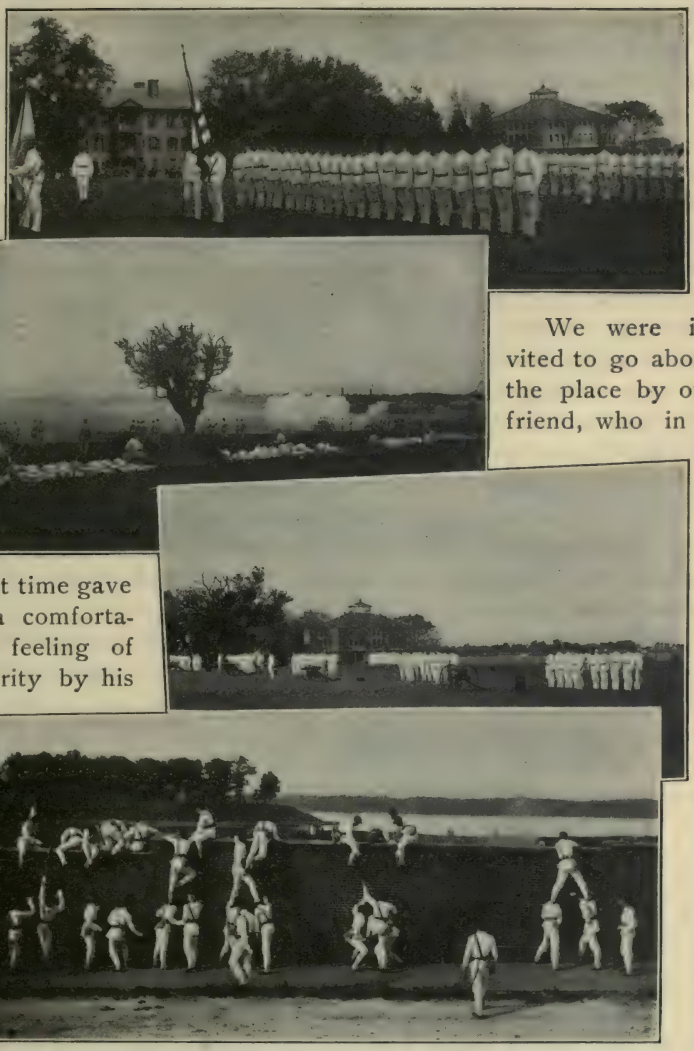
IN the air were the gentle sounds of spring, chirrup of robin and twitter of nesting birds, and a hint of summer heat in the fulsome sunshine, as one morning in the early part of April the "Short Line" from Baltimore to Annapolis discharged its passengers at the country-like station of the Capital of Maryland. Near by a row of whitewashed huts stood with open doors and windows while their colored occupants lounged about the door-posts, blinking through the glare of the sun at the passers-by, one fat old negress drowsily regarding us through the smoke of a huge pipe.

This was our first impression of the place in which at that moment was tingling the over-strained nerve of excitement, thrilling more keenly, perhaps, than in any place on the two continents, as to the ultimatum of the weighty councils about the impending war. For here the young blood of our hundreds of Naval Cadets beat high at the thought that they were on the eve of witnessing, and probably of taking part in, not merely one of their exciting and interesting sham battles or exhibitions of naval prowess before the eyes of admiring friends, to win the honors of the Academy for passing these successful tests, but genuine battles, involving the mighty issues of the country's welfare, the avenging of a terrible slaughter of their brothers at sea, the freeing of a crushed people, the stamping out

of the only oppression the sun looks down upon within the broad territories of this free land. These battles would be begun and fought out at sea; some of them would behold the realities of the mere forms of naval tactics in which they had been drilled for months and years on the smooth, soft lawns and around the pretty harbor of the Naval Academy.

Yet there was little apparent about the place to betray their feelings of interest and excitement, though ominous messages of war were being sent on in every edition and "extra" of the newspapers, working upon the feelings of the people and stimulating anxiety to a point almost beyond endurance. As was beseeming in those trained to be ready at any moment to play for the stakes of a nation's fortune, there was no blatant exhibition of patriotism, but an almost Sabbath dignity of quiet and calm, as though in the breasts of even these youthful patriots was a realization of the solemn and awful thing it is to slay fellow-beings even in the righteous warfare against oppression. It was the Saturday half-holiday too, and the manly "middys" strolled up and down the walks of the Academy grounds with anxious visiting friends, or strayed through the quiet streets of Annapolis holding converse with their companions on a gentler theme than that of bloody war. Yet one might fancy that the consciousness of the latter, even in these relaxed moments of light-heartedness, lent firmness to their well-timed tread and braced their shoulders back in manly fashion as they walked. Out beyond, the Severn wound its soft curves about the Naval citadel, and the blue outline of the Cumberland range seemed to shut them in from the noise and excitement of the strife of nations. It was hard to believe that the scare-heads of the newspapers thrust under one's nose every hour or two were anything more than practical jokes of the busybodies in the big cities beyond, such a holiday kind of air, though a quiet one withal, reigned here.

We were on the lookout for some sign of at least a secret preparation for the great events blazoned forth in the newspapers; and when my companion—a resident of the place—noticed an unfamiliar appearance in the water-line of the harbor we walked over in that direction with some eagerness and a bit of awed anxiety to see if it "meant war." An old sailor, busy about the wharf, quietly explained that they had been for some time engaged in building a new sea-wall, and were extending it out from shore, making a driveway about the harbor—that was all.



We were invited to go about the place by our friend, who in a short time gave us a comfortable feeling of security by his

Military and Artillery Manœuvres.

easy, phlegmatic talk concerning the prospects of war, and got us so interested in the construction and workings of the vessels used by the Academy for the training of the cadets that we quite forgot for the time the serious end of all this business of naval training and practice, it seemed so much like sport. The sight of the boys spinning up and down in

their little yachts and steam-tugs, having a gay outing with their friends, added to this feeling.

The old *Santee*, an ancient man-of-war, stripped of her sails and covered with a close roof over her deck, lies up against the dock and is used only as a school-ship for home-training, though the *Monongahela*, another practice-ship, is fully rigged and goes on high seas for long voyages with her crew of young recruits. She was in dock at this time, and with our naval friend's guidance we explored her from deck to hold, peering into every little nook and corner that shipcraft so cunningly contrives to turn to use as an extra cabin or locker or store-room—not an inch of space wasted from bow to stern. The narrow angles formed in the latter down in the lower deck—dark little corners scarcely big enough to crowd one man into—our guide called the "sailors' reception rooms," a facetious name for the place where Jack Tar is stowed away out of further mischief when he gets too merry with his mates. The economy of space, and the contrivance used to furnish everything demanded for "modern convenience," which are so marvellously exhibited by the New York tenement-house builder, seemed to us surpassed for the first time here.

"Only fourteen inches are allowed between each of these," explained our guide, showing us the hooks on which are hung the hammocks of the sailors; "and they are strung in and out like that," he added, interlacing his fingers. "One man's head reaches to another's waist as they lie. I tell you a fellow has a hard time getting in if he comes late to bed. And the captain back there has half the ship," he commented, looking ruefully over his shoulder at the neat row of cabins in the bow—the suite of a city hotel in miniature.

"These ropes have each a different name," he told us when we had climbed to the upper deck, fingering caressingly, as though they were children, the great coils twined as neatly as spool-cotton about the big reels. "And we could come out here in the darkest night and find the one we would be ordered to."

We looked incredulously up the tall masts from which it seemed countless strands hung down and intertwined, but he enumerated a sufficient number off-hand to satisfy us that they were as the alphabet to him and that he could find every one with his eyes shut.

Walking about the grounds, we came a little nearer to the realization of the havoc and carnage and horror that lie within

the possibilities of war fought out at sea, as we saw outside the Mess Hall of the Academy the sheets of iron that had been tested in the building of a man-of-war, and noted how the great torpedoes had ripped through the solid metal of a foot thickness as though it were mere blotting-paper. Four great sheets of this tested iron had been placed there on exhibition, each one more shattered and riddled than the other. While we walked around them, curiously comparing the calibre of one with another, two dainty babies with their nurse, from the officers' quarters, played underneath in the long shadows they cast across the grass, and they would pat the great torpedoes lying about at the foot as though they had been put there for them to play with. We fell to making other contrasts at the picture thus made.

The place, indeed, was everywhere suggestive of any thoughts but those of war. Not far away was the fine old poplar on the college campus known as the "Liberty Tree," under which centuries before the early colonists had made their terms of peace with the Susquehannock tribe. Across the peaceful bosom of the fair bay in the distance the *Ark* and the *Dove* had borne their little company, faithful followers of a religion of peace, seeking for a home in a foreign land where undisturbed they could follow the practices of their faith and offer refuge to any

Midshipman Practice on the Mast-Heads.

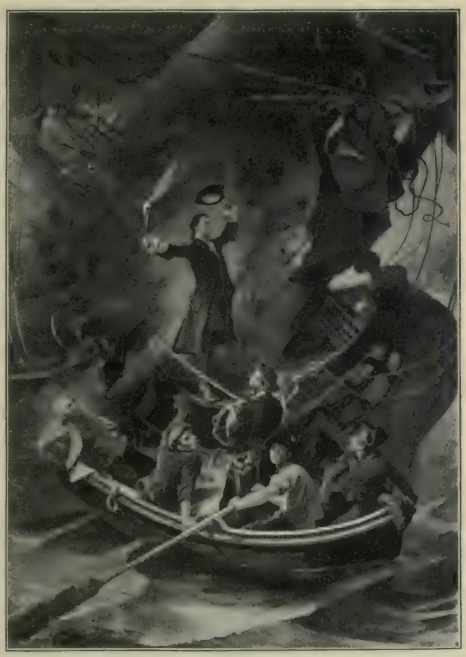
others in search of a like privilege, and fleeing from the bitter persecutions of old world religious antagonisms. And in the Capitol on the hill beyond, in the city, was the very room in which General Washington resigned his commission to the United States army when peace had dawned upon the land and the nation's cause was won.

The history of those times and of those early incidents is hung in pictures on the walls in the old halls of the Capitol. Washington is there, stately and grave, before the Senate, the old canvas scarcely showing the faded outlines of the forms in the picture, and below a copy of the resignation and of its acceptance. Over in the Hall of Delegates is the splendid picture of the "Planting of the First Colony of Maryland," by Mr. Frank B. Mayer, who is also the painter of the "Burning of the *Peggy Stewart*," that famous incident in Maryland history which was a repetition of the Boston Tea Party. "On Friday, the 14th day of October, 1774," so a historian of the time tells us, "the brig *Peggy Stewart*, Captain Jackson, arrived in Annapolis from London, having on board seventeen packages containing 2,320 pounds of that detestable weed, the taxed tea. On hearing of its arrival, the Anne Arundel County Committee, which took cognizance of such matters, immediately convened. The committee consulted together and agreed to call a meeting of the citizens of Annapolis at five o'clock the same afternoon to answer the question, 'What is to be done?'" The question was pondered upon for a day or two and vigorously discussed among the citizens, with the result that indignation was so incited against the unlucky offenders who owned the brig and her cargo as to extract from them the following very humble apology for their flagrant offence:

"'We, James Williams, Joseph Williams, and Anthony Stewart, do severally acknowledge that we have committed a most daring insult and act of the most pernicious tendency to the liberties of America: we, the said Williams, in importing the tea, and said Stewart in paying the duty thereon; and thereby deservedly incurred the displeasure of the people now convened, and all others interested in the preservation of the constitutional rights and liberties of North America, do ask pardon for the same; and we solemnly declare for the future that we never will infringe any resolution formed by the people for the salvation of their rights, nor will we do any act that may be injurious to the liberties of the people; and to show our desire of living in amity with the friends of America, we do request

this meeting, or as many as choose to attend, to be present at any place where the people shall appoint, and we will there commit to the flames, or otherwise destroy as the people may choose, the detestable article which has been the cause of this our misconduct.'"

Thus were apologies made for public offences in the old days, even in the days of the haughty cavaliers, so touchy were the people about the infringement of the laws they were building up for the future constitution of the new country. Not only was it decided to "commit to the flames the detestable article," but even the brig that carried it over must be burnt up too! And more than that; for "at this juncture," the history goes on, "under the advice of Charles Carroll roll of Carrollton, Mr. Stewart offered to destroy the vessel with his own hands!" The Boston Tea Party was indeed a tame affair beside this one. The people assembled here without any disguises, in broad daylight, to witness the conflagration. "Mr. Stewart and Messrs. Williams, the former accompanied by several gentlemen to protect him from personal violence, repaired to the brig. Her sails were set, and, with colors flying, she was run aground on the shore between the Gas-House and the north-western wall of the Naval Academy. It was brought up to this point that Mrs. Stewart, the invalid wife of the owner of the vessel, might see the conflagration from the window of her residence on Hanover Street. Mr. Stewart applied the match and, as an offering and atonement to the offended people and an open defiance to the crown, the *Peggy Stewart* and the obnoxious tea-chests were in a few hours



The Burning of the *Peggy Stewart.*

reduced to ashes." The painter of this scene has put all the heroic patriotism of the moment into his picture.

Mr. Mayer is a prophet content with fame in his own country. We found him in his quaint old studio in the town below, among his pictures and his books, glad to tell us his day-dreams about "The Ancient City," of which he has grown to be part and parcel, and to show us copies of some of his greater paintings. His conception of the early history of his native place and the way he has conveyed it to his canvas in scenes of early Maryland life at the time of the first settlers there, and further back still in the days of the Indian, made the past for the moment a vivid reality.

Close association with Indians in his early life, he explained to us, led him to know much of their character and made him familiar with their strange tribal lore; and it is this knowledge which has informed some of his representations of their weird, mythical customs. But again and again we returned to that brave picture of the planting of the cross, and commented upon how wonderfully he had made the spirit of those early pioneers shine out upon the canvas.

"There is such a hopefulness and vivacity in it!" I said enthusiastically. "They are all alive and eager for what is to come, and so full of joyousness."

"Ah, did you see that?" he said, turning with sudden pleasure in his fine old face. "That is what I had in mind. I am going to put *Te Deum Laudamus* over it for its name, and get it hung in a better light up there in the Capitol so as to bring out the spirit of it more distinctly."

He pointed out his idea in the grouping of the figures in the copy he had at hand—the imperial Calvert in the centre, hand on hip and brave in attitude and attire; the bearers of the cross—first, the staunch and brawny woodsman, one of the class who later formed the pillars of the nation and the makers of its laws—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water; the ambitious young tradesman who later becomes in the industries of the new world the opulent planter; the cavalier, gay, handsome, and adventurous, mixing later on in the intrigues and plots and counter-plots in the politics and the negotiations between the old world and the new; the dark-browed pirate behind the rest, intent on schemes for gaining gold; the venerable priest, anxious and prayerful about this new adventure on foreign shores (Father White, the famous old historian of Maryland, has been represented here). These were the ones

who first brought civilization into the wilds of this Southern land and gave Maryland its proud title of the "Home of Religious Liberty in the New World."

Annapolis to-day—a little, sleepy old town with irregular streets and ancient houses—might be easily overlooked as a place of no interest outside of its Naval Academy. But a sharp glance here and there soon discovers landmarks and evidences of an earlier life that rouses the historical instinct at once, and starts it on the road of research. The picturesque old houses tell stories of those early days in every angle of their crumbling walls and old-fashioned gables. Such grand old rooms and stately halls as are within them would hardly be suspected in these obscure little streets, in which not a sign of modern progress is visible—there is not so much as a street-car in the whole city. But the people are very happy and gay among the traditions of a past which has left its marks so plainly here as to make them live and dream it over again in their humdrum daily lives.

A century ago, before the Revolution, Annapolis was the centre of social and educational life in this country. It even at one time claimed the title of "Athens of America," as a modern chronicler tells us, and he relates enough of the history of its social life to make us believe it easily deserved the title at a time when the Puritans of New England were still huddling too close together in the narrow prejudices of their creed to give hope

Old Annapolis from the Capitol.

of their ever winning this name for their capital city. "Annapolis had then been the capital of Maryland over fifty years, the government having been removed from St. Mary's, the place of the original settlement, in 1694, thus supplanting that ancient city in the honors and emoluments of official patronage and, with the government, transferring the commerce of the colony. Here the best law-learning of America was gathered—the Jennings, Chalmers, Rogers, Stones, Pacas, Johnsons, Dulanys. The clergy were commonly men of culture sent from England, generally of excellent education and manners; seldom would one of a different character be tolerated by the high-toned men who composed the vestries. These clergymen did not abandon their classic pursuits when they crossed the sea and familiarly wrote Latin notes to their boon companions of Annapolis, whose culture in those days enabled them to answer in the same language."*

While the Puritans up on the bleak shores of New England prayed long prayers and wore longer faces and banned the joys of life and burned their witches, the gay cavaliers down here in Anne Arundel County steeped themselves in the luxuries of the good things of this world and made life one merry round of pleasure. "The style of the time," so says the historian, "was in winter to enjoy the capital, but in milder seasons to travel a social round among the great estates and manors, until the principal families of Calvert, St. Mary's, Charles, Prince George's, and Anne Arundel counties, and across the Bay on the Eastern Shore, had been visited. They were bold riders, expert in hounds and horse-flesh, and the daily fox chase, in season, was as much a duty to our systematic ancestors as it was to go to the parish church with proper equipage and style on Sundays. With races every fall and spring, theatres in winter, assemblies every fortnight, dinners three or four times a week, a card-party whenever possible (!), athletic fox-hunting, private balls on every festival, wit, learning, and stately manners, softened by love of good-fellowship"—this is the character recorded of Annapolis in 1775. It was indeed almost more of a pleasure resort than the capital of a State. Tired out with the dissipations afforded in the social life of the old world and eager for what the new might hold for them, the gay and adventurous and ambitious came here and took up with an existence full enough of novelty and ease and diversion to suit the most *blasé* and fastidious. He tells again how "they sat

* "*The Ancient City*": *A History of Annapolis.* By Elihu Reilly.

on carved chairs, at quaint tables, amid piles of ancestral silverware, and drank punch out of vast, costly bowls from Japan, or sipped Madeira half a century old. At Annapolis was laid out the best race-course in the colonies, and built certainly the first theatre. They were free and hearty livers, importing and relishing their old Madeira, and it was here that soft crabs, terrapins, and canvas-back ducks first obtained their renown as the greatest delicacies in the world."

OLD-FASHIONED THINGS IN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSES.

THE PEGGY STEWART MANSION.

But this little colony had stage of luxury long after that cross in "St. planted the Mary's County, Marie's," in St. build up in their and striven to city of Mary- little capital high civilization land a pure, of Christianity and a broadness in their government which would extend their beneficent influence throughout the troubled, unsettled colonies of the new country, and even to the untamed savages of these wilds. That their tactics with the latter were of a very different order than those practised with the red man by the usurping European in most parts of this country and that they won them to civilization by sheer force of brotherly charity, the history of the simple-hearted and eloquent Father White, as given in his personal journal of the time bears glowing witness. It affords a touching proof of the all-conquering power of Christian love for fellow-beings who have immortal souls. After their

first meeting with the chiefs of the tribe he tells of the friendly decision passed by the leader as to their future relations. "I think," he said, "that we should all eat at the same table; my young men will visit the hunting grounds for you, and all things shall be in common with us." Father White pays this splendid tribute to the moral condition of the Indian there—one which might be well coveted by the civilized white man in any part of the world:

"They have neither wine nor spirits, nor can they be easily induced to take them, except such as the English have infected with their vices. As to their deportment, it is extremely modest and proper. In neither male nor female have I seen any action contrary to chastity. They come voluntarily and mingle with us daily, offering us with a joyful countenance what they have caught in hunting and fishing, and partaking of our food with us when invited by a few words in their language. Many of them have wives and preserve their conjugal faith unsullied. The countenances of the women are sedate and modest. The natives seem possessed of generous dispositions and reciprocate liberally any act of kindness. They decide on nothing rashly nor are they affected by any sudden impulses of feeling, but when anything of importance is submitted to their consideration, they reflect on it in silence as if anxious to be governed entirely by reason; then, having formed their determination, they express it briefly and adhere to it most obstinately." And then he adds, with the zeal of the apostle in his words: "If they were once imbued with the principles of Christianity, they would certainly become examples of every moral and Christian virtue."

But even into this refuge of peace and religious toleration crept the animosities that had embittered the religious life of the old world and worked their pernicious influence and left their blighting mark upon the place. The spot is pointed out to day across the river where the Catholics and the Protestants fought the Battle of the Severn, the former losing not only the peace they had so jealously guarded till then, but their capital city, for the motive behind the attack of their neighbors across the river was as much a desire to bring the capital from St. Mary's to the "Town at Proctor's"—an early name of Annapolis—as religious hatred. Many among these covetous and bigoted "roundheads" had been of the number given refuge by Lord Baltimore at a time when they were denied freedom of religious practice in their own settlements in the other States.

But these Puritans are described even by Protestant histo-

rians as "a restless set with itching ears, who seemed never so satisfied as when they were in opposition to the powers that were." They won the day, however, over the peace-loving community at St. Mary's and left to their posterity the honor of having the capital in their town, and also a goodly share of the religious bigotry they were themselves so steeped in.

In the columns of the *Maryland Gazette*—a paper founded in Annapolis in 1727—there are some interesting records of how industriously these busybodies sowed abroad in this new soil the anti-Catholic prejudices so deeply rooted in old England. In one of the issues during the year 1745 is an account of a procession in Deptford, England, in honor of the king's birthday, describing how the church was misrepresented and ridiculed on public occasions of this sort by all sorts of buffoonery and malicious satire.

The following is the order of the procession described:

"1. A Highlander, in his proper dress, carrying on a pole a pair of wooden shoes, with this motto:

THE NEWEST MAKE FROM PARIS.

"2. A Jesuit in his proper dress, carrying on the point of a long, flaming sword a banner, with this inscription in large capital letters:

INQUISITION, FLAMES, AND DAMNATION.

"3. Two Capuchin Friars, properly shaved, habited, and accoutred with flogging poles, beads, and crucifixes, etc. One of them bore on a high pole a bell, Mass book, and candles to curse the British nations with; the other carried a large standard with this inscription:

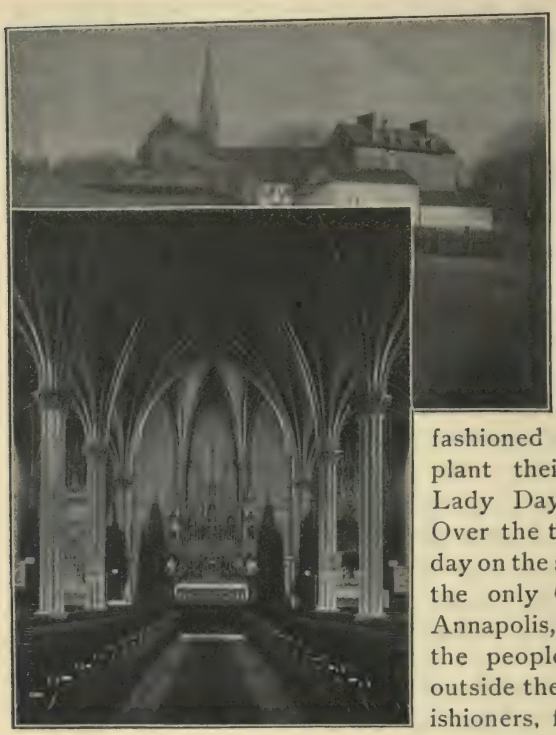
INDULGENCES CHEAP AS DIRT.

Murder, . . .	Nine-pence.
Adultery, . .	Nine-pence half-pence.
Reading the Bible, .	A thousand pounds.
Fornication, . .	Four-pence half-penny farthing.
Perjury, . . .	Nothing at all.
Rebellion, . .	A reward or drawback of thirteen pence half-penny Scots money.

"4. The Pretender, with a ribbon, a nosegay, etc., riding upon an ass.

"5. The Pope riding upon his Bull.

"The procession was preceded and closed by all sorts of rough music, and after a march around the town the Pope and the Pretender were committed to the flames according to custom, but not till they had been first confessed, absolved, and purged with holy water by the Jesuit. The several actors played their parts well, with great drollery, and the only token of affection to Popery which the spectators gave was a liberal collection to the begging friars."



St. Mary's Church, Redemptorist Convent and Novitiate. Once the Home of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

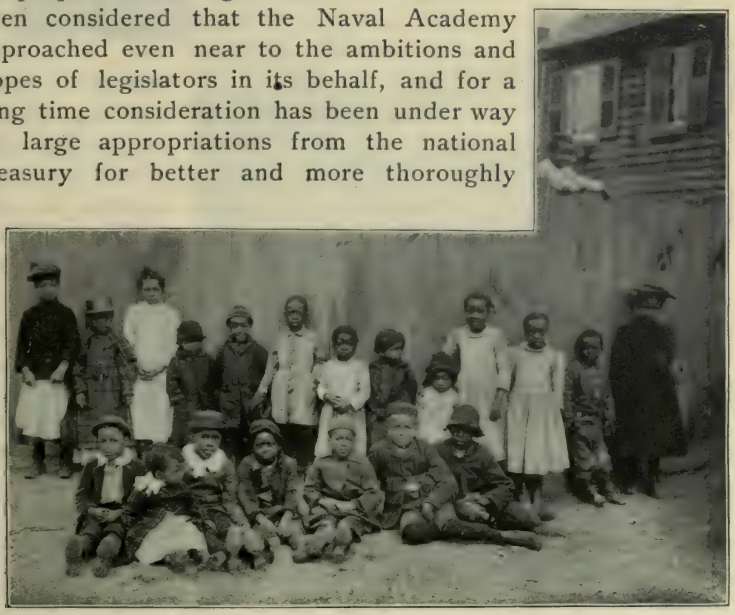
But in the end the emblem of the faith once so shunned and scoffed at has won its way as that brave, hopeful little band of Catholics dreamed it would, and more than they even dared to dream, when they hewed the forest trees and fashioned the rough cross to plant their first colony on Lady Day in the year 1634. Over the town it looms up to-day on the steeple of St. Mary's, the only Catholic Church in Annapolis, but well loved by the people there, both those outside the church and the parishioners, for it has a double claim to their reverence. This church and the novitiate of the Redemptorist Fathers adjoining it, and the old mansion further in on the estate occupied by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, was at one time the home of that valiant old Marylander, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and bequeathed by his family to the Redemptorists.

There is not a prettier place in the old city than this spot. It occupies a point of land running westward into the bay, and from the windows of the old mansion one has a view of the Chesapeake and the surrounding meadows and woods that would make one dream dreams and see visions of those pleasant, courtly days when "the ships from home" brought fresh stores and new arrivals from over seas to the expectant ones in the gay little capital. Here from these windows might have looked out the hospitable lord of Carrollton, the first to welcome and the most generous to entertain; into every affair that was on foot for progress and for the country's wel-

fare; never losing his fine old chivalrous spirit and his interest in public affairs to the very last day of his life. There is an assertion on record that he became offended with the city fathers of his native town over some question of taxation during his latter years—he lived to be over ninety-five—and moved to Baltimore from his home in Annapolis to show his resentment of the injustice.

The house of Samuel Chase is another venerated building in the city. It is still occupied by the descendants of his family, who preserve its colonial appearance in exquisite taste and take just pride in the precious heirlooms and relics of its former grandeur.

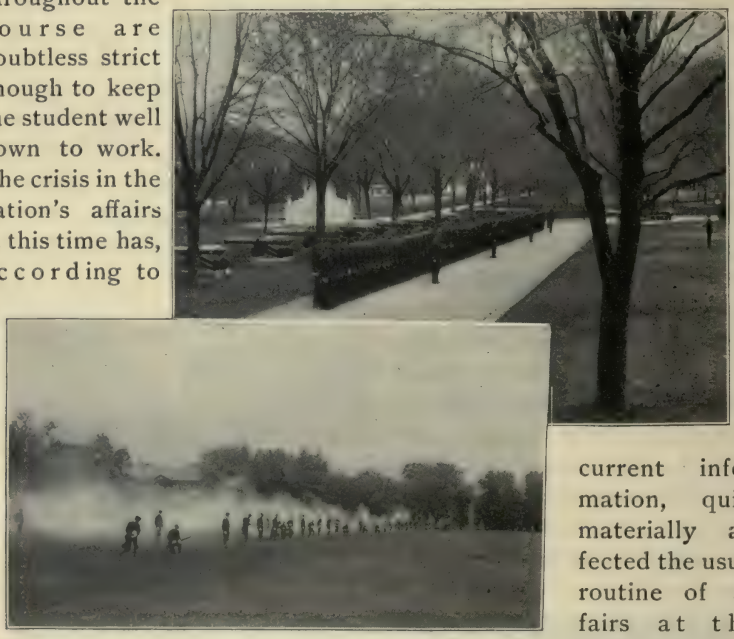
Of late years there has been a stirring-up of the spirit of enterprise in this "Ancient City," and evidence that an ambition to run again in the race of progress is growing here and pushing the traditions of the past further and further into the background. The people are assuming more of a feeling of importance and responsibility as to their place in the cities of the nation, and are moved by a strong desire to win for themselves and for the great national institution within their territory all the privileges and advantages that may be obtained for them by proper State legislation. It has never been considered that the Naval Academy approached even near to the ambitions and hopes of legislators in its behalf, and for a long time consideration has been under way of large appropriations from the national treasury for better and more thoroughly



Bits of Local Color.

equipped buildings. The system employed in entering naval cadets is about the same as that of the military school—one naval cadet for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large (*Act of Congress approved June, 1878*).

The course is six years, four years at the Academy and two years at sea. The mental examinations required of candidates seem simple enough for our well schooled American youth, though the examinations required during the school terms throughout the course are doubtless strict enough to keep the student well down to work. The crisis in the nation's affairs at this time has, according to current information, quite materially affected the usual routine of affairs at the Academy this year, the class usually graduating in June having been closed and discharged at Easter and the next year's class moved into their place for graduation in June.

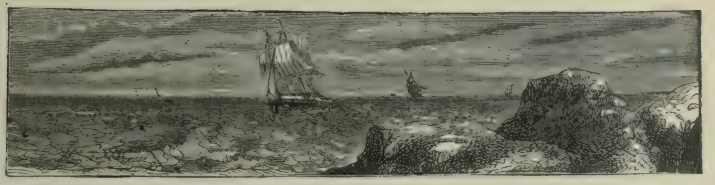


INFANTRY TACTICS.

It was an interesting time to visit the Academy, to realize the serious significance underlying the daily routine of affairs gone through year in and year out with the same exactitude in this training-school of our Navy, and to watch the practical utilization, in the moment of need, of a national institution which might exist for centuries through the policies exercised by government, without having any reason for its existence but the possibility of an affront, an injury, or an in-

sult between nation and nation. Suddenly as a meteor from the sky that possibility became a real fact, and the thrill of its reality passed through the pulse of the nation like a strong convulsion, which was hardly so much from anxiety as to the issues at stake or the principles involved as it was from a feeling of sudden terror in realizing by how thin a thread hang the destinies and the welfare of nations; that with all the mighty legislation and the magnificently evolved constitutions of state and country; with the broad light of our much-vaunted twentieth century civilization dawning upon us and in the lauded spirit of international brotherhood—in the midst of this to behold the nations at each other's throats as fiercely and relentlessly as though we were yet in the primitive stage when man's whole occupation was to wage war upon his fellow-man. No wonder the lion-hearted old man in the Vatican blenches before this spectacle and lifts up aged hands to Heaven for peace, and urges the children of the church to pray, neither for victory nor defeat—he could not ask brother to pray for the destruction of brother—but only for peace.

As the choir in the little Church of St. Mary's sang the "Agnus Dei" that quiet Sunday morning, and out through the open windows across the apple orchards sweet with bloom drifted the gentle refrain, *Pacem, Pacem*, till the very birds in the trees seemed to call it out to their chattering mates, one felt, too, that there was no other petition fit to be sent above in this crisis of affairs than one universal prayer for peace.



A Wayside Shrine.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

E stands upon the hillside o'er quaint Italian town,
In homely, time-stained habit, with cord and kirtle brown.
The summer suns beat on him, he feels the wintry blast,
Yet standeth, ever patient, holding the Christ-Child fast.

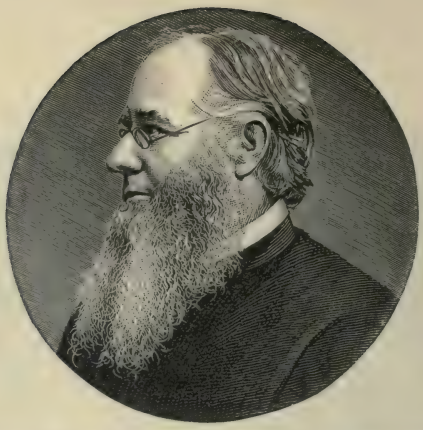
He gazes on the peasants with gentle, loving eyes,
The Padovani Patron, Saint Anthony the Wise;
Around his head the sunbeams play like a halo's sheen,
Nod at his feet the blossoms—himself a flower, I ween.

Before him kneels a mother, her baby on her arm,
Gazing upon the features replete with saintly charm;
The trembling lips are murmuring, begging with piteous eyes
A prayer to the Infant Saviour who on his bosom lies.

The soft winds sing his praises, as they caress his hair,
All nature seems to reverence the saint so pure and fair.
A nightingale has builded, with sweet, confiding art,
A clinging nest where Jesus nestles against his heart.

O birdlings, 'twas true wisdom to trust his sheltering arm,
Holding the Baby Jesus with tender clasp and warm!
Ah! dearest saint, we beg thee shelter our souls with prayer;
Between thee and thy Christ-Child, what harm can touch us there?

"Holding the Christ-Child fast."



FATHER HECKER AT THE TIME OF THE INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC CONGRESS OF FERNEY.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER HECKER.*

BY L'ABBÉ DUFRESNE,

Geneva, Switzerland.

I.

I MET Father Hecker for the first time in an international Catholic congress assembled at Ferney by Cardinal Mermillod. I had lost my sight more than a year before while finishing my theological studies at the University of Innsbrück, and I have always considered the spiritual light communicated to me by the venerable founder of the Paulists as infinitely superior to that of which I had been deprived. We were at the most violent period of the Kulturkampf, and Father Hecker made a little speech of about ten minutes on the attitude which Catholics ought to assume. He expressed himself in rather indifferent French, but with an extraordinary intensity of vigor. He spoke with the energetic faith of a contemporary of the first martyrs, and in listening to him one recognized a born orator accustomed to mastery over the largest audiences.

The idea he developed was that of the necessity of finding a remedy for the inferiority of Catholics in contemporary struggles. "In the middle ages," he exclaimed, "a Templar or a

* From the *Revue du Clergé Français* of March, 1898, by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin.

Knight of St. John of Jerusalem was bound to hold his own against three Saracens. To-day, on the contrary, it seems to need three Catholics to repel the assault of one free-thinker. The remedy for this pitiful state of things is a renewal of the soul under the action of the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost. We must not look in the first place for an external miracle to insure our safety, but for a divine increase of the force and interior initiative of each Christian. It is not those who cry, 'Lord, Lord,' who will enter the kingdom of heaven, but those who are able to do the will of the Father with undaunted courage."

The members of the Congress of Ferney belonged to all nations. France, England, Germany were represented there as well as Spain, Italy, Belgium, and Holland. From his very first words Father Hecker was understood by this chosen audience and overwhelmed with enthusiastic applause. His whole spiritual doctrine was condensed into this little discourse, delivered but a step from Voltaire's château and within a few miles of Geneva, the city of Calvin and Jean Jacques Rousseau. Father Hecker reminded us of the famous cry of "Crush the wretch!" uttered in these very localities, and he picked up the gauntlet in the name of Christ with so masculine a pride that through his words seemed to flash the very lightnings of the eloquence of St. Paul.

II.

Father Hecker contracted an intimacy with my father, who was about his own age, and became the habitual guest of our family. We met each other during three consecutive years. In 1874 my brother spent the bathing season with him at Ragatz. In 1875 he was with us for several weeks in a chalet we occupied in Savoy, on Mount Salève. It was there that he received, July 29, the letter obliging him to return to the United States.

I will try to describe him according to the recollections of those who surround me. He was tall, with reddish-brown hair, and wore a full beard. His pallid complexion betrayed keen suffering and the excessive labors which had broken him down. His large, pale-blue eyes diffused abundant light. His entire person breathed an imposing dignity, as well as the simplicity and cordial familiarity of a man who has grown up among the people. His inexhaustible conversation was full of gaiety and wit. His different qualities were so harmoniously blended that

no one could tell which of them predominated. By his commanding individuality he reminded one of St. Paul, while by his disposition, his frankness, and his kindliness he recalled St. Francis de Sales.

"He was a man of high and exceptional worth," is the still-repeated verdict of a notable Protestant who knew him very well. He was above all a thinker. His intelligence seemed always in labor with new ideas, and it constantly suggested striking comparisons to him. Certain lacunæ made one aware that he had not made regular studies, but this defect was amply compensated by the originality of his points of view.* His capacities as a metaphysician showed that he had in him the stuff of a theologian of the first order, in the sense in which that phrase is applied to certain Fathers of the church, such as St. Justin or St. Augustine. On the Trinity especially, and the movement of life in God, Father Hecker expressed thoughts that show the inspiration of genius. Nevertheless his thought was always related to action, and in him neither the doctor nor the mystic was separated from the apostle. As an orator, also, Father Hecker was very remarkable. Here, however, the gaps in his early literary education were injurious to him, especially on the artistic side of composition. As a writer he lost the color and relief which made his conversation so brilliant.

Father Hecker more than once related to me the principal circumstances of his life. He was proud of having begun by manual labor, thinking that it adds much to the energy and moral worth of a man to have had to make his own way entirely. He claimed that his name came from the word *Hacker* —which in old German signifies one who strikes blows with an axe—and that he must have descended from some soldier who had given vigorous blows in the combats of the middle ages. He liked to talk of the little newspaper articles which he had composed from the time he was ten years old. Nor have I forgotten the making of a clock which still figures in the house of the Paulists in New York.† One day when I was walking with him in the environs of Geneva he went into a baker's shop to get some bread. Not finding that which was offered him sufficiently well kneaded, he remarked with smiling good nature that he had kneaded bread himself in his youth, and knew by experience what pains and strength it required.

Father Hecker summed up as follows his moral evolution:

* See the first chapters of *Life of Father Hecker*, by Rev. Walter Elliott. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, N. Y.

† This is an error. The clock was destroyed some years ago by fire.—Tr.

"I set up in the first place as a politician; but I soon recognized that this was to remain on the surface of things, and that at the bottom of every political question one finds a social question. As I went on further I discovered that the social question itself, if pursued into its depths, stirs up a religious question and can nowhere else be solved."

It would be omitting a characteristic trait if I did not say that Father Hecker liked Jean Jacques Rousseau from a certain point of view, on account of his reaction from the disheartening doctrine of Calvin. One might say that if St. Francis de Sales was raised up by the Holy Spirit against Calvin, to respond to a doctrine of terror by a religion all love, the mission of Father Hecker was to dazzle the unbelieving democracy of Rousseau by showing it the type of a truly Christian democracy, animated with the living flame of divine charity and carried to the very heights of the ideal of the saints.

The young Transcendentalist at Brook Farm.

To complete the picture of the natural man, I will add that Father Hecker had preserved to a high degree all the family feelings. He venerated his mother, he talked voluntarily of his nieces when staying with intimate friends, and showed towards his brother George so profound an affection that he regarded him as a second self.

III.

The first of Father Hecker's great ideas relates to the development of individuality, which, by the very will of God the Creator, is an unequalled natural force intended to be placed at the service of truth. It is to this force that the Anglo-Saxons owe their daily increasing success in the world. Individuality engenders initiative, and that a more vigorous, ardent, and overpowering action.

This first idea Father Hecker never separated from a second: that of sanctification. The more stress one lays on individuality, said he, the more necessary is it that the labor of sanctification should increase; otherwise the balance between the natural and the supernatural will be disturbed and the only end attained will be an outbreak of pride and egotism. Hence it is primarily on the Holy Spirit, on his gift of fortitude and on the generous faith which he inspires, that Father Hecker relied to develop, in that measure which God wills, the initiative and the individuality of the Christian.

The chief impression received from the venerable founder of the Paulists by those who were near him for any considerable time was that of sanctity. Here I await the judgment of the church, but I must bear witness to what I have observed, and, if I am correctly informed, significant facts which have occurred since the death of Father Hecker could be invoked in support of what I affirm.

Father Hecker's habitual tendency was to realize absolute union with our Lord in the Holy Spirit. The familiar talks of the American religious on the verdant slopes of Salève, opposite the blue waters of Lake Geneva and the snowy summits of the Alps, made one think involuntarily of the discourses of the Saviour on the borders of the Lake of Genesareth or in the mountains of Galilee.

Father Hecker suffered much, both physically from nervous anæmia, and morally from seeing himself reduced to powerlessness in the prime of life. And reading his life has still further revealed to me the intensity of his interior trials during his stay in Europe. Still, he never complained; on the contrary, he was always cheerful. This attitude was all the more meritorious because he seemed naturally headstrong, impatient of obstacles and contradiction.

He was penetrating and easily divined the faults of others, and as his wit was pungent, nothing was easier than for him to turn them into ridicule. But, although he expressed himself concerning others with much frankness, he always sought favorable interpretations of their actions.

Toward the church he professed the docility of a child, because he always beheld in her the authority and the action of the Holy Spirit. This was his third great idea. He held himself ready at any moment to render testimony by martyrdom to the divine mission of the church. "The Holy Spirit," said he, "in the external authority of the church acts as the

infallible interpreter and criterion of divine revelation; and in the soul as the Divine Life-giver and Sanctifier." And again: "In case of obscurity or doubt concerning what is the divinely revealed truth, or whether what prompts the soul is or is not an inspiration of the Holy Spirit, recourse must be had to the Divine Teacher or criterion, the authority of the church. For it must be borne in mind that to the church, as represented in the first instance by St. Peter and subsequently by his successors, was made the promise of her Divine Founder, that 'the gates of hell should never prevail against her.' No such promise was ever made by Christ to each individual believer. The test, therefore, of a truly enlightened and sincere Christian will be, in case of uncertainty, the promptitude of his obedience to the voice of the church."

Faith was his most heroic virtue. It was like death to him to recognize that his conscience obliged him to become a Catholic, and yet he triumphed over all his prejudices and repugnances. Later on this faith was not shaken when, under circumstances so painful for a convert, he was expelled from the Redemptorists. It was while listening to his account of so delicate a matter that I recognized how great a saint he was. It is impossible to say whether his humility or his courage was the greater on this occasion. Hence Cardinal Deschamps, himself a Redemptorist, declared that he had been able to leave the Order of Redemptorists without committing even a venial sin.

The utmost degree of death to self was the only limit set by Father Hecker to the work of sanctification, and he was a stranger to none of the states of annihilation of the mystic life. This is the fact which guarantees us against all danger of exaggeration when he calls for a more active spirituality as necessary in our time. "The summit of perfection is to accept being nothing," he had written in his journal while still a Protestant, and during his last sojourn in Europe he was accustomed to repeat the saying of the Gospel: "We are unprofitable servants." In speaking of the holy infancy of our Saviour and the necessity of making ourselves little, the thoughts he expressed would enrapture the most contemplative religious. Speaking one day of God so abasing himself in the Eucharist as to become the nourishment of his own creature, he fell into the commencement of an ecstasy which seemed to carry him completely away from earth. His favorite motto was: "One's love and his spirit of self-sacrifice are equal." In other circumstances he

added: "We march to light by the way of the cross, and from the divine wound inflicted by persecutions comes a brightness which shows to all beholders the truth of the church's mission."

Father Hecker's piety was wholly interior. He had an instinctive aversion for the devotion which expresses itself by many external practices, as is seen in southern countries. There was something extraordinary in his recollection and his absorption in God, so that his prayer must have been continual. Following the advice of Père Lallemant, S.J., he aimed at the imitation of our Saviour taken as a whole and not of his virtues in detail. It may be said that his whole spirituality issued from that of Père Lallemant, but was enlarged and carried to its utmost consequences. He wanted me to publish an edition of Père Lallemant's manual, omitting all that was intended exclusively for the Jesuits, so as to put this masterpiece more readily within the reach of Christians in the world.

If Father Hecker went too far on any point, it was perhaps his optimism on the subject of human nature. But it must not be forgotten that several saints, especially St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales, have had the same optimistic tendency. Moreover, as his biographer observes, if Father Hecker ever fell into a delusion of this kind, he recovered from it during the interior desolations of the last sixteen years of his life. Should any objections be raised against his doctrine on this head, I could relate most explicit declarations from him on such subjects as original sin, hell, and the *Syllabus*.

IV.

I come now to Father Hecker's views on the philosophy of history and the providential consequences of the Council of the Vatican. It was while he was elaborating these various ideas that I knew him, just after the war of 1870 and during the most distressing period of the Kulturkampf. The founder of the Paulists presented these different historical considerations without attributing an absolute value to them, and especially without wishing to dogmatize in any manner, for he comprehended that in matters so delicate it is easy to run into exaggerations, and even into errors condemned by Pius IX.

Father Hecker did not in anywise belong to the naturalist school which attributes the evolution of dogma to the varied aptitudes of different races. He thought that God has no need of the qualities which each race possesses. He created them all

Father Hecker in the First Days of His Foundation.

by granting to each a special genius and placing them amid surroundings where their characteristic qualities could be developed. Now, it has pleased God in his infinite wisdom to avail himself of the genius of different actually existing races for the development of his church, as in former times he made use of the genius of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Persians, Greeks and Romans. The Holy Spirit availed himself of the metaphysical and subtle genius of the Greeks for the great discussions and dogmatic formularies of the first councils, which have been of such great use in the development of theology.

This subtle genius of the Greeks, when not restrained within just limits by the divine authority of the church, went so far as to precipitate itself into interminable heresies rather than resist the temptation to formulate new systems endlessly. The Holy Spirit afterwards employed the Latin genius, so practical, weighty, capable of government, to develop in the church the external side of hierarchic organization and canonical legislation. On the invasion of the barbarians the Holy Spirit utilized the Germanic races, prone to individuality, independence, personal initiative, in order to bring about a moral renovation in the world. The Germanic genius combined with the Latin genius produced the sublime efflorescence of the Catholic middle ages. If the Germanic races have caused difficulties in the church by their too independent spirit, on the other hand, incessantly fecundated by grace, they have infinitely contributed to the strength and richness of her life. It is they who founded the Holy Empire with Charlemagne.

At the close of the middle ages there was a great decline on the human side of the church, and the principle of authority, greatly weakened by the Eastern schism, was not strong enough to retain the northern races within the sphere of unity. If when the Protestant heresy appeared the principle of authority had been stronger, the reform would have been wrought within the bosom of the church and humanity would have been spared the lamentable separation of the sixteenth century. Nevertheless the insufficient consecration of the principle of authority had already permitted, with Photius, the schism of the entire Orient. By the sixteenth century, then, the most essential task was not simply the reformation of the human side of the church, but the development of her divine organism to such a degree that the principle of authority should be put beyond the reach of all attack. It was for this task that the Holy Spirit raised up the Jesuit Order.

No one has excelled Father Hecker in characterizing the mission of St. Ignatius and pointing out his services. In the legitimate sense of the word, Ignatius of Loyola appeared like an innovator of genius. He renewed the spirituality of his times, suppressed the religious costume, the rising during the night, the office recited in common, in a word, the customary austerities, and replaced all this by still more arduous exercises of the will and a fuller development of the interior life. But what the Jesuits especially emphasized was exterior obedience. To the three vows already known they added a fourth, that of

a special obedience to the Pope; and their action, always directed towards the same end during three centuries, resulted in the definitive consecration of the principle of authority by the proclamation of papal infallibility in 1870.

As from the Council of Trent to the Vatican Council the majority of the elements remaining in the church belonged to the Latin races, this task of concentration and organization became more rapid and easy. But on the other hand, the church having lost the elements of the independent and individual Saxon races of the north, she assumed on her human side a much more southern aspect than she had in the middle ages, or will have when she once more embraces within her bosom the whole of her children.

The fact that the northern races, continued Father Hecker, are now becoming the most powerful, is a sign that they are going to be converted, for the church has always aimed at the head, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has always planted the standard of the faith in the most important places. Thus she did at Alexandria, at Athens, at Rome, and scarcely had the barbarians appeared than, with a prophetic instinct of their future, she went to meet and to baptize them.

V.

In the foregoing Father Hecker confined himself to the philosophy of history. In what is about to follow he prophesied the future in a way, and offered for consideration some reflections upon our spiritual renovation. The subject became more delicate, but Father Hecker relied upon the uncontested principles of grace to formulate a certain number of general ideas which are very luminous and destined to awaken reflection in those who are in high places. As to the application of these ideas, that should be regulated by the different ecclesiastical authorities according to different countries and circumstances. Father Hecker in nowise contemplated putting all countries on the footing of the United States, nor imposing on each individual the Anglo-Saxon character. These reservations being made, what Catholic who is conversant with affairs will deny that the following considerations present a striking quality of truth? It must not be forgotten that Father Hecker said these things several years before the close of the reign of Pius IX. and that the developments of the pontificate of Leo XIII. have since justified him.

The Council of the Vatican, said he, will one day be re-

garded as one of the most significant turning-points of history. It will have closed a period and inaugurated another. In this new period external obedience to authority will not be in anywise diminished, but the side of interior obedience to the Holy Spirit—that is, to the illuminations and inspirations of grace of which all the saints have spoken,—this side will receive an infinitely greater development. The church being no longer absorbed in the consolidation of her external organization will devote all her forces to deepening, extending, and enriching the interior life of reflective consciousness, of inward holiness, of zeal and love, which have never been neglected but which will receive a still more powerful impulsion. Holiness, of which the cloisters have hitherto been the chief centres, will be spread much more widely throughout the world and among the masses of the Christian people, following the illustrious example given by the church of Corinth in the days of St. Paul. Authority being henceforward above all attack, it can fearlessly allow a bolder flight to the initiative of each soul under the impulse of the Holy Spirit. From this there will insensibly result an immense increase of force to Christians.

This movement will prepare the way for the conversion of Protestants and free-thinkers who are in good faith, by removing the most serious of the prejudices which keep them at a distance. Both classes are, as a matter of fact, convinced that Catholicity destroys a legitimate individuality by restricting man within a system of arbitrary authoritarianism and by reducing religion to purely external practices.

Now, in the new period a double current will be produced. On one hand the Catholics, sustained by the faith, will daily increase in holy initiative. On the other hand the Protestants and free-thinkers, even though long retaining an acquired force, daily run the risk of losing somewhat of that individuality which has made them so enterprising. The numerous Protestants who have less and less faith in the reign of the Holy Spirit will end by losing even the notion of the supernatural individuality of the soul, and will find themselves reduced, like the rationalists, to the exercise of a purely natural individuality. As to the free-thinkers, who are on the road to the destruction of everything by the corrosive acid of modern criticism, they will end in a scepticism which in the long run will certainly enfeeble the vigor of their individuality.

The sooner that Catholics comprehend the conditions of the new period, the sooner will the movement be precipitated which

will reconcile Protestants and free-thinkers to the church. On one side Catholics will possess an increasingly vigorous individuality sanctified by the innumerable means of grace at the disposal of the church, and on the other, a firm authority will protect among them the treasure of the faith. Outside of the divine authority of the church no power is great enough to resist the corroding solvent of the critical spirit centupled in its strength by the incessant discoveries of science. Unbelieving scientists long to decompose all things in their crucible. At first they are proud of their experiments; then of a sudden they stop in stupefaction, seeing that nothing is left in their hands but a wretched pinch of dust. Father Hecker was very amusing when he drew in this picturesque fashion the portrait of a German atheist.

The Catholic Church, well understood, demands a perpetual spirit of research to investigate the profundities of divine truth already known and to follow up its illimitable applications. Catholics who use their faith only as a lazy man's pillow are by no means obedient to grace. All who are here below ought to apply themselves to incessant labor; those who have not the truth to acquire it, and those who do possess it to penetrate and assimilate it. The existing persecutions are sent in order to hasten the movement of which we speak. The church, deprived of her human supports, has in fact nothing more to count upon but the generous initiative of her children. It is the situation of the Apostles, who after the Ascension had no hope save in themselves and the divine flame of the Holy Spirit. We ought not, then, to be waiting chiefly for some external miracle to bring about the triumph of the church, but to the increase of the divine force infused by supernatural grace into the soul of each Christian. When Christians shall become more heroic their adversaries will recoil.

To apply to contemporary souls a spirituality urging to personal initiative it will be necessary, said Father Hecker, to begin by forming confessors. It is they, in fact, who can do this with discernment, by gradually accustoming Christians to a greater individuality while avoiding dangerous exaggerations. Confessors have the evident mission of distinguishing in a soul led by the Holy Spirit that which comes from God from that which proceeds from nature or the demon. This *rôle* of spiritual direction Father Hecker recognized; but he was extremely hostile to the sort of stifling direction from which he had himself suffered, and which, keeping souls bound as in leading-

strings, prevents them from gaining the strength of which they are capable for the service of God.

Moreover, this did not prevent him from proclaiming the necessity of having the special inspirations of each soul controlled by a confessor. He said that every Christian is free to change his confessor, but that he must nevertheless end by finding one who will consent to give him absolution. In this manner, he added, will be assured both the liberty of the soul and the control of its ways by external authority.

VI.

To complete these reminiscences I will reproduce a few more of Father Hecker's thoughts in a fragmentary state, without seeking to unite them to each other.

The interior life has always had an infinitely larger place in Catholicism than Protestants are willing to recognize. St. Catherine of Genoa, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, who either preceded or followed close upon the appearance of Protestantism, have not yet been surpassed in point of mysticism.

When the Holy Spirit wills to produce a great spiritual movement in the church, it usually begins by availing itself of the interior paths. Thus it chooses an obscure man, even laymen like St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri; and this young patrician, this merchant, this captain, this student immersed in science, receive the mission to bring about a religious renewal of the first order. These unknown souls have the most vivid interior illuminations; they set to work, though often meeting the strangest contradictions; the authority of the popes intervenes merely to control their mission and to consecrate it by a formal decision.

When the two ways, exterior and interior, of the Holy Spirit are found united in a great Pope who is also a great saint, like St. Leo, St. Gregory the Great, no words can describe the omnipotent action of which the church is then capable.

The interior life gives such a habit of observing the least motions of the soul that it renders it very penetrating concerning what goes on in others. Father Hecker was astonishing in this respect. Thus, in 1867, after listening to Père Hyacinthe at the Congress of Malines, he had very unfavorable impressions concerning him, which he communicated to M. de Montalembert. During the summer of 1875 he told me that he had visited in Florence a Jesuit who must have been Padre Curci.

"People say that Father Hecker is too bold," said he, "but he knows very highly esteemed religious whom he would never follow as far as they go, and the future will show that Father Hecker was right." On this head we could repeat still more curious things, but we are bound to reserve.

If Father Hecker had the courage of a man of great faith, he also remembered that the prudence of the serpent of which the Gospel speaks is more than ever necessary in our day, in order to discover the perfidious ambushes of the demon. It is not surprising that the Catholic Church should be exposed to so many persecutions, for it possesses ideas capable of revolutionizing the world and which are like spiritual dynamite. These ideas are all-powerful for good, but if handled unskilfully may do great harm. "I know our adversaries," said he, "having once shared all their prejudices; these prejudices should not be irritated without a motive. If too much light is suddenly given to a diseased eye one only wounds instead of healing it."

In 1875, when he was recalled to the United States, Father Hecker was contemplating a visit to Russia, for which country he foresaw a great religious future, the Anglo-Saxon races being not the only ones which attracted him. Roman Catholicism seemed to him the just medium between Protestantism, which has rendered religion too abstract, and Greek orthodoxy, which gives to rites and ceremonies far too extended a *rôle*.

Father Hecker had also formed a project of returning to his own country by way of India and China, in order to study the civilization of these countries, so different from ours and as yet so slightly affected by Christianity. He was impressed by the profound sentiment of the Divine Immanence which the Hindoos entertain, and in the intimate union which God establishes with man by means of the Holy Eucharist he saw one of the principal means of grace to which our faith might attract them in the future. As to the Moslems, whom he had studied in Egypt, he had been struck by the intensity of their faith in the one God. He wondered whether the providential instrument of their conversion would not some day be the appearance among them of a prophet who would insensibly incline them towards Christianity, to whose external action they are obstinately closed.

Father Hecker had a great idea of progress which he reconciled admirably with the fixity of Catholic tradition. For him the church was the mustard-seed of the Gospel, producing a

tree which continually grows larger and puts forth new fruits and branches. He dwelt persistently on the fact that in the Gospel the expression "new wine" is consecrated by Jesus himself, who goes so far as to recommend that this new wine should not be put into old bottles. In connection with this Father Hecker showed that at every epoch in the history of the church there has been a founder of a religious order who would not abide by the type of already existing orders; and this fact is extremely suggestive. Father Hecker liked to establish a parallel between the two great paths of the sixteenth century, that of St. Ignatius Loyola and that of St. Philip Neri. The way of St. Ignatius has been at first much the most important, but in the long run that of St. Philip may become so, when one reflects that not the Oratorians alone but the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, the Sulpicians, the regular clergy of Holzhauser, the different sacerdotal societies which flourish so well in France, Belgium, Germany, and finally the Paulists themselves, are walking in it.

The United States were dear to Father Hecker. It was evident while in Europe that he suffered constantly from his prolonged absence. In the United States, said he, Catholicism finds a virgin soil; there it is judged for what it is intrinsically worth, and not in virtue of hereditary and historical prejudices, as in the old countries of Europe. Doubtless it may be persecuted there; but the church will then be too deeply rooted in the soil to be easily shaken. The Americans are men of great good sense and impartial minds; in the end they will recognize that Catholicism is the religion most conformable to the Constitution of the United States. The authority of the church is not so crushing a thing, since in the sixteenth century it defended human liberty against the fatalism of Calvin, and still defends it against the determinists and materialists. The Catholic Church, so long disdained, will suddenly regain her prestige when, in the twentieth century, she will be seen to have become a moral power of the first order in the first republic of the world. The strong hierarchical organization of Catholicism will become a precious principle of cohesion for the United States, because it will assist in grouping together populations of different tendencies and interests over an immense extent of territory. On the other hand, the fixity of this hierarchical organization will help to counterbalance the fatal effects of the excessive mobility of democratic institutions.

The venerable founder of the Paulists had the most lively gratitude towards Pius IX., who had assisted him so much.

One may say that from many points of view he exhibited a blending of the enthusiastic ardor of Pius IX. with the profound reflection of Leo XIII.

Here are some of the estimates he formed of several celebrated personages. He called St. Francis de Sales the most weighty of the French saints. He saw in Port-Royal a great movement perverted by Jansenism. Joseph de Maistre had always impressed him, especially by the predictions which terminate the *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*. In Lacordaire he liked the renewal of apologetics, taken not by the external but the internal side of the church and its dogmas. He thought Newman the greatest of the Anglo-Saxons. He said that Manning had written two remarkable books on the exterior and the interior action of the Holy Spirit, but it was necessary now to make the synthesis of these two actions and determine their reciprocal affinities. Montalembert was dear to him for his great heart and his intrepidity; Ozanam because he had opened new ways to the religious activity of laymen. I heard Father Hecker paraphrase an article by Louis Veuillot entitled, "The Future belongs to the Democracy." He was in intimate relations with Father Ramière, of the Society of Jesus. Among his friends I must also name the Abbé Hetsch, a Protestant physician who became after his conversion a priest and vicar-general to Monsignor Dupanloup, who was another whom Father Hecker highly esteemed. Cardinals Deschamps and Schwartz were particularly congenial to him.

In later Years.

The last book I received from Father Hecker after he returned to America was on the Blessed Virgin. The divine maternity was one of the subjects on which he spoke with the greatest suavity and unction.

VII.

The foregoing pages are simply a development of those I wrote some years ago at the request of the Vicomte de Meaux, and which were published in the English edition of the *Life*

of Father Hecker. I have tried to describe him correctly rather than to estimate his ideas and appreciate their several consequences. In this connection I will limit myself to saying that the Sulpicians of the United States, so well situated for understanding the question, never fail to do homage to the memory of Father Hecker, as well as to the services rendered by his Congregation. For my own part, it is nearly twenty years since I began to regard him as the greatest spiritual instructor of our age. Doubtless Lacordaire, Newman, Ketteler, Manning, and a multitude of others have done much towards opening new paths for us; but no one has formulated with such a degree of plenitude and power as Isaac Hecker the synthesis of individuality united to personal holiness and obedience to the church. After what he has done the fecundating impulse of the Holy Spirit will not cease, and other men will surge forward to complete his ideas, or even to conceive new points of view. I am thinking at this moment of a humble and courageous Parisian priest, the Abbé Henri Chaumont, who died about two years ago, and whom his friend, Monsignor d'Hulst, called a saint to canonize. Without having known Father Hecker, the Abbé Chaumont had conceived the same ideas on the action of the Holy Spirit in the soul, applying them no longer to a religious congregation but to secular priests and Christians living in the world. The Parisian priest did not abandon himself to lofty philosophical considerations concerning personal initiative, like the American missionary, but he had such initiative himself in a very great degree, and he had a marvellous comprehension of the use that could be made of direction and the spiritual methods as taking the place for Christians living in the world of the aids of the religious life properly so called. He who writes these lines glories in having been successively the disciple of these two eminent servants of God, very different as to their abilities but pursuing at bottom the same end, and showing as much heroism in self-immolation as bold initiative in spending themselves generously in all departments of evangelical activity.

FATHER HOOD INSTRUCTING NATIVE COOKS.

AMONG THE TELUGUS OF SOUTHERN INDIA.

BY REV. N. G. HOOD.

APROPOS of the recent famines in British India, it may not be uninteresting to the readers of this magazine to learn something of the manners and customs of a large section of the Hindu population of Southern India—the sturdy and industrious race of Telugus, who occupy the northern half of the large province of Madras. I shall not enter here into the ethnology of the race, nor attempt to describe the system of caste. My object is merely to sketch a peculiar phase of their character which was particularly manifest on the occasion of the late dearth of rain.

The Nellore District lies between latitude 13° 25′ and 15° 55′ north, longitude 79° 10′ and 80° 15′; the area is 8,751.75 square miles approximately. The general aspect of the coast is that of a sandy plain, with large tracts of jungle interspersed with cocoa-nut trees and palmyras.

The Telugus, like most of the people of India, are essentially an agricultural race, depending for existence upon the product of their labors in the fields. Hence it will be easily understood what dreadful havoc and distress is caused by the failure of

the rice crop, which forms the staple food of the inhabitants. Among this people, in consequence, pagan and superstitious as they are, exists a very close connection, so to speak, between religion and agriculture. If the rains and harvests have been abundant, the gods have been propitious; if the reverse, then something has occurred to mar their good will toward their lowly subjects. This year (1897), owing to the failure of the monsoon, the autumn crops were entirely destroyed and cattle disease dealt death to numbers of domestic animals. What wonder, then, that recourse was had to Poleramma, that she might stay her destroying hand.

Poleramma is one of the numerous popular deities of the Hindus, invoked under different names in different places, but known to the Telugus by the above appellation, as the village goddess of destruction, supposed to be directly responsible for every misfortune, and particularly for cattle diseases, small-pox, and cholera. A few weeks ago a feast was celebrated here in Nellore town to honor and propitiate her. I will endeavor to relate the wonderful origin of this wonderful deity, and to give a description of the festival.

Once upon a time there lived a powerful king whose name was Sambasivan. This mighty monarch was waging war with a race of giants. Many and many an onslaught was made, and many and many a giant bit the dust; but, alas! it was to little purpose, for instead of the numbers of the enemy being reduced, they increased a hundred-fold, for out of the blood of the slain others sprang into life. The king had not even one son to help him. The more he thought about the situation, the more desperate seemed his position. Indeed, his anguish grew so great that the perspiration, running in streams down his face, washed off the puttie * and made a colored track from forehead to chin. The king then wiped his face and breast with his fingers and let the drops fall upon a stone. From those beads of perspiration sprang a female child, whose height was two feet, six inches. Amazed, the king called in his Brahmin astrologers. They told him that the being thus strangely brought into the world was none other than the goddess of destruction, and advised him to cause to be dug on the spot a pit as deep as the combined height of seven men, and to cast the goddess therein and bury her alive. Their advice was taken, and the god-

* "Puttie" is a frontal decoration much affected by the followers of Siva. It is a small spot painted between the eyebrows, about the size of a ten-cent piece. The devotees of Vishnu have a complex ornament. It consists of a trident-like figure, the outer prongs white, the centre one red.

dess met her awful fate. All this took place on the battle-field.

The monarch then left the scene for the peace of his palace. (The story fails to tell us how this could possibly be with the giants not yet overcome.) On his way he encountered a jackal.*

Culinary Mysteries.

His joy was great at so happy a meeting.

To appreciate such good fortune at its proper value, and to confer a mark of his esteem upon the obliging jackal, the king thus addressed the animal:

"As you have given me a good omen, allow me to do something in return. Follow yonder path till you arrive at a spot where you will find the earth has recently been disturbed; there dig away, when you will come upon the body of a child. Feast well, and remember me."

The jackal did not wait for further instructions, but made off at once. He speedily reached the place indicated and set

* Amongst the Hindus it is considered a good omen to meet a jackal; so much so, indeed, that a rich man is commonly said to have seen the jackal's face.

to work upon the loosely packed soil. Just as he was about to satisfy his hunger on the body of the goddess, he found himself suddenly and firmly seized in a strong and powerful grasp, and addressed in the following words:

"Why do you seek me?"

Terrified at this unexpected reception, and recognizing a power superior to his own, he at once made this cunning reply:

"I happened to meet the king, your father, who told me to hasten hither and release you from this prison. I am to carry you home on my back as speedily as possible."

Near at hand was a tree, to whose branches clung a strong parasite creeper called Nellen Thiga; a portion of this was torn down, fashioned into bridle and reins, which the goddess put on the head of the disappointed jackal, and then lightly springing onto the back of her improvised steed, she bade him set off in the direction of the king's palace.*

As the jackal sped along with his gentle burden a wicked thought entered his cunning brain.

"She is very light," he reasoned; "I will upset her and run away."

But, alas for the poor jackal! He was carrying a goddess. She, of course, divined the plan so unwisely conceived and acted accordingly. She allowed herself to grow heavier and heavier, so that the jackal was unable to run away.

Fearing further punishment from so powerful a rider, and seeing the futility of pitting his brains, cunning though they were, against the brains of a goddess who had already divined his plan, he thought it best and safest to own up his original intention and sue for mercy in these words:

"I came to eat thee up, O goddess, but how powerful thou art I now well know; I cannot even support thee on my back. Pray forgive me, allow me to go my own way, and thou shalt not find me ungrateful hereafter. Daily will I remember thee; thrice a day, indeed, will I invoke thee, at evening, midnight, and morning;† Akka (sister) shall be thy name."

Moved by his repentance the merciful goddess dismissed her steed on the spot. Left alone, she underwent a remarkable change, transforming herself into a very repulsively leprous old woman. She continued her journey on foot and arrived at her father's palace. The king was holding court. What was

* The goddess is invariably represented in art as riding upon a jackal.

† It is well known that the jackal commonly emits its peculiar cry on three distinct occasions, viz., when darkness sets in, about midnight, and a little before daybreak.

A St. Mary's College Group.

his astonishment and rage to see a leprosy-stricken old woman enter his presence unbidden! Furious with anger, he summoned a vettian (guard), commanded him to seize the intruder and without delay to cast her into the well situated at a short distance from the palace. His orders were instantly obeyed, the unresisting old lady was cast into the well, and—no, not drowned; who could destroy a goddess?

When the king's victim touched the water, three remarkable things occurred: first, the water, which up to this time was very bitter, became sweet and wholesome; secondly, a withered mango-tree near by shot forth green leaves and blossomed, and thirdly, the old woman was transformed into a beautiful child. Some neighboring shepherds, who had observed the change in the tree, came to see the cause. Looking into the well, they were amazed to observe the lotus growing and a lovely infant sporting in the water.

The news was at once carried to the king; he, with all his courtiers, came to the well. He ordered the child to be taken out and carried to the palace. Here she was tenderly cared for and carefully brought up till she became of a marriageable

age. Asked to make choice of a husband, she proffered a singular request. "Bring me," she demanded, "a cord that will extend round the world and a *thâli** as big as Maga Mheru,† then I will marry."

Knowing the impossibility of gratifying her, the king ceased to interest himself in her marriage and left her free to do as she pleased. It was after this that the goddess revealed her identity to the king. He was agreeably surprised to learn from his amiable daughter that she intended setting out at once to fight his old enemies, the giants. She bade good-by to her father and friends and sallied forth to battle. On her way she picked up a companion, which happened in this wise:

A party of shepherd boys were one day playing in the fields, when an old woman was sighted in the distance coming towards them. These naughty boys thought it would be a welcome diversion in their sports to amuse themselves at her expense. Accordingly a council was hastily convened, which resulted in the following plan: Each boy was to dig a hole and neatly cover up the opening with long grass and weeds; he into whose hole the old lady should happen to fall, was forthwith to help her out. The object of this wicked conspiracy drew near the fatal spot, and being a goddess (for it was indeed the goddess again transformed) she elected to fall into one of the holes prepared for her reception. True to the agreement, one of the boys immediately rushed forward to place his victim on her feet; but imagine his astonishment to find himself no longer a simple shepherd boy, but changed into a king and warrior ready to do battle against mighty foes.‡

On the way to the scene of war the goddess revealed to her ally her intentions in his regard. It was his task to kill all the giants; an easy one too, since they would be unable to multiply, as they had formerly done, because, she said, she would catch the blood of the slain upon her tongue and swallow it before it reached the ground and fructified. Of course the goddess and her doughty companion completely extinguished the terrible race of giants. The former returned to the king, and, having related her victories, took leave of him.

Such is the fantastic story of the origin of the goddess Poleramma. I should like to reiterate what was said at the

* The marriage token, which is made up of a number of fine cotton strands and worn like a necklace round the neck. To it is attached a small circular pendant of gold.

† Maga Mheru, a mountain supposed to be the dwelling-place of the gods.

‡ He is called Pothu Ragu. Pothu signifies any male animal; hence, having been a shepherd boy, he is Pothu Ragu, "king of male animals."

beginning of this article. The Hindu is nothing if not superstitious. In India, as in all heathen nations, exists a practical belief in the supernatural agency of wicked spirits—in a word, demonolatry, which leads, naturally, to terrible excesses and is responsible for the most absurd practices and illogical sequences. This is fully illustrated in the celebrations of the Festival of Poleramma.

The feast of Poleramma occurs only at irregular intervals, according to the necessity of the case, when anything untoward has happened which requires the intervention of the deity.

The recognized head of every village and town is an individual called the munsif. He is directly responsible for the well-being of the community, and hence is the person who takes the initiative in the matter of a celebration of any kind. If he considers the unfortunate state of the weather, failing crops, or any other similar misfortunes demand it, he calls a meeting of the principal inhabitants, or head-men of the village, to decide whether the feast shall be celebrated. If the meeting thinks the exigencies of the time warrant it, a subscription list is at once opened and the amount to be contributed by the heads of families duly fixed. In the meantime the munsif's crier is sent round to proclaim at the street-corners that Poleramma is going to be solemnized. This important individual is most elaborately "got up" for the occasion. His entire body is plentifully bedaubed with saffron-root paste, to the depth, indeed, of an eighth of an inch or more. This to the native mind lends a charm to the crier's person. Before the actual celebration of the feast—which, by the way, is always made to fall on a Tuesday, because the goddess is supposed to have been born on that day—a preparation of twenty-two days must be observed.

If any one should be foolish enough to refuse the amount specified, or even to delay payment, a company of runners is forthwith commissioned to treat him to a free concert. His house is besieged by these too-willing musicians and a vigorous drumming kept up till he gets sense to pay. Besides these compulsory contributions, other entirely voluntary ones are solicited.

A large earthenware pot is daubed with yellow paint and then spotted with kimgum—a kind of yellow pigment largely used by native women to make the beauty-spot on their forehead—and further decorated with margosa leaves. This pot is

carried from door to door, by a man preceded by drummers. Every householder is expected to make an offering of rice, rice-gungy, raggy, raggy-gungy, butter, buttermilk, or onions. Gungy, being a cooling substance, is generally given to assuage the anger of the goddess. When the pot can contain no more, carrier, drummers, and a few beggars feast on the contents.

Early in the second week of preparation a potter is given an order for a clay model of the head of the goddess; the head only is required, the trunk and limbs being made of straw. A suitable locality is selected where the future sacrifices can be conveniently made. The only condition of excellence required is that it should be as spacious as possible, as thousands of spectators must be accommodated. On a given spot a pandal is erected to receive the goddess.

The feast continues for three days, or rather for a night and two days. Nothing particular is done till the evening of the first day. About 7 P. M. all the masters of ceremonies assemble and set off in a body for the potter's house, bearing amongst them a goat, two rupees, a koka (female cloth, the principal part of a female's wearing apparel); this must be white when bought and afterwards dyed yellow; black bangles, earrings made from the palmyra leaf, and a nose ornament; betel-nut and leaf, cocoa-nut, limes, and from fifteen to twenty fowls; incense, fireworks, and torches. Arrived at the potter's dwelling, the select company, followed by the inevitable crowd, halt before the door. A very elaborate, not to say peculiar, ceremony is now performed, called the "*Eye-opening.*"

The clay model, decorated with the cloth and ornaments above mentioned, is religiously carried forth, though not yet exposed to the public view, being carefully veiled. A dhoby (washerman) steps forward bearing a fowl, and having made the "thigathudich" (the warding off the evil eye), deftly wrings off its head. With a little blood thus procured he makes the puttie on the veiled head of the goddess.

Meantime, the betel-nut, rupees, and rice are given to the potter; the latter he places on a cloth, previously spread on the ground in front of the goddess, the other two he retains in payment for his model. At this moment he burns a little incense.

This done, some of the bystanders set fire to a quantity of straw, and in the light thus afforded Poleramma is unveiled. A strong belief prevails to the effect that if a person should unfortunately be standing in front of the goddess at the mo-

ment of unveiling, such a one would infallibly be burnt to death by the opening eyes of the idol. It is to prevent such an undesirable consummation that the straw is ignited.

The "eye-opening" ceremony completed, the dhoby again sacrifices. This time the victim is the goat brought by the

The College Cooks.

head-men. Amid the rolling of drums, the blare of trumpets, the shouting of the onlookers, the hissing, spluttering, and sharp crack, crack, crack of fireworks, the head is severed from the quivering body and placed on the cloth, face to face with the goddess. The head only is retained; the other portion becomes the exclusive property of the potter and his friends.

The sacrifice over, preparations are at once made for a procession. Torches are lit, the village waterman places the goddess on his head, the musicians fall into line, the drums are beaten, and the whole body is in motion to parade the town. As the procession wends its way through the principal streets offerings of rice and sheep are placed by many of the people op-

posite their houses. They sacrifice the sheep there and then in honor of the goddess as she is carried past. If the sacrifice is made by a Brahmin or Kômati (one of the merchant caste) both sheep and rice are given to a dhoby. Others, not so well to do, present rice and the head of the sheep only.

The procession wanders about the whole night; only in the small hours of the morning does it arrive at the place of public sacrifices referred to above. This reached and the goddess safely lodged in the pandal prepared for her, rice is deposited before her, when the first of a series of sacrifices immediately takes place. The victim is a she-goat. The head of the unfortunate animal is soon struck off and the skin dexterously stripped from the carcase, a portion of one of the fore legs is inserted horizontally in the mouth of the idol, when, to complete a peculiar ceremony, the ministers decorate the head with the midriff and present the whole to the divinity. One of the several dhobies in attendance secures the bulk of the carcase for his own personal use. At 5 A. M. the liver of the goat, previously cooked and reserved till now, is produced, along with a small pot of toddy and another of country arrack, and placed before the statue. A dhoby, who for the present is the acting priest, pours on the ground a little of the liquids in honor of the goddess, after which all the ministering dhobies, four or five in number, sit down to enjoy the liver, toddy, and arrack. When these have been duly disposed of, the head of the goat is removed from the presence of Poleramma and carried home by a dhoby. On this, the first day of the feast, special sacrifice is thrice made to the deity. In the intervals the priests take up a sitting position near the pandal and, surrounded by interested crowds of people, relate in appropriate terms the marvellous history and wondrous deeds of their powerful divinity.

Throughout the day numerous votive offerings are sent by the Brahmins and Kômatis; these are usually brought by the dhobies of their respective masters.

Towards evening the munsif puts in an appearance. His special duty is to make a fair distribution to the ministers of the large number of heads that have accumulated during the day. It is impossible to say if his august presence is required to avoid a squabble over a division of the spoils, or whether his visit partakes of the nature of a ceremony. I should rather imagine the former is nearer the mark, as offerings of gold and silver are not infrequently made by fervent devotees—and

A Telugu Water-Carrier.

who could trust natives to make an equal division of gifts of the kind that appeal most to their cupidity?

Though the work of the day is over, the devoted dhobies give themselves no rest, but consume the hours of the night in relating to those who stay to listen the ever interesting history of Poleramma.

The second and last day of the celebrations is remarkable in many ways and notably so in the matter of sacrifices. A buffalo, an animal for which the Hindus have the greatest reverence and veneration, is to be done to death. To realize what it means to kill an ox is almost impossible, except for those who have actual experience of the Hindu character! A buffalo having been procured, the animal's head is smothered in a thick layer of yellow pigment, whilst from its neck is suspended a garland of magosa leaves; the keepers then

fasten to the horns a strong rope, by which the poor beast is led away to parade the town amid an unceasing din of pipes and drums. From early morning till evening the animal is dragged hither and thither, beaten and buffeted, lashed and cruelly tortured by a howling mob. Long before its compulsory wanderings are over it is only prevented from falling through blows and exhaustion by the timely aid of its tormentors, who are literally compelled to carry it along.

About 4 P. M. an event occurs, so strange and weird that I shall be accused, perhaps, of taxing the imagination of my readers to an unpardonable extent. Yet what I am going to relate does indeed take place.

A four-months-old lamb, which the shepherds of the district have presented for sacrifice, is slain, as usual, by a dhoby. He allows the blood to fall upon a quantity of cooked rice, contained in a winnowing basket. The carcase becomes the property of the "vetti," the village messenger. This unfortunate individual has a task to perform that is invariably accompanied by demoniacal possession. Such a common event is possession, so patent to every one, that people are rarely if ever deceived; indeed, no one would think of imposing upon his neighbor, for the simple reason that nothing can be gained and much may be lost thereby. Not seldom does one hear from non-Catholics expressions to this effect: "Before coming to India my belief in the supernatural was never very strong, but now I should be more than a fool to doubt the existence of God and the devil."

The rice saturated in the victim's blood is handed over to the vetti, who then makes his way through the streets of the town accompanied by about twenty men, whose duty it is to see that he scatters the rice at places corresponding to the sixteen subdivisions of the compass. The vetti rarely or never accomplishes his purpose unaided, for on the way the unfortunate fellow loses his senses and falls to the earth. In vain his companions try to rouse him. All to no purpose. So they are obliged to carry him to the appointed spots, where they themselves dispose of the rice in the approved way. It is curious to note that none of the crowd will ever immediately precede the possessed vetti, for all are thoroughly persuaded that to act thus is to invite a sudden death. The rice being scattered, the poor vetti is now reconducted to the pandal and brought before the idol. After the lapse of an hour or more he recovers his senses and is his usual self again.

Very elaborate are the preparations for sacrificing the buffalo, the last and most important of a long series of rites. An hour or so before evening closes in, a deep pit is dug at a distance of about thirty yards from the pandal. Lying between these is a large heap of rice, the offerings of the day. The munsif and others form into line, and with the buffalo in their midst proceed thrice round the pandal, rice and pit separately. When the procession has passed round the pit for the third and last time, the buffalo is placed near it in such a position that it immediately faces the pandal. The centre of a stout rope is now securely fastened to the victim's horns. One-half of it is held by four pariahs, the other half by the same number of chucklers (lowest caste). The two parties, pulling in opposite directions, keep the bull-lock's head steady; four other pariahs then seize the animal's tail, while yet another four support a long pole held horizontally against its shoulders to prevent the beast from sinking to the earth, exhausted by long and cruel treatment. The head-men of the village now place themselves in a prominent position near the victim to supervise these important proceedings. The head must be separated from the trunk at the third stroke of the sacrificer's knife, which, by the way, is a common reaping-hook elaborately painted for the occasion. If the head fails to fall at the third stroke the sacrificer, a pariah, must desist, and his place is at once taken by a chuckler, who will have no difficulty in quickly completing the sacrifice.

A Dhoby, or native Washerman.

The supreme moment is at hand. Up to this can be heard the shouts and laughter of an immense multitude; thousands upon thousands are assembled from the town and surrounding country. They exhibit no reverence for the ceremonies; it is a feast, and the business of each is to get out of it as much enjoyment as possible. But at this juncture silence falls upon the mighty throng. People standing near the victim are compelled to fall back at least ten yards to avoid stray drops of blood that otherwise may chance to reach them. It is said that if a drop falls upon a stranger, *i. e.*, not of the same district, he will acquire half the wealth of the town.

A number of men light torches to be in readiness to accompany the goddess to her last resting-place; rockets are sent hissing into the still evening air; then, one—two—three—the strokes are swift and certain, the poor beast's head falls to the ground. At once a mighty shout, increasing to a roar, ascends from innumerable human throats, sounding in the distance like rolling thunder. Swiftly four pariahs bear the head into the idol's presence, four chucklers hasten to cut off one of the fore-legs, which is inserted crosswise in her mouth, and the midriff is, as usual, placed upon her head. Twenty potters, each bearing a vessel of water, then wash away all traces of the blood; they push the carcase into the pit and speedily fill it up. One of their number now produces a ball of boiled rice, which he places upon the midriff, and on this again he puts a vessel containing oil and a cotton wick. The improvised lamp being lit, a waterman places the goddess and her accumulated possessions upon his head, and the procession is ready to start. The signal being given, the processionists, headed by the indispensable drummers and our old acquaintance the bell-man, move in the direction of the town boundary. Then occurs a scene of wild confusion. The people nearest the pandal make a rush and quickly demolish it. Every one is anxious to obtain a relic of the temporary dwelling of the goddess. Eager to satisfy their devotion, free fights are the order of the hour among the people. In the meantime the procession is on its way. When at a short distance from the village the vetti, having extinguished the light, appropriates the buffalo's head, rice, and oil, and takes his way home. Here the dhoby-priests and a few others are left to finish the journey alone.

When they reach the first boundary (there are several) the strangest of all the strange things connected with this feast occurs. The high-priest in the most obscene language heaps upon the goddess every kind of abuse. Nothing that can be said

of her is too vile, despicable, or profligate; everything indelicate and repulsive is hurled at this deity; all that is offensive to chastity is freely said of it.

At last there is an end to a long, violent speech, the declamatory flight of censure ceases, and then—is it possible?—this foul-mouthed haranguer in the most abject terms begs the precious goddess for forgiveness, alleging as an excuse for the tirade that his office exacts from him such unrighteous conduct towards her. At this point all disperse except a waterman, a cultivator, and a dhoby, who bears a torch. The trio hastening to the last boundary seek a convenient bush in which they conceal the idol, stripped of all its finery. This done, they run away as fast as their legs can carry them, never once looking behind.

Such, dear reader, is the feast of Poleramma. I do not know what you think of it. Of one thing I feel assured: reading this, you cannot but pray that our Lord's kingdom may come to oust that of his enemy, that his name may be hallowed amongst these poor people, who are indeed "sitting in the shadow and darkness of death." I have even great hopes that your heart will warm towards us in a distant land and aid us to spread that glorious Faith so dear to all who are of its household.

"O FOUNTAIN OF LOVE UNCEASING!"

—Imitation, Bk. iii. chap. x.

BY F. W. GREY.

O FOUNT of Love unceasing! Living Fire!
Love that surpasseth knowledge, word, or thought;
How may I love Thee, Jesu, as I ought?
How may I tell Thee all my heart's desire?
Dost Thou not know it? Lord of Love, inspire
My heart, my tongue to praise Thee, who hast bought
My soul at such a price, and who hast wrought
Thy work in me: Lord! lift me ever higher,
Still closer to Thyself: Thou wilt not hide
Thy secrets from Thy brother; Love Divine,
Art Thou not all mine own, and I all Thine?
Jesu! my Jesu! Who for me hast died,
Make Thou Thy Cross, thy Bitter Passion mine,
So shall my longing heart be satisfied.

RATIONALISM AND THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

IT is assumed, I fear, with a little too much confidence that the only forces of the time are Rationalism and the Church. It is not only Catholics who take this view, but many who belong to some form of Rationalism or another. I think I can understand how Rationalists have adopted it, whether in love or hatred. They see proofs of vitality before them, they must bear in mind historic facts running into these proofs, and they must recognize in the ministerial action of the church, either in the duty of worship or the exercise of charity, an absence of the sensational and hysterical. I may add at this point what seems forced upon me: that Rationalism seems a growing power in England, or perhaps the more exact word would be Naturalism.

STILL A LARGE "IF."

There is no doubt that if the field were clear between the Church and Rationalism or Naturalism an enormous accession would be gained to true religion. There are thousands of men who may be said to be "conscious of the presence of God," or who themselves say they have that consciousness, but who do not belong to any of the sects or to the Establishment. They are kept out of the church by the pretensions of the latter and the travesty of Christianity offered by the former. The Establishment stands forward in shape as the embodiment of the social idea of the Lord; it asserts the claim to be His Kingdom. It is a great institution, filling a large part of the material, intellectual, and æsthetic needs of the English people. It enters into the whole fabric of society in one shape or another, appealing to the eye and ear, the heart and the memory. Any intelligent stranger will admit that he is confronted by the strength and massiveness of the Establishment whenever he goes through England. When Cardinal Newman said he valued it as a great bulwark against Atheism he must have spoken of a time when it did not intercept the missionary activity of the church. He must have meant that its great social influence worked for good in maintaining or securing acceptance for a large part of Christian doctrine. At the present moment I have

no hesitation in saying that it is the most disastrous influence to the cause of truth in England.

There is no occasion to advance theoretical reasons for this opinion. I may admit that I, at a time not very remote, entertained the view cited from Cardinal Newman. Perhaps now, upon reflection, I could offer reasons why this view could only have been true at any time in the most restricted sense. I am very clearly of opinion that it is not true now even in the most restricted sense. I lay down these propositions broadly; that is to say, as laws of opinion operating on masses of men apart from incidental effects of such opinion on individual minds. For instance, the sacramental system of the Establishment may satisfy a body of men that they are in perfect accord with the early Church of England and the Apostolic Church from which she derived her life, but individuals may be led to see something anomalous in the fact that the Establishment is divorced from that Apostolic Church. If it be an effect or the effect of the attitude of the Establishment to apparently satisfy the whole demand of those who believe in a history of direct and immediate relations between God and man in the past, it seems nothing short of disastrous. If men believe in the necessity of these in some form or another until the end of time—and logically they must—is it not a disaster that a church disclaiming infallibility should profess to be the Church of Christ? The power of the Establishment as a social influence has never been as great as it is now. It overbears people by its prestige. The scorn of Positivist and Agnostic for its illogical character barely touches it. To either of these nothing can be more absurd than the idea of a church imposing dogmas upon the faithful and disclaiming infallibility. But the Archbishop of Canterbury takes precedence of every peer not of royal blood, the bishops sit in the House of Lords, the rural clergy sit as magistrates side by side with the landed gentry in every petty sessions court. The squire and the parson rule every parish. In all this is the answer to the Agnostic or the Positivist; but what an answer it is!

THE ESTABLISHMENT ANALYZED.

Of course it is no answer. Its effect among men of a strongly religious turn of mind, but without the paternal spirit, is to make them Pantheists, or upon humane men religiously inclined to make them Positivists. Now, these two kinds of thinkers constitute the classes of cultivated men upon whom the

missionary work of the church would be successful. The vulgarity and tawdriness of the minor sects in England, the shocking irreverence of much of the language used in their pulpits and at their prayer-meetings, doubtless with the best intentions, render it impossible for decent people to join them. Where is the man who does not believe Christianity a fetichism to find a resting-place? He will not go to the Establishment, whose creed is as shifting as a quicksand, whose conception of truth is as variable as the fabled form which changed the moment it was caught, whose history is an ingenious misrepresentation, and whose policy has been from the first the least defensible kind of Erastianism to be found in history. Even the garrison Lutheranism of Prussia, in the days of Frederick the Great, can have something said for it. It was at the very least a branch of the public service dependent upon the will of the monarch; but at no time in England was the great body of the Establishment ever subject to the sovereign in any other sense than the landed gentry might be regarded as subject to him.

A MATTER OF PHRASEOLOGY.

In consequence we find Rationalism or Naturalism going straight on to conclusions in England which in a generation or two will bring down the whole social fabric. It is not very long since Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant stood in the dock for the publication of a work which was in no way more opposed to good morals than the articles which now appear in scientific or quasi-scientific magazines. It has been remarked that you can say anything in England if you know how to say it. This is the difference between the views put forward by the present thinkers on the subjects of marriage, divorce, and the system of relations included in them, and the opinions for expressing which Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant underwent a term of imprisonment. When the Establishment stands in the way as the instrument of God's work among men and the exponent of the moral law He has inculcated, it is quite too intelligible why a man of talent and attainments should reject a morality which, rightly or wrongly, he thinks alien to nature. Of course I cannot enter into the considerations put forward as injuriously affecting individual happiness and social well-being in consequence of the Christian law of purity and of the indissolubility of marriage. It may be enough, for that matter, to state distinctly that experience has proved the stability of so-

ciety to depend upon purity of life; still I am bound to say the considerations referred to have at least such a degree of plausibility to recommend them that they are calculated to win acceptance even from persons of scientific training; to win it in a greater degree, of course, from persons who, without such training, have yet a taste for scientific literature, and above all from that large body of readers to whom everything which is new, unconventional, and startling is attractive as bearing marks of independent and untrammelled thought.

THE POWER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHIEFLY SOCIAL.

To tell the truth, an enormous advance has been made in England both in the force of Rationalism as an opinion and the power of the Establishment as a socio-religious influence. So far as I can form a judgment, however, the Establishment has very little if any intellectual authority. It would be a cruel thing to evoke Asmodeus to unroof the heads or houses of the professors of Oxford and Cambridge, some of the clergy in snug parsonages, some of the dignitaries in palace or cathedral close. One would learn too much. But I am informed of this: there are clergymen and dignitaries who spend in charity and in connection with their churches a great part of what they derive from their incumbencies. I also know that there are clergymen in considerable numbers whose intolerance of dissent and whose arrogance in the government of their parishes afford evidence of the sincerity of their belief. We have, then, the great fact of this organization absorbing whatever is not bold and enterprising in intellect, but which has a tendency to what is called religionism. For the rest, it may be said in general terms there is little other influence of a moral or intellectual character to affect the cultivated classes; and this being so, men like Dr. William Byrd Powell and Mr. Henry Seymour can ventilate, with the certainty of recognition, rules with regard to the most important relation of life which supersede the sixth and ninth commandments and the whole teaching of our Lord and his church. It may be repeated, that every bold and enterprising intellect stays outside the Establishment, or at the most barely enrolls himself as a member through some regard for the prejudice which still favors the profession of some religion.

THE CRAVING FOR SUPERNATURALISM.

When I said that Pantheism attracts the intellect with a tendency to religionism, I judged by expressions of opinion

from persons of that description. Outside any particular church there are countless thousands who are drawn to the supernatural. In a sense spiritism, spiritualism, clairvoyance, and the many other impostures which have had and are having their day, show this as distinctly as the unsavory experiences which the neophyte of Salvationism goes to hear in the expectation of learning why it is that his life has been so bad and how it may become a good one. Granted there is a consciousness of God, a feeling that one is in the presence of a power which speaks within and overshadows his being, he surely must do something to acquire a more distinct knowledge of that which affects him. Is there such a consciousness?—such a feeling? It cannot be disputed. It may not be given to every one to perceive it—this is, perhaps, a misfortune for such an one; at the same time it is not an irretrievable one, for pure reason can lead in the same direction—but it is a fact within the consciousness of thousands. If this leads to Pantheism, as in a case just now before me, surely this is in a Christian country a great misfortune. The vast endowment of the Establishment, its hierarchy, its numerous clergy, its noble cathedrals, its great seats of learning, its immense influence woven into the life of society, cannot offer an answer to the question, What is the power with which I am now in contact and with which I desire to enter on harmonious relations? I am not speaking now of that emotional condition which believers so often experience, and which they frequently regard as evidence that they are in the right way. The state I have in view partakes as much of the intellectual as of the physical or sentimental—nay, to put it beyond question, I am speaking of a state experienced by men who are understood to be unbelievers and which has led many out of the form of time into the formless of the eternal.

Yet this great Establishment in England affords no help to so many of those who deserve and need it. It is a giant without a soul, seemingly playing the part of a Frankenstein minus the cynicism, but working evil as surely as if charged with malignity from head to foot. What side of the "Square Deific" does it represent? It cannot be the revelation of Himself by God to man, because face to face with it the best intellects say, without reply, that they find God in the universe, not as the Creator in his work but as his very self, as the identification of himself. A recent professor, who during life had been distinguished by hostility to the church, was shown after his death, in works that then saw the light for the first time, to

have been a Pantheist. It would be better, one would imagine, for professors of Oxford and dignitaries of the Establishment to help the church in her missionary labors than to assail her authority, dogmatic or historical; it would be better, though perhaps more difficult, to answer questions such as I have pointed out—questions men sometimes ask themselves with profound anxiety—than to deride the church in England because of the want of social status in the vast majority of her children and the absence of academical distinction from her teaching bodies; but the Establishment will not act in this way, and so we may look for an increase of Atheism.

ATHEISM TO THE RESCUE.

Accordingly, I have before me a "Plea for Atheism," elevated to the status of an apologetic tract. Nay, we need not wait for the future—such books are coming out rapidly; even the word "Plea" is beside the matter when dogmatic Atheism suggests that it has solved problems which religion itself has failed to solve. In addition, we shall have scientific impurity preached under such titles as *The Physiology of Love;** we already have evolutionary ethics eliciting moral ideas because they were useful in the struggle for existence; and by and by we shall have as a consequence the enlightened free thinker justifying himself for following his natural propensities in spite of the admonitions of conscience. The Establishment claims to be a branch of the Catholic Church. It can give no reason for separating from the church, which is the living fountain of authority on morals. What answer will it give to such an argument as this on the part of any free-thinker? "What is conscience? The moral ideas for which it stands are not an opinion founded on reason, but a prejudice ingrained in the mind through inheritance from a long line of ancestors—primitive men of arboreal habits, naked savages, barbarians—these, one's ancestors for the most part; why should I be bound by a prejudice so derived? I will not on the authority of a church whose right to existence is revolt against authority."

It is no wonder that a free-thinker of this kind should laugh at the pretensions to guide him on the part of an institution which owes its authority in religion and morals to that Defender of the Faith known as Henry VIII. I do not care

* *The Physiology of Love: A Study in Stirpiculture.* By Henry Seymour. London: Fowler & Co.

to go over the familiar ground: Somerset the murderer of his brother, Elizabeth the murderer of her guest—Macaulay has put the story in his matchless way—but I say it seems clear, since authority is the ground upon which the moral law is based, since revelation is, for the most part, the authority for our moral ideas, that this immense social institution, the English Establishment, can carry no conviction to him who regards conscience as a mere inheritance, religion an evolution from corpse-worship.

A LOST VOCATION.

GOOD-NIGHT, my heart: all dreams must end at last.
Chill, sunless days will steal athwart the sky—
Creeping, like guilty things that cannot die,
From out the dark into the painful past.

One storm-wet cloud, lurking along the west,
Shall rob the burning glory of some perfect day.
In narrowing years forgotten vows will play
Upon the wearied soul in strange unrest.

The sun, an eager youth in gladness hailed,
Within the lifting shade of morning's tomb;
He knew nor grief nor sorrow, till the gloom
Crept down and left him where the light had failed.

He stands to-day, outside the busy throng,
With empty hands before the vineyard wall;
Listening amid the dark for sounds that fall
From swinging blades, and chanted reaper's song.

"T'E'DO'," THE SCULPTOR.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

THE dairy-woman of Grandcourt was just skimming the last panful of milk when the housekeeper's portly figure obtruded itself at the spring-house door.

"Lucina, Madam Grandcourt desires to have speech with you," she said, with the elegance of diction permissible in one of her exalted position. Lucina replied with a curt "Very well," without pausing in her delicate occupation; but presently she betook herself to her cabin to wash her already clean hands and to put on a fresh Madras and apron before appearing at "Court," as the plantation manor-house was called.

There she found madam enthroned in the sewing-room, the centre of a busy scene. The head-woman and her aids, spruce mulatto girls, surrounded a long table, shears in hand, snipping out dress bodies and skirts from the blue homespun for the slaves' garments. In the chairs ranged about the walls sat seamstresses of all shades from *café-au-lait* to jet black, their slick or turbaned polls, with huge silver hooprings in ears, bent over the dull blue breadths, their thimbled right hands rising and descending with machine-like regularity and monotony, as they drew their needles in and out of the cloth which had been woven in an adjoining room.

It was the last of November, 1850. Piles of garments ready to wear were stacked neatly on trestles in the rear of the place, in company with gray blankets of coarse weave which had just come on the rice-boats from the city. For Christmas was drawing near, the time of the yearly distribution of new clothes and bed-coverings, and already the cunning field-hands had put the Yule-log to soak in the canal in the paddy-fields, to lengthen the holidays; for as long as that log held out to burn, the meanest slave could claim exemption from the ditch. Sometimes the water-soaked live-oak trunk had burned for a fortnight, bright to the end.

The dairy-woman went up to her mistress and stopped before her with a series of curtsies, gracefully executed.

Madam Grandcourt looked approvingly at her.

"I sent for you, Lucina, to say that the butter design was uncommonly well conceived this morning. 'Twas almost a pity to put knife to it. I expect much company for the Christmas holidays and desire something especially fine in butter for a centre-piece for the dinner-table. Let us have your best work for the occasion. I have given you ample time for the conception and execution of an original design. See that you do your best."

Lucina listened, only half understanding, with downcast eyes, curtsied afresh at the compliment and again at the command, replied with a low but distinct "I will do my best to please you, madam," and was dismissed.

She walked slowly back to her cabin, her fine dark brows knitted, her thin red lips compressed. She had a pretty talent for modelling, and hardly a day passed but that the Grandcourt table was adorned with a high relief in bright yellow butter, ice-hardened. Either a swamp-flower or a camellia japonica, an ivy-leaf or a basket cunningly filled with grapes and leaves; or, invention languishing, the Grandcourt crest, the Winged Sheaf, stood upright on the dish.

But now Lucina's working wits sought vainly for an unusual inspiration. Her morning's task was finished and she would have leisure until noon.

She looked about the cabin for her two children, but found them not.

"Dey done gone again?" queried a blear-eyed old crone, switch in hand, the head-nurse of the brood of little slaves.

"Tu'n um ober t' me. I lick he *pion-meh-lady*, Lucina. Dat T'e'do' de debble an' all fuh run 'way."

So, instead of sitting in the cool shade on the cabin steps under the wedded branches of the great live oaks and beguiling the time with the ancient gossips of the quarter, Lucina went into the woods in search of the truants. Submerged in thought, she wandered aimlessly and far afield, and presently found herself on the edge of a clay pit; a cup-shaped depression in the boskage, veined like onyx with brown and green, red, blue and mauve, colors that caught her eyes and pleased her, until there came into the field of vision a small figure.

Light chocolate of hue, contrasting fairly with his single and simple garment of inevitable blue, that left at liberty both legs and arms, the elf squatted in the sunshine, oblivious to the wind in the soughing pines and the jubilation of birds, his long fingers busily at work. His mother crept near him, looked over

his shoulder. He was absorbed in kneading clay, modelling a clever little cup with a design of leaves in cameo.

"Why, Theodore!" exclaimed Lucina.

The cup fell—a hopeless ruin. The modeller burst into loud sobs, anticipating with pathetic resignation the descending hand on his unprotected rear. Not far away a baby lay asleep, half-naked, in the clay.

"What are you crying for?" inquired Lucina. "Oh, you dropped the cup. What a pity!"

She picked up the wreck of art and examined it professionally, the boy glancing up at her with furtive amazement, holding a sob in his throat.

Then, with sudden courage, he drew from hiding-places various other shapes in clay. Pottery—man's earliest natural effort in earth—little basins, squat pitchers of odd figures, plates oval, square, and almost round; all decorated with a selection of form and color instinctively correct and surprisingly original and bizarre. Encouraged by his mother's admiration and exclamations, the artist drew forth other treasures, more prized apparently, yet more crude—a baby's head, a tiny hand, a foot, of which the unconscious model lay confessed, with clay between fat fingers and prehensile toes. All these sun-dried, brittle, scarcely to be handled, folded in grape and fig-leaves.

"So," said Lucina, "this is why you run away every day? I'm sorry I licked you so often, little fool. Why didn't you tell your mammy—eh?"

The sculptor hung his lamb's head.

"You little fool!" repeated his mother, laughing yet with tears in her eyes, "you might 'a' saved that back and your bare legs many a lick."

She shouldered the sleepy baby, African fashion. "Come on home now, honey, and I'll get you something to eat. It's twelve by the sun. Then you can paddle with your clay all the rest of the time. I'll get old mammy to tend to the baby."

Theodore followed her with eyes and mouth agape.

Grandcourt made good its name that Yuletide.

> "The mistletoe hung from the castle hall,
> And the holly branch from the old oak wall."

In the chapel the altar was ablaze with lights and brilliant with roses. Our Lady's statue, brought by madam from Italy, was wreathed with white camellias, and stood sweet and glorious against a curtain of green fern and Yupon, coral with its Christ-

mas berries. The house-slaves on their knees adored the Crib and wondered at the glowing star, while the rich, strong voices of those who could sing rose in the Christmas hymn at midnight, to the deep tones of the organ evoked by madam's skilful fingers.

Among the worshipping slaves knelt the guests of Grandcourt—a dozen young people from neighboring plantations, a beauty from the city who had already captivated the brilliant Raoul de l'Isle d'Or at her right, and the proud and melancholy Luigi Rossetti at her left—this latter madam's near kinsman.

By candle-light, on Christmas evening, the great dining-room was displayed. The laughing procession thither stopped midway the hall with many an "Oh!" and "Ah!" of pleasure and gay admiration. In both dining-hall and picture-gallery the painted faces of Grandcourts and Rossettis observed the innocent revellers from the panelled walls with English decorum and Italian dignity.

The priest's benediction ended, Luigi's eyes fell upon the centre-piece of the table's decoration. He leaned forward to observe it more closely, and was about to call the Frenchman's attention to it when the excitable L'Isle d'Or cried out:

"Ah, what a delicious work of art! Is it a bit of your pleasantry, mon Luigi?"

He put up a glass to examine more closely the exquisite design in butter. Two cows, one standing, the other lying down, on a pedestal wreathed with delicately moulded flowers, supported by a flat surface of crystal on golden legs.

Instantly every eye about the table was riveted upon it. Verbal bonbons neatly folded in English, French, Italian, even Latin—that of Hildebrand rather than of Horace, however—were gracefully showered upon Rossetti.

"O madam!" exclaimed the beauty, who lisped, with a sidelong blue shaft at Luigi, "what a condescension for so great an artist as Signor Rossetti to crown our pleasure with his wonderful genius. Pray, signor, is every plastic material one to your art?"

Madam smiled.

"But," protested the sculptor with heightened color and a sense of annoyance, "I assure you the work is wonderful, . . . but it is not mine."

A chorus of expostulation, incredulity.

"Whose, then? Have we another genius among us? What modesty!"

De l'Isle d'Or placed a hand upon his embroidered waistcoat.

"Behold the man! It can no longer be concealed. . . . In my leisure moments I discarded the pen for the modelling tool. There is another of my little efforts," he pointed to a superb portrait by Verplanck—"sculpture, painting, poetry—for I wrote 'Les Orientales'—music—for I composed 'Le Prophète'—all are one to me!"

A merry shout interrupted him.

Madam demanded silence.

"It is but fit that such transcendent genius should be crowned," she said, inclining her head to Raoul.

Then to the beauty: "Venus, arise; it is from your hands alone that Apollo shall receive reward."

The obedient beauty took off the wreath that rested proudly on her dazzling hair.

Raoul arose impetuously, dropped on one knee at her feet as she advanced smiling to him, and bent his black head for the rosy crown. Then they resumed their seats amid universal applause.

"Still," said a voice persistent, perhaps that of the Father Hilary whose bright eyes twinkled—"still the question remains: Who made the butter-cows?"

"With all due respect to Apollo," said madam, when the laughter had subsided, "and despite his garland of genius, I will produce the artist."

She whispered the butler at her elbow. He gave an order to another slave, who disappeared, to return in a few moments convoying Lucina in Christmas cap and gown. She blushed vividly at sight of the glittering company, yet stood composed. Luigi looked at her in sheer amazement.

"Tell me, my good woman," he said quickly, "surely you did not model these little cows in butter?"

"No, sir," said Lucina clearly.

Madam started violently and turned her chair about, her diamonds flashing.

"What do I hear? Why do you lie, silly woman? It is no disgrace."

"But, nevertheless, madam, I did not make them," said Lucina, trembling.

"Then go and fetch me the one who did," cried madam imperiously, clapping her hands smartly together in her curiosity and excitement.

"I am avenged," cried Raoul, "O ye incredulous! Will ye not now admit the splendor of my genius?"

A battery of bright eyes and wits were immediately turned upon him. In the midst of the brilliant bombardment and counter-fire Lucina re-entered the room, apparently alone. But as she approached they perceived a small brown creature clinging to her skirts. She unfastened his claws and held him at arm's length.

"He made them," she said simply to her mistress.

Every face around the table exhibited the liveliest curiosity and incredulity.

"Impossible!"

"It is a joke!"

"The little elf!"

"Is it really so?" exclaimed Madam Grandcourt. She held out a hand, but the boy shrank back from the jewelled invitation. "Who is he?"

"My son, madam; Theodore—"

The glances of the two women crossed like swords.

"What is his age?" cried Luigi, amazed and touched.

"He is ten, sir."

"What genius!"

Raoul arose and took off his rosy crown with a graceful, dramatic gesture.

"Fair Queen of Love, . . . with your permission, . . ." and dropped it lightly on the head of the little slave. It fell around his neck. Frightened, he buried himself again in his mother's skirts. Venus put an apple into one of his hands; Luigi an orange in the other.

"He shall stay in the kitchen this evening," said madam graciously, "and shall have his dinner from my table."

So Genius, led by Slavery, went into the kitchen.

The Christmas festivities were at an end. Luigi, who had profited by the holidays to make the acquaintance of Lucina and her son, went to his cousin with a request for the latter.

"You want to buy the little slave? What will you do with him?" inquired Madam Grandcourt with amusement.

"I should say that I would make a sculptor of him, but the good God has already done that. I can only show him the kingdoms of the earth."

"Like a second Satan? What would the slave be in Florence—in Rome?" queried madam, still laughing.

"He would be no longer a slave."

"Ah! truly. Well, take him. God knows I have no use for him here. A house-servant he shall not be, and the rice-ditch is no place for him."

She spoke with a bitterness incomprehensible to Luigi. But then he had never lived in America.

"But—his mother."

"Oh! as for that—she has another child"; and madam dismissed the subject decidedly.

Luigi, not being a slave-owner or an habitual purchaser of such merchandise, was troubled.

He went to Father Hilary, who listened without being able to advise. Then he went to Lucina, and the day the rice-boat left the landing the mother herself took her son by the hand and led him to his new master. In vain had Luigi petitioned Madam Grandcourt for the woman also. The mistress was inexorable.

"She is an invaluable dairy-woman," she replied lightly. "Besides, she has another child."

But from the day of Theodore's sale the Grandcourt butter dishes bore no designs other than the Winged Sheaf. Madam frowned, then shrugged her shoulders, and there the matter rested.

Months passed, when one day she was told that the dairy-woman was ill. She went to the cabin herself.

"You are a foolish woman," she said, sitting by the bed, "to fret yourself about your son when he is a free man, and will be a great one."

Lucina fixed her large eyes on her mistress' face.

"No; . . . what good would freedom do you? What would you do in Italy? What figure would you cut there? You would only bring your son into disrepute. Make up your mind once for all. On the Grandcourt plantation you shall live —and die."

She took her departure, and Lucina grew obstinately worse. One who held a grudge against her—perhaps desired her position as dairy-woman—"slipped her pillow" in the night, and so she died. And the baby, left to the tender mercies of the toothless slave-nurse, died also.

Fifteen years after these happenings, grave and gay, Grandcourt was in the hands of the enemy; the house ransacked for treasure and partly burned, paintings and statuary carried off,

the fine piano and magnificent harp demolished, silver and gold and crystal, French pottery and Italian tapestries, all contraband of war.

The family vault had been forced open, the coffins violated, the leg-bones and skulls of century-old Grandcourts littered the marble floor and shelves.

Ruin, with hideous visage and skeleton wings, brooded like a harpy over rice-field and rose-garden. No longer the wailing sound of slave songs in the ditches, the laughter of children in the quarter, the stamping of the stallions in the paddocks. The cabins were deserted, the parks and preserves plundered, the stables empty. Madam Grandcourt had been a refugee to the up-country for several years, dependent on the charity of some distant kinsmen of her husband, who were as proud as they were poor.

After the declaration of peace, despite their entreaties and vivid representations of the condition of the plantation, she determined to spend Christmas day on the place. At this time the Grandcourts were in the city.

After early Mass in the partly-restored cathedral, Madam Grandcourt got into a ramshackle wagon, to which was hitched with motley harness a half-dead horse and an army mule. With an old, black wizened creature for charioteer, she took the road to the Court for the first time in five years.

Such a highway! Worn, mangled into countless ruts by the continuous passage of trampling armies, heavy artillery, ammunition and forage wagons, stamping cavalry, toiling infantry, in never-ceasing procession, covered now with half-frozen mud, whose sharp edges cut the hocks of the blind horse, and whose deceptive slime and slush betrayed them into many a frightful hole; gaunt, leafless trees, fire-scarred, overhung their misery; and here and there, mute witness of the martyrdom of a once stately mansion, a ruined chimney stood sentinel over ash-heaps.

Madam shuddered at these forerunners of disaster, and drew her shabby veil more tightly over her patched and shivering shoulders. Late in the afternoon they reached the Court. She refused the bread and water humbly offered by the faithful negro, and directed her steps to the house.

The devastation on all sides pierced her very soul; but upon confronting the house itself, its standing walls gaping and smoke-blackened, only three of the splendid pillars of its marble façade left to support the crumbling roof, dismantled casements staring blindly at her like lidless eyes—the whole scene

of desolation wanly illumined by the death-like distance of a wintry sunset—she uttered a loud cry. Then, hurrying up the dangerous and decaying steps, she made her way into the dining-hall, and there stood gazing. Half the ceiling was gone, the remaining half hanging at a threatening angle over the paved floor, whose marble tilings, ruthlessly torn up here and there in the search for treasure, yawned to the cellar below.

Strange to say, the huge rosewood banquet-table still stood in the centre of the pavement. Charred and blackened, its solidity had resisted all attempts to remove or to consume it.

Madam Grandcourt, moving as if in nightmare, approached the head of it and there stood, her black veil thrown back, displaying her ghastly face and burning eyes. The concentrated agony of the last four years rushed over her, engulfed her, like a wave of the deep sea.

A ray from the descending sun suddenly entered the rectangle of a once splendid window, and lighted up, as if derisively, a figure facing her at the table's foot. She gripped the rosewood with both hands, until reason and sense reasserted their dominion over weakness. The man, who was almost as startled as herself, spoke first, in clear but halting English.

"Can it be possible that it is Madam Grandcourt before me?"

His voice, resonant and of pathetic timbre, awoke vibrations in the horrid place.

"I am Madam Grandcourt," was the reply, scarce above a whisper; "but—who are you?"

"You do not recognize me, madam? I am not surprised. Yet think; . . . who beside yourself would come here to-day, under such circumstances?"

His address was direct, graceful, polished, yet with a curious and subtle embarrassment.

She noted this, as in a dream. "Wait—wait!" she cried, loudly and harshly. "You are— No—no, it is not possible!"

They stared at each other, trembling under the trembling walls.

"Madam, where is my mother?"

"How can I tell? I had many slaves."

"Is she alive or dead? I do beseech you—answer!"

He leaned across the table as if to compel her with his eyes.

"Both of my sons are dead," she wailed suddenly, shaking her thin arms and clenched hands at the threatening roof;

"both—and my only daughter!—" then fell on her knees and bowed her head on her arms, moaning.

The young man pressed his hand to his heart, yet stood aloof, a spectator yet a sharer of her grief.

"My mother," he persisted gently, "and my sister. Are they, too, dead?"

"Long, long ago," replied Madam Grandcourt, sobbing bitterly, yet raising her head, "and your father also."

She cried out in her anguish: "God has punished me—God has punished me for my cruelty!"

But he glided around the table and gently helped her to her feet. The tears of age are brief but bloody. Her distracted mind displayed itself in the frenzy of her eyes.

He therefore lifted her hand to his lips, he knelt before her, he said sweetly in the soft language of her childhood and of his youth:

"I am your slave—and your son."

Her eyes fell on his dress, the collar about his young throat.

"A priest!" she whispered, her heart melting within her. "But your art—your beautiful, your wonderful art?"

"I gave it to God," he said simply. "Come with me, my mother."

He drew her away with soft persistence. As they stepped beyond the vacancy where once the leaves of a great door hung, the impending ceiling groaned, wavered, fell with a hideous uproar, burying the table in its ruin, filling the house with wild, clamorous echoes.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed Madam Grandcourt, clinging terrified to the supporting arm, "what an escape!"

They interrogated each other's soul with dilating eyes. Behold, as they fled panic-stricken from the fearful place, and stopped breathless in the weed-grown drive before the house, the evening star, a cross of dazzling splendor, hung magnificent and serene in the darkening east. Theodore's eyes grew radiant. He clasped his hands, his lips moved:

"Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui natus es de Virgine,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula."

"Amen," whispered Madam Grandcourt softly.

ST. CHARLES' COLLEGE, NEAR ELLICOTT CITY, MD.; PREPARATORY SEMINARY OF THE SULPICIANS.

OLD TIMES AT ST. CHARLES.

BY REV. M. P. SMITH, C.S.P.

FATHER VIGER, dearest of friends and doctor of our bodies, minds, and souls at St. Charles for more than forty years, has prepared for the Jubilee, with loving hands, a memorial volume, profusely illustrated and accurately historical. I should suffer grievously by comparison if I tried to cover the memorable fifty years of St. Charles life in a manner similar to his own, but there always was and there always will be a history of St. Charles which is beyond the reach of the Reverend Faculty. They get hints of it now and then, long years afterwards, when some grave and portly ex-student may say, "Do you remember the time I was carried out of the room in a dead faint and you gave over the class for the rest of the hour? Well, that was all a joke—ha, ha!" But, somehow, the faculty member seems never fully to appreciate the historical importance of such matters, and I dare say none of them will find place in Father Viger's book. That history is written—

where? On the overcrowded tablets of busy priests' memories, palimpsests whose early readings become legible only under the subtle chemicals of comradeship, and whose entire fabric is so soon to be, so often, alas! already has been, dissolved in the laboratory of the grave. Thus the world in general and future—St. Charles boys in particular—are losing a precious heritage. I shall be amply repaid if the present article succeeds in making some one write his reminiscences. Old students of other colleges do so copiously and diligently, and few have such notable materials to draw upon as we.

American patriots could profit by the example Charles Carroll of Carrollton set for them when he founded this school for "ministers of the Gospel of the Catholic persuasion." He did it in a lordly manner becoming the old Southern baronial aristocracy, but tempered with the simple, straightforward piety that is characteristic of Maryland Catholics. The site of the college had always been known in the Carroll domain as "Mary's lot," and with the passing years the grateful Sulpicians, to whom Carroll entrusted the entire charge of his bequest, have never failed, in prospectuses and the like, to couple with the name of their patron, "the august Queen of Heaven," that of their chief benefactor, "the venerable signer of the Declaration of Independence."

It was in the spring of 1830 that Father Deluol, superior of the Sulpicians in Baltimore, received from Charles Carroll the deed to two hundred and fifty acres of land and a certificate for fifty shares of United States Bank stock; and during the following year the patriot, in the ninety-fourth year of his age, laid the corner-stone, which was blessed by Archbishop Whitfield; but not until 1848 was the foundation actually completed. Father O. L. Jenkins, under pressure from Archbishop Eccleston, took up the work at a time when the college connected with St. Mary's Seminary had demonstrated the disadvantages of confusing the preparatory clerical course with the needs of a secular school. Father Jenkins had been a banker in Baltimore before he joined the Sulpicians, and he contributed to the new college financial ability and financial aid as well, so that he deserved to be called the second founder of St. Charles.

He fought a hard battle with the unreserved self-sacrifice of a true Sulpician. The good French fathers, eager to adapt themselves to the American character, took him as their model. Consequently his views of discipline were in vogue long after

his death, and it was doubly hard for them to relinquish the European standard of discipline which Father Jenkins, unknown to them, had absorbed into his own mind and applied as the proper method and model with a rigor which would have delighted

Rest, Recreation, and Study.

Collet or Antoine—names remembered for their strictness. Student tradition remembers Father Jenkins as timid, severe, and so averse to giving holidays that he often hid himself in the most ridiculous places to avoid being asked.

In those good old days it was a great luxury to have the necessaries of life, and students carried water to fill the lavatory—known by euphemism as "the fountain"; they swept the corridors, kindled the fires, split wood, shucked corn, and strayed by instinct into the orchard to make occult compensation for their labors. Such duties have passed with the introduction of gas and hot-water pipes in the great house, the elevated reservoir of purest spring-water from the "Savannah," the army of servants and sisters, the scientific head farmer and his goodly corps of yokels; but the hearty, simple spirit of the old days continues to be the approved way of living at St. Charles, fit and needed preparation for the trials and discomforts of priestly life.

Father Jenkins died at St. Charles, July 11, 1869, and was succeeded by Father S. Ferté—de la Ferté, if you will. I have his portrait before me now, and the refined, patrician face has its inspiration for me as it had in the boyhood years when he occupied so large a place in my daily thoughts. I admired

and loved and laughed at him, and I believe American boys will be doing the like as long as there are French Sulpicians of the old school to lead their young hearts through the exalted and blameless period of making ready for the priesthood. I have no fear of exaggerating the praises of my teachers. They are innocent as babies, chaste as maidens, and strong in character as only good men can be. We boys love and reverence them as far as our comprehension of their lofty spirit goes, and when our minds are no longer able to follow in the track of their perfections, we make up for the due appreciation by laughing, and loving them all the more. It seems to me I spent my first three years at St. Charles laughing.

It was exquisite delight to see Father Ferté—of course we called him "Mr." Ferté—conducting a guest through the house. When they came to a door, Father Ferté's irreproachable manners positively forbade him precede the visitor, and if, as sometimes happened, the visitor was equally polite, the procession stopped then and there indefinitely. His face was covered with wrinkles, as if the ordinary share of epidermis was not enough to contain the full gladness of his smile. While a boy was reading his composition he slightly reclined in his chair, gently patting the top of his head and rolling his eyes approvingly. At the end,

"Ah—h, Smeeth, did you liigue ett?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferté."

"Sub omne respec—*tu?*"

This was usually so tantalizing that the desired criticism was not forthcoming. Yet one could explain one's laughter no more reasonably than when, at confession, he threw the ample sleeve of his surplice over one's head and, bending to catch the faintest murmur of the penitent's lips, his nods of assent tickled one's cheek with his little tufted side-whisker till the tale of school-boy misdeeds was interrupted by spasms of merriment.

"Oh, Mr. Ferté, I *hope* you won't think me irreverent, but—but, I just can't help it!"

We thought we had at least one just ground for laughter; that was his "spiritual direction." He insisted on this exercise for the good of our souls, yet I have never, on my visits for the purpose, received from him anything more ascetical than—

"Ah—h, Smeeth, come in! Draw your chair near the fire. You find it cold to-day?"

"Not very, Mr. Ferté."

"Yes, you are well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your health, it is good?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferté."

"You have a good appetite?"

"Yes, Mr. Ferté."

"And your classes, you like them?"

"Yes, Mr. Fertè."

Happily, I was not oppressed with thirst for spiritual direction in those days.

Each of the faculty had his own conception of English pronunciation, and my name was a shibboleth. Father Ferté succeeded in getting it correctly at the expense of much hesitation on the vowel, but many of the others contented themselves with "Smiss," which sometimes lengthened into something like "Smeeess." Father Vignon had special trouble with the *th*, and once made sad havoc of the boys' gravity at a function by sending the sacristan word to remove a large floral ornament—"it is wizzard" (withered).

"Ah, Smiss," he said to me one day, "you will brush away dat cup-board from near to the head of St. Aloysius, in the chapel."

"What, Mr. Vignon?"

"Dat *cup*-board!"

"Cup-board? Oh, you mean cobweb, Mr. Vignon!"

Such episodes, tame as they appear in rehearsal, were for us the chief source of a joy of living which nothing since has supplied, unless it be the memory of them. They derived piquancy from the earnestness of their environment. No St. Charles boy can be lazy with a good conscience when he recalls Father J. B. Menu, the disciplinarian most of the time between 1849 and the day he was laid in "God's Acre," adjoining the playground, in 1888. He was the most indefatigable worker I have ever known, driving through his ceaseless round of toil with the fierce intensity of a warrior in the thick of the fight. He was the terror of loiterers, just and uncompromising, quiet and uncomplaining. He was never known to take a holiday. If his own stint was accomplished, he insisted on relieving some one else, and it was his delight to sit on guard in the study-hall during afternoons when the one appointed for that duty was enjoying the sweet outer air. No protracted confinement in vitiated atmosphere impaired his stentorian lungs. He could sing all day—and often did, when he spent general holidays

teaching various classes their plain chant; and he was ready to sing all night if need be. He rose at three every morning to get a good start by indulging in the source of all his strength, his ardent and long-continued prayers. Every *prone* (conference) he gave the boys was written out and committed to memory. Often we heard them close with the words, "Ah! Il m'échappe!" Not one word would he speak extemporaneously, and I am sure this conscientiousness has produced its intended effect, though, perhaps, only after many years.

"Each Season had its matchless Joys."

Rev. P. P. Denis, still happily surviving, having celebrated his golden jubilee some three years ago, was the third president and exercised a sway over our hearts as undisputed as it was tender and loving. So perfect was our allegiance to him that only once was he known to reprove a man for making a noise in the study-hall.

"Some one is making a noise," he said on this occasion with great sweetness. "I have waited for him to stop of his own accord. It is now my duty to speak."

The boy was nearly mobbed that night at common recreation.

Father Denis' poems in French and Latin are of purest classical style and genuine artistic merit. An Horatian ode on the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pius IX. gained for him recognition by the Pope, to whom it was read; but to us the most grateful accomplishment of his scholarship was his incomparable Greek pronunciation. Each vowel and consonant was so distinct that we could write from dictation without error, though some of us had to go to the lexicon afterwards to translate our own manuscript.

Rev. F. L. M. Dumont, Rev. C. B. Rex, and Rev. C. B. Schrantz, the succeeding presidents, are known to me, indeed, and sincerely loved, but I do not know them from the student's view-point, save that each has been declared to be superlatively popular by the boys of his *régime*.

The society lost Father Rex in February of 1897, when he was only forty-one years old. "The life of Father Rex," says the college obituary, "short as it was, filled a large measure of usefulness. He deeply influenced all those with whom he lived as student, professor, and superior. His genial manners, his broadness of mind, his forgetfulness of self, while he was all attention to others, his incomparable tact and humility, the blending of manly with Christian and priestly virtues, made him an object of love and reverence in Baltimore as in Boston, in Paris as in Rome. The superiors of St. Sulpice acknowledged his extraordinary merit by appointing him one of the twelve assistants of the society"—the only American to receive the honor. Father Rex was a convert, having been received into the church at the age of fourteen after mastering the catechism unaided.

Besides those I have mentioned, fifty-two others have served faithfully on the faculty of St. Charles; two have since been elevated to the episcopate—Bishop Burke of Albany and Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans; twenty-six are Sulpicians, and to each of these, above all, I would gladly pay an affectionate tribute. Yet when I had celebrated the last, two names would still remain which in the catalogue of the college lack the "S.S.," but in the catalogue of the students' memories are Sulpicians of Sulpicians. Old Father Piot, indeed, was once a member of the society, leaving to become pastor at Ellicott City. After laboring there for several years, fashioning his flock on an ideal nothing short of sanctity, he retired to the college to prepare for death. Incidentally he cultivated among the students a zeal and activity in holy pursuits which proved most fruitful of

good. His own exercises of piety were somewhat appalling to us. On cold, damp days, for example, he would spend his time in the woods, reading and meditating. We thought he was courting death, and amused ourselves by sending the junior students to wish him a happy New Year. Every one else in the house received such visits as a due, but Father Piot, even before they had entered, called:

"Close the door! I don't want a happy new year nor any other kind!"

Death was a tardy visitor upon this chaste soul. When he came, in May, 1882, he had been impatiently awaited for thirty years.

Dear old Father H. F. Griffin was associated with the Sulpicians for more than sixty years as student, seminarian, priest, and professor, and when he died at St. Charles in 1893 it had been his residence for forty years, having served as the basis of his pastorate over Doughoregan Manor and Clarkville. As he came and went on his trusty steed, Santa Anna, with a couple of dogs following, he was the delight of the play-ground. But no boy's prank could disturb the gravity of those faithful friends, nor any abundance of tidbits surfeit their appetite. They had learned their manners from their master, who was a Chesterfield by nature and a Sulpician by education, with a heart as hungry for boyish friendships as his horse was hungry for sugar. His repertory of adventure had most to do with his stage-coach journeys from Ohio to Baltimore in early youth, and he never wanted an audience, though I think it enhanced our pleasure to hear from his lips a faultless pronunciation of English, after long familiarity with the French variations.

I would be shooting wide of the mark, however, if I left the impression that English is not properly taught at St. Charles. From the beginning, in fact, the Sulpicians seem to have a passionate love for English grammar and literature. Next to the Greek and Latin, English has been the chief subject of instruction, and their thorough, painstaking methods have cultivated in American priests a taste and capacity for that kind of learning which, after their ritual and moral theology, is most important for them. Father Jenkins, the first president, compiled an excellent manual of English literature which, under the editorship of Father Viger, has proved a standard work. The English studies of the present day are largely under the direction and inspiration of Father John B. Tabb, who has cast his lot with St. Charles since 1875, and during that time has

RECREATION HALL.

reflected more lustre on the artistic attainments of American Catholicism than any other writer whom I can recall.

In this connection I cannot fail to mention Rev. A. J. B. Vuibert, of the Sulpicians, who, after thirty-one years at St. Charles, assumes this year the presidency of the new college and seminary in the Archdiocese of San Francisco. He is the author of a volume on Ancient History and has ready for the press one on Modern History. This subject, indeed, and rhetoric are his *forte*. His marvellous memory, his accurate scholarship, the masterly arrangement and condensation of the matters treated, afford only a partial estimate of his worth. His place at St. Charles will not easily be filled, and the Catholic youth of the Pacific coast are to be envied in having him and the accomplished though younger professors who go West under his leadership.

PLAY-GROUND AND CEMETERY.

IN THE READING-ROOM.

Thoroughness is the one fault I have found with the St.

Charles course of instruction; it has limited the range of studies, especially in regard to empirical sciences, and it has necessitated a longer preparation than many young men are willing to make. Yet, amid the prevalent tendencies of American education, it remains an open question whether thoroughness can be a fault. Certainly the Sulpicians have adhered to the method at no small cost to themselves. Their conscientious correction of the innumerable written exercises they exact is sufficient proof of this.

I would have been willing to give a pretty penny if by some magical recrudescence one of the corn-husking, wood-chopping boys of Father Jenkins's time could have taken a seat under the white oaks beside the ample seniors' play-ground, one September day two years ago, when Cardinal Gibbons (doubtless himself one of the old wood-choppers) brought his pennanted Baltimore Orioles to play with the St. Charles boys. What progress the years have seen! It was always a standing joke that boys who could not remember five popes in succession nor ever get *men* and *de* straight in their heads, could rattle off at a moment's notice the pedigree of every ball-player who has trod the diamond. But it is within the last few years, especially with the encouragement and active co-operation of Father Schrantz, that athletics at St. Charles have developed into a notable and admirable feature of the student-life.

In my day compulsory walks were the staple of outdoor exercise. We meekly followed our proctor to the limits of Ellicott City, sending a chosen few the remainder of the way to purchase sweetmeats; and, on the return, closed ranks at the martial command of "Beads!" Or, we rambled off to the dismantled "Folly"; or, nearer home, loitered in the purple October haze beneath the bountiful chestnut-trees. Each season had its matchless joys, especially for us who were city bred—the hearty Christmas cheer, the January coasting on the lawn, the first peep of the crocuses, and the coming of the wonderful Maryland song birds in spring; cherry-time too, and then the winds were billowing the golden harvest-fields, and boys were marking on the walls the number of cups of tea they expected to drink before the homing season. In the swift, unrestful, changing after-life, boyhood at St. Charles looms significantly as the only centre of repose. Thither the mind turns, with what sad comparisons! It quails before the reproach of that serene existence, in which the purpose of life was definite, bright, and clear, mirrored in generous, ambitious hearts, and working its sublime pattern in daily upward strivings.

The religious impressions of the old life are the deepest and strongest. Living day by day under the care of saints whose outward looks and bearing assured us beyond cavil of their spotless souls, the boys who had consecrated themselves to the highest service of God on earth preserved the earnest, reverential candor of childhood. The daily morning offering before the statue of the Blessed Virgin; the weekly prone; the midnight communions on Christmas eve, when the beautiful Gothic chapel was sweet with unaccustomed flowers, and boys went up, four by four, four by four, interminably; the elaborate decorations in honor of the Queen of May; the melodious impromptu gatherings at twilight around her statue on the lawn; the outdoor candle *fête;* the long, loyal devotion of sacristans to their Hidden Lord,—such are the memories that stand like landmarks of a lost Eden and make us wonder whether we will ever be so thoroughly, blissfully in love with our religion again.

I took a young stranger to St. Charles a few days ago. He was shown every courtesy of the place by those incomparable hosts as if he had been a prince of the church, and he responded to the unique experience with lively enthusiasm for every commendable detail of the college life. He had seen the

"In the purple October Haze."

great barn and the clean Holsteins, the orchards and vineyards, the flower-gardens and the play-grounds, which the great house draws close to herself on either side with a motherly embrace; he had seen much of the interior, also, with its irreproachable cleanliness, its sweetness and light; he had fallen in love with half a dozen of the professors, and I was curious to hear his final word. It came with a sigh as we drove out the gate.

"Everything is perfect," he said, "but I feel almost as if we ought not to leave them here alone. They ought to have some big, burly business man to shield them from the world."

"But didn't you notice," I replied, "a monogram on all the doors and cupboards?"

"Yes; the Blessed Virgin's, was it not?"

"Precisely. That is to remind you never to fear for St. Charles'. It is the favorite saying of the Sulpicians that she is Superior here."

It was on the last day of October, 1848, that Rev. O. L. Jenkins, with an assistant instructor, four students, and one servant, arrived at an unfinished building on the Frederick turnpike in Howard County, Md., and established himself, in the midst of poverty and hardship, as the first president of St. Charles' College. During the fifty years that have passed his work, his aims, and his zeal have been perpetuated. The original charter stipulated that the only purpose of the college should be "the education of pious young men of the Catholic persuasion for the ministry of the Gospel," and the five Sulpicians, who were also stipulated for by the charter as sole trustees of the institution, have maintained their early design of limiting the curriculum to such preparatory studies as would fit recipients to enter upon a Divinity course. Nevertheless, at present, the ample and imposing edifice which dominates its own broad acres of field and forest shelters a faculty of seventeen members, with a student body numbering nearly two hundred and fifty; its registers have enrolled three thousand aspirants to the priesthood, and from them have been ordained nine hundred priests, serving as diocesans or regulars throughout America and Europe. Of these, five are bishops, four are archbishops, and one a cardinal.

The survivors of the three thousand who have studied at St. Charles are consequently preparing to celebrate, on the fifteenth and sixteenth of the current month, the honorable achievements of their college.

In conjunction with the faculty of the college a Jubilee

The beautiful Gothic Chapel, sweet with Flowers.

Committee was appointed by the Alumni Association over one year ago, and this committee has since that time been actively engaged in perfecting arrangements. Its membership is as follows:

Revs. O. B. Corrigan, M. F. Foley, and James F. Donohue, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. T. F. Kiernan, Parsons, Pa.; Rev. E. A. Kelly, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. M. P. Smith, C.S.P., New York City; Rev. E. A. Pace, Ph.D., D.D., Dean of the School of Philosophy, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Very Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, R.D., Morristown, New Jersey; Very Rev. John A. Mulcahy, V.G., Hartford, Connecticut; Rev. D. J. Maher, S.S., D.D., St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Secretary of the Committee; Right Rev. J. J. Monaghan, D.D., Bishop of Wilmington, Treasurer of the Committee; Very Rev.

Philip J. Garrigan, D.D., Vice-Rector of the Catholic University of America, Washington, Chairman of the Committee.

The most conspicuous feature of this committee's work has been the collection of several thousand dollars through a system of diocesan treasurers under the supervision of Bishop Monaghan. This sum is to be presented to the faculty for use according to the decision of the Alumni Association, which meets during the Jubilee. The prevailing sentiment is that the money will be directed to the endowment of a Faculty Scholarship whereby young men who aspire to a position in the faculty of St. Charles' College will be enabled to complete a thorough course of post-graduate work in some one of the great universities of the world, and thus maintain in the future the high standard of scholarship which has distinguished the faculty of St. Charles up to the present time.

A special sub-committee has spent several months gathering the photographs of old students and teachers. The result of such an attempt is necessarily incomplete, yet more than one-half of the ordained priests whose first studies were made at St. Charles will be represented at the Jubilee in five groups corresponding to the five decades of the college. Each group will be supplemented by contemporary documents and engravings relative to the growth of the institution, and the last decade is further illustrated on the walls of the Recreation Hall by large class pictures. The aim of this committee has been historical rather than personal, and the various groups afford an opportunity for comparisons in which past and present will alike be honored.

During the celebration the old students will be guests of the college, which the students of to-day have spent their finest energies in decorating after the home-like and tasteful fashion which is peculiar to St. Charles. In the exercises, also, of the first day the present students will be the chief figures, for they will repeat before the regretful, reminiscent eyes of former graduates the pomp and enthusiasm of Commencement Day. The address will be delivered by Hon. John Lee Carroll, ex-governor of Maryland, and grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, for whom the college is named and to whose munificence its existence is due.

The afternoon will be devoted to the third annual meeting of the Alumni Association, and the evening to an informal social gathering where "Don't you remember the day," etc., will be repeated a thousand times; and balconies, halls, and corridors will ring with the recollections of "ye olden time."

On the morrow, at 9:30 A. M., his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons will celebrate Solemn Pontifical Mass in the college chapel, a short sermon will follow, and later in the day, at a general session of old students, Right Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, will deliver an oration on the Sulpicians and their work at St. Charles; Rev. John J. Wedenfeller, of Charleston, S. C., will read a jubilee ode, and Rev. Dr. E. A. Pace, of the Catholic University, will speak on the relations between ecclesiastical training and higher education.

At a banquet in the evening toasts will be answered by his Grace Archbishop Martinelli, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. William Orr, of Boston, and by Dr. Garrigan, the chairman of the Jubilee Committee. His Grace, the Right Rev. Treasurer, will close the celebration by presenting the fund which all St. Charles students feel is entirely inadequate to express the debt of gratitude they owe to the devoted, self-sacrificing men who have expended their lives in ceaseless, prayerful toil for the sake of the American priesthood, and with no other hope than for a heavenly reward.

The Jubilee Class.

COMMUNION HYMN.

After "Ad Quem diu suspiravi."

BY H. WILBERFORCE.

I.

O long and anxiously desired,
Thou art my own at last!
To whom my soul hath long aspired,
Him hold I close and fast.
Rejoice, my soul, rejoice and sing,
Adore in love, and greet thy King.

II.

Oh, sad I was and sore distressed;
Naught knew I, sweet or gay.
For whom I love His steps impressed
In places far away:
But now my threshold, opened wide,
Gives happiest pledge of joy and pride.

III.

To parched fields the rain is sweet:
The grass grows bright again
When morning suns with pleasing heat
Refresh the dew-damp plain—
But not so sweet and not so dear
Are rain and sun, as *Jesus* here.

IV.

Thrice happy day, thrice happy hour,
In which I welcome Thee;
How comely rises from her bower
A morn so glad for me!
For he that hath Thee, Jesus Lord,
Hath all content as his award.

V.

Say now, my soul, with what desire,
What thought and pensive prayer,
This goodness high wilt thou admire,
This love beyond compare:

For, rustling through the morning light,
There stoops to earth the God of might.

VI.

Of nothing God has made my frame,
Of nothing mere and dark,
And added reason's holy flame,
Man's character and mark:
And to a world where wrong was rife,
By Cross and Manger given life.

VII.

Behold the gifts whereby each day
God e'er enriches man;
Some honeyed gift or fair display
Is still His bounty's plan—
O Treasure of my heart's domain!
In puissance claim, and keep, and reign.

VIII.

We men of earth have selfish hearts,
(My selfish heart behold!)
Rouse Thou my love with fiery darts,
It lies too still and cold:
I fain would love Whom I adore,
And loving much, would yet love more.

IX.

Abide, abide, prolong thy rest,
Who com'st at morning's light;
Ah, happy could I keep this guest
Till gloom of hast'ning night!
Would naught of earth, nor naught above,
Would naught could loose these links of love!

X.

Sing sweet, my soul, some angel song,
Some canticle of bliss:
Or in prophetic vision long,
See other realms than this;
Where love with love meets face to face
And ages pass in one embrace.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE IN PROTESTANTISM.

BY S. T. SWIFT.

IT is difficult to understand how a thoughtful member of any Protestant denomination whatever can look abroad on sectarianism without the greatest uneasiness. The facile breaking-down of doctrinal walls which men of a past generation built up with their lives is not necessarily a matter of gratulation to Catholic or non-Catholic. A growing laxity of thought which takes little note of ecclesiastical transitions that should, if theological phrases have one iota of spiritual verity behind them, be like the rending asunder of body and soul to those compelled to undergo them for conscience' sake, may make for social harmony, but not for Christian unity. Such fluidescence of dogma as enables it to run with equal ease into the moulds of the Westminster Confession and of the Thirty-nine Articles points to something very different from the melting-down of non-essential alloys in the crucible of divine love. Let us rather have the magnificent conviction of the Baptist divine who has just informed the world that "organic Christian unity must begin at the baptistery," going on to state that "Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians have no logical standing-ground. There are but two consistent, logical positions, one of which is held by the Romanists, the other by the *Baptists*"!

A certain school claims that this doctrinal disintegration of Protestantism is accompanied by a "deepening of spiritual life" which should allay all anxieties.

But by what tests are we to discover this "deepening"? It certainly will not be proved by the multiplication of showy, many-lettered organizations or by the wearing of variegated badges.

It is certainly not evidenced by the growth of membership in the denominations, as THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE lately took occasion to point out on the evidence of the Methodist Year Book. But, indeed, this would hardly be a fair test nowadays. It must be expected that in proportion as those great walls of purely human invention which

have fenced off sect from sect so sedulously are blotted out, a corresponding erasure of what was once a dead-line between the straiter Protestant bodies and the world will be effected. If noted theologians leave one church for another rather than conform to discipline in a social matter, surely none of the rank and file can be pressed to take upon themselves church obligations which may incommode them ever so slightly. Still less can they be expected to go to the lengths indicated by our Lord when he even asserted that there should be downright enmity in families on account of religion. Only Catholic converts quite believe those hard texts nowadays.

We cannot base our analysis of spirituality on the attendance at communion services, for outside a few very "High" Episcopal churches, great variation in the frequency of communions is systematically made impossible, "communion days" being monthly or quarterly, and inability to attend service on those days involving the necessity of waiting for the next.

But Sunday attendance upon divine worship—on preaching; the gathering together in a public meeting-house for praise and prayer and preaching will be admitted, we think, by all Christians as a fair test of the spiritual vitality of a church society. Even the Quakers and the Salvationists, who decline baptism and repudiate all theories of sacramental communion, admit the validity of the text which commands us not to "forsake the assembling of ourselves together."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* has charged itself with the task of taking a census of the actual attendance, on a fair-weather Sunday of last winter, in each of 447 Methodist Episcopal churches in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Indianapolis, Des Moines, St. Paul, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Minneapolis.

In these 447 churches there were 83,179 persons present in the morning, and 105,596 in the evening. In 166 of the 447 churches the evening congregations were the smaller. This fact is immaterial for our present purpose. Such a state of affairs in a Protestant church merely indicates an unfashionable congregation.

But the average size of these 447 congregations was only 182 at the single morning service. In the thirteen cities canvassed, only 28 churches had more than 500 people in the morning. Of these, one was in Detroit, three in Indianapolis, two in Brooklyn, five in Chicago, four in Washington—where Methodism is again fashionable—one in Des Moines, one in

Boston, six in Philadelphia, three in New York, one in St. Louis, and two in Minneapolis. Philadelphia made the best showing. The morning attendance in the 75 churches she represented was averaged at 229. Yet 20 out of these 75 churches had less than 100 persons present.

Of all the 447 churches, 151 had less than 100 present in the morning, and 118 had less than 100 in the evening; while 50 actually had fewer than 50! Two-thirds of the whole number, or 296, had an attendance of less than 200. Bear in mind that these are not isolated meeting-houses among scattered rural populations, but churches situated in densely populated cities, where there is every convenience of locomotion. Dr. Patterson, commenting upon the census in the columns of the New York *Independent*, calculates that if the 500 Protestant churches of Philadelphia were located equi-distant from each other, there would be a church within three blocks of every building and vacant lot.

Clearly, these people are not at church simply because they do not care to go. That they do not, argues one of two things —a dying-out of their religious sense or a tacit recognition of the fact that it is not fed in their places of worship. Either state of affairs must react to produce the other. In Protestantism, the action of pulpit on pew is hardly stronger to-day than the action of pew upon pulpit. What aids has the minister to keep him on a higher spiritual plane than deacon or steward or simple pew-holder? What message has he of sufficient authority to induce the clever brain-worker to come and listen to it rather than sit at home concocting his own equally authoritative message for class-room or leader-column? American Protestantism has not even that dim consciousness of sacramental orphanage which English Protestantism has. It cannot comprehend how starved and atrophied is its faculty of worship. It does not understand the pitying chill the Catholic feels in its empty churches, with less to hallow them as "praying places" than the chamber where honest nightly prayers are said, or the "family altar" which one seldom finds nowadays outside the novels of Mrs. Stowe and Susan Warner. But it is beginning to realize some lack in its pulpit utterances, and it is making the tacit protest of absence against a diet of chaff. It really craves the authoritative teaching against which it fancies itself still protesting. Pastors themselves allude in the most open way to the weakening of their own authority. Said a prominent Presbyterian divine lately in an anniversary sermon:

"Every day that passes removes ecclesiastical authority in matters of religious belief *and conduct* farther into the past, and emancipates more souls from its bonds. True, this was the essential principle of the Protestant Reformation, but we Protestants are only now beginning to realize how much of the old principle of authority has been retained in our churches. . . . Men will not now take the trouble to try to persuade themselves, merely for the sake of conformity, that they believe what they do not believe. They will not come many times to hear a man who does not satisfy them that he believes what he preaches [Heaven help Protestant audiences if the burden of proof in this matter is supposed to be on the side of the preacher!], through all of whose discourses the unmistakable note of reality does not sound out clear and unterrified. They will not come to hear him even if he does seem to believe what he preaches, if he remains ignorant of facts which every intelligent man ought to know, and is intolerant of new light, for they know that reality is not to be hoped for from him. They will not hear patiently *a worn-out doctrine of Scripture which is not sustained by evidence external or internal* [the italics are our own] and which makes the Bible, to the modern mind, a self-contradictory and a ridiculous book. . . . As a distinguished clergyman said recently, speaking of attendance at divine worship and the observance of Sunday, 'The whole situation is new. It is one which the church has not confronted for fourteen centuries.' The separation of church and state, the decay of ecclesiastical authority, the weakening of social and family constraint, the change in opinion as to the ground on which the observance of the Lord's day rests, all leave the matter to the voluntary choice of the people as it has not been left since the days when the church was a voluntary association of the followers of Jesus, living and acting in the midst of a society which took no account of it or its rules, except as they were won, one at a time, to voluntarily submit themselves to her discipline."

We express no opinion on this tremendous closing indictment of the form of Christianity which came to America *via* the *Mayflower*. If it has really reduced our country to a state where the position of the church denominational is analogous to that which the church catholic occupied in pagan Rome, the situation is sad indeed. But we venture to believe that it will be a long time before even this disastrous state of affairs tells upon the One Church, who has so triumphantly demonstrated

in America that the air of civic freedom is the atmosphere in which she grows and thrives.

Offset against this specialist view of a man who sees no way of stemming the tide of intellectual and ethical lawlessness and therefore proposes to bend to it, we find given in a recent number of the *Outlook* that of a woman of high attainments and deep culture—withal as honest a soul as ever spoke or wrote—who gives a synopsis of the case from "A Layman's Point of View."

"What is it," she asks, "that the pew wants and does not always get in a sermon? Four things: the man behind the sermon, a plain man's knowledge of this world, a specialist's knowledge of the other world, a peremptory message. These four needs are seldom clearly or accurately stated even by those who feel them most keenly. All hearers wish to be made to feel their own manhood, and the value of life and the importance of its problems, by a glimpse into the life of the man who stands as God's messenger before them. I said glimpse, but a glimpse does not satisfy them. They really demand a revelation, through a man's thoughts, of the highest and deepest realities of existence. . . . In short, they wish a sermon which they cannot praise or abuse without blasphemy."

The hope of the future lies in the craving for positive, authoritative teaching in matters religious which is expressed in that last sentence. Can its writer not see that such a sermon can never be the outgrowth of any individual man's own "thoughts," except in so far as they are inspired by God himself, safeguarded by his own promises, delivered by a messenger supernaturally fitted for their transmission?

To return to our census. We find 163,658 of Philadelphia's 335,189 communicants "credited to the Roman Catholics." When he approaches these, Dr. Patterson's profound confidence in figures shades into positive timidity! These 163,658 communicants are gathered into 57 congregations, with 61 church edifices. Thus we see that the Philadelphia Catholic must presumably walk or ride considerably further than a Philadelphia Presbyterian, to get to his appointed place of worship. However, Dr. Patterson tells us that the Catholic churches are "always overcrowded at several services, making an impression of numerical strength which is an exaggeration, while the former (non-Catholic) largely present at every service a ghastly array of empty pews for the minister to preach to."

In the name of all that is mathematical, what does Dr. Pat-

terson mean by his feeble attempt to undo the effect of his admission? Does he intend to imply that we build small churches and inconvenience our own people in order to impress passing Protestants with the crowds which issue from their portals? By his own figures, the average seating capacity of each Catholic church is 808 to 310 in each Protestant. He will have to go further afield before he can cloud our honest satisfaction in the picture he presents of our worshippers sitting, standing, kneeling, pressed up to sanctuary rails and crowded out to vestibules at each Sunday Mass, not alone in Philadelphia, but in every large city in the land!

What makes the difference? "Your people are taught it is a sin not to go to church," is the aggrieved answer usually given.

And are not yours? True, the great root-difference between Catholic worship and non-Catholic church-going lies deep-hid in the Heart of God Himself, buried in the Tabernacle, *focalized*, so to speak, on our altars. But why are Protestant churches built if not to be filled? Why are Protestant ministers trained and appointed? Not as priests, but yet as preachers. Not as the dispensers of sacraments, but still as ethical teachers. And the true explanation of a state of affairs which is forcing itself into notice in every city of the land is that at last stubborn facts are beginning to show them that all which has bound them to their people in even that relation is the rapidly vanishing shadow of sacerdotalism, the craving for authoritative teaching, that hereditary instinct, deeper than all negative assertions, which they themselves have slowly but surely undermined, but which still tells their flocks that "the priest's lips should keep knowledge."

CHIEF-JUSTICE TANEY AND THE MARYLAND CATHOLICS.

BY J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN, LL.D.

THERE is a newspaper correspondent down in Maryland whose operations with the pen are not altogether dissimilar to those of Mrs. Anne Royall, the editor of a notorious paper in the olden day at Washington. He is the unrivalled scold of his day; she was the Paul Pry of hers.

"We have the famous Mrs. Royall here with her new novel, *The Tennessean*," says Mr. Justice Story in a letter from the Supreme Court to his wife, "which she has compelled the Chief-Justice (Marshall) and myself to buy to avoid a worse castigation" (*Life and Letters of Joseph Story*, vol. i. p. 517).

The effusion of Mr. George Alfred Townsend appeared not long ago in a New York morning paper, in the shape of a diatribe of abuse and misrepresentation of Roger Brooke Taney, late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. It would be hard to do justice to this unique production. It may be described comprehensively as a twofold libel upon the Chief-Justice and upon the early Catholic missionaries of Maryland, whose apostolic zeal and self-denying lives have been hitherto, during two centuries and a half, a theme of universal praise among all respectable writers of every shade of religious opinion throughout Christendom. The Chief-Justice is called the "last scion of the old Calvert remnant"; that is to say, of the Catholic settlers of St. Mary's and the adjoining counties of Southern Maryland. This appears to have been his offence in the eyes of his traducer.

"His operations against the United States Bank," says his critic, "had the ferocity of a savage." Warming to his work as a vulgar scold, Mr. Townsend refers to the Dred Scott case, and adds that the Chief-Justice, when he delivered the opinion of the court in that case, "was seized with his last paroxysm. Like an aged savage chief, he seized his tomahawk and leaped into the ring of fire where the captive was already bound and painted black," with much more bathos of the same vapid sort.

But the meanest slander of all was reserved for Father Andrew White and his fellow-missionaries. "The malarious air of

the old counties, no less than the convivial habits of the Irish and French priests," says this intrepid romancer, "made drinking constant. Frolicking among the fox-hunters, male and female, was attended with lapses of civil morality. A story often repeated in Maryland is that one of the great Carrolls had to request his well-meaning parents to pay heed to the ceremony they had neglected for a common-law cohabitation." In other words, the English Protestant Revolution of 1688 was followed in Maryland by a century of such hounding down of Catholics and "popish priests" as was witnessed in Ireland after Cromwell got into the saddle, and Catholic marriages had to be performed in secret by the hunted Jesuit fathers. Marriage ceasing to be a sacrament among the reformers, and becoming merely a civil contract, or, to use Mr. Townsend's refined phrase, "a common-law cohabitation," the union in the holy bonds of wedlock in private of the parents of "that one of the great Carrolls" he alludes to, according to the unchangeable laws of the church, by a Catholic priest, is held up by this veracious gentleman as no marriage at all.

MR. TOWNSEND *versus* THE HISTORICAL WORLD.

It would be difficult to characterize this man's charge against the early missionaries of Maryland in the language of moderation. Every respectable historian who has written upon the subject differs from him totally, radically. "Before the year 1649," says the careful antiquarian, George Lynn-Lachlan Davis, himself a Protestant, "they (the Roman Catholic missionaries) labored with their lay-assistants in various fields; and around their lives will for ever glow a bright and glorious remembrance. Their pathway was through the desert, and their first chapel the wigwam of an Indian. Two of them were here at the dawn of our history: they came to St. Mary's with the original emigrants; they assisted by pious rites in laying the corner-stone of a State; they kindled the torch of civilization in the wilderness; they gave consolation to the grief-stricken pilgrim; they taught the religion of Christ to the simple sons of the forest. The history of Maryland presents no better, no purer, no more sublime lesson than the story of the toils, sacrifices, and successes of her early missionaries. . . . To the Roman Catholic freemen of Maryland is justly due the main credit arising from the establishment, by a solemn legislative act, of religious freedom for all believers in Christianity" (Davis's *Day Star of American Freedom*, p. 159).

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Townsend is an ad-

mirer of the rascal Coode, who established Protestantism in the colony. "The early Catholic settlers of Maryland," he says, "were, in their nature of reactionaries, an unprogressive minority element. They made an ignominious attempt to reduce the Puritans on Severn, and were run out by Coode's revolution." But Mr. Townsend's Protestant champion soon became a backslider. The great Maryland historian, John V. L. McMahon, although a Protestant himself, has nothing good to say of the founder of that denomination in the Land of the Sanctuary. "Coode," says he, "was an avowed revolutionist in the cause of religion; and in the course of a few years afterwards, under the very Protestant dominion which he himself had so largely contributed to establish, he was tried for and convicted of the grossest blasphemies against the Christian religion. . . . When we next hear of him, he was asserting that religion was a trick, reviling the Apostles, denying the divinity of the Christian religion, and alleging that all the morals worth having were contained in Cicero's Offices" (*An Historical View of the Government of Maryland*, p. 238).

HIS STYLE AS REPREHENSIBLE AS HIS STATEMENTS.

One of Chief-Justice Taney's most heinous offences, according to Townsend, was his opinion "that the society of old St. Mary's prescribed the laws for the nineteenth century." It is hardly necessary to observe that the quotation is not from Taney, but from Townsend. The first and second Lords Baltimore do not seem to suit him at all. They do suit, and are very much admired by, those eminent Protestants, Bancroft, Chalmers, Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, McMahon, Davis, but not by the atrabilarious Townsend. He is throwing mud at them as hard as he can, with the hope, perhaps, in the pelting shower that some of it may stick. Two things occur to us after a perusal of his paper, the stupidity of the thing throughout, only redeemed from drivel by the spice of malice, and the poverty-stricken style, if we are justified in calling it style at all, of the person who pours it along the town. Let us quote him, and see how he mangles the word *old*—italics ours. He is talking about "an outbreak of the *old*, tempestuous, gloomy rage" of the Chief-Justice, and proceeds as follows: "This provisionless *old* jurist, who leaves no posterity" (we were acquainted in Maryland with his grandson and two of his granddaughters) "exerted himself to harmlessness. He grew *old* as in a night. He was laid in the *old* Jesuit Novitiate's Seminary grounds at Frederick. His *old* neighbors of the peninsulas

closed the peace by stabbing Seward and shooting Lincoln, and rode away by the *route* to *old* St. Mary's." If this be style, it is a hodge-podge. Exploded scandals of forgotten partisan newspapers and trashy, blood-curdling novels, and the tales of garrulous old men and women who have survived their usefulness and hiss slanders as snakes and mad dogs drip venom—these are the materials which Mr. Townsend presents to a too-busy age as genuine history. The purple patch of tautology reveals the literary mendicant, and vocables like *old*, six times repeated, proclaim the journeyman with his pen.

A CURIOUS AUTHORITY.

Published in a widely-read newspaper, the article of Mr. Townsend, for that reason alone, calls for an answer. Its alleged facts, if left uncontradicted, may do harm among persons who are not familiar with the lives of those it maligns, and impose on many who accept the quotations as genuine from the single book relied upon by Townsend; whereas they are not genuine, but misquotations, altered avowedly to prop up the charge of murder against the elder Taney. In a court of law such perversion of testimony on the witness stand might bring down on the utterer the penalties of the statute. "My chase of his father's homicide," says this sleuth, with the instincts of a Scotland Yard or a Mulberry Street detective, "would have been ineffectual in the newsless newspapers of 1800–1812 but for an accidental consultation of an obscure local book. In James Hungerford's *Old Plantation Patuxent Sketches*, published 1859, is what is probably an account of the murder by Justice Taney's father." This book is a fiction, extravagant and unnatural, and abounds in duels, ghost stories, murders and the like, from beginning to end. The scene is laid in 1832, four years before Taney became a judge. One of the characters, a Mrs. Macgregor, tells the story of a murder by one Aylmer Tiernay, who killed Bruce Macgregor a great many years before the date of her narrative, which the author says was told by the lady in the autumn of 1832. While George Alfred Townsend uses quotation marks, as though reproducing the testimony of the book, and evidently intends to convey that impression, he is careful not to say so, and for a very good reason. Somebody might have the book, and be able to detect the imposture. Fortunately it lies open before us as we write, and we subjoin the exact words from it on which Townsend bases his charge against the elder Taney, and the garbled version of the text which he presents to his readers as a

genuine extract. His interpolation of new words and alteration of the quotation marks will easily be noted.

From Hungerford's *Old Plantation*, p. 302:

"What has become of the Tiernay family, Mrs. Macgregor?" asked Lizzie, after a very brief silence. "There is no one of that name living in the county now, I believe."

"They sold out their property after their father's death, and two of them left the county. The youngest, Dr. Tiernay, who remained, died some years ago, leaving no issue. What became of the oldest brother I do not know except that he removed to the far Southwest. The second brother, now a very aged man, occupies one of the highest judicial positions in the country, and is as distinguished for his humanity as for his talents. He is now, I am told, as remarkable for self-control and gentleness of manner as he was in his younger days for high temper and haughtiness."

Townsend's version of the foregoing:

"What has become of the Tiernay family? There is no one of that name now (1832) living in the county." Mr. Hungerford goes on: "They sold out their property after their father's death, and two of them left the county. The youngest, Dr. Tiernay, who remained, died without issue. The eldest brother removed to the far Southwest. The second brother, now (1859) a very aged man, occupies one of the highest judicial positions in the country. He is now, I am told, as remarkable for self-control and gentleness of manner as he was in his younger days for high temper and haughtiness."

HOMICIDE NOT NECESSARILY MURDER.

It will be seen that Townsend has taken liberties with the text. The "Lizzie" and "Mrs. Macgregor" who conduct the conversation in the book are dropped out; the words "Mr. Hungerford goes on" are Townsendesque intruders not found in the text, and the dates "1832" and "1859" are put there by Townsend but not by Hungerford. Why these alterations? Because in 1832, when Mrs. Macgregor told her story, the circumstance of the judgeship would not tally with the case of Taney, who was not then a judge, but in 1859 it would, because then he was one. The murderer of the romance was Aylmer Tiernay, an old widower, who only lived for one year after the bloodthirsty crime. The father of the Chief-Justice was a highly educated man, sent beyond seas by his parents on account of the persecutions of the times and trained at St. Omer. On his return he married Monica Brooke, a saintly woman of the historic

Catholic family of that name in Maryland, who lived until 1814. "My parents both lived to an advanced age," says the Chief-Justice in his autobiography. Such are the irreconcilable facts of time, place, and circumstances between Aylmer Tiernay and Michael Taney. If they cannot be twisted to suit, so much the worse for the facts. "Gath" brushes them out of his way with scorn and a stroke of his pen.

Now let us frankly say that there is a story handed down in Calvert County that an after-dinner quarrel once took place between the elder Mr. Taney and a Mr. Magruder (not Macgregor, Mr. Townsend will please observe), in the presence of several witnesses, when both were heated with wine. In the chance medley which followed Magruder received a wound from a knife in the hands of Taney, from the effects of which he unfortunately died.

No indictment appears to have been found against Michael Taney; no trial followed. A coroner's inquest was held, and testimony was taken, and there the investigation seems to have been closed. That much is known. It may be remarked that excusable or justifiable homicide, not murder, would alone justify such a conclusion of the sad affair.

A distinguished gentleman, born in Calvert County, once informed the present writer that the unfortunate event happened in 1799, when Roger B. Taney, the son, was a member of the House of Delegates of Maryland from Calvert County. George Alfred Townsend's story would make it appear that the slayer immediately fled, and was never again seen alive in Maryland, and that about a year later he died in Virginia. Now, we know from Chief-Justice Taney's autobiography that his father was alive and honorably engaged in public affairs in Calvert County during the years 1800 and 1801. The killing of Mr. Magruder was deplorable, but the community in which it occurred do not appear to have regarded it as murder, and the constituted authorities found no indictment and ordered no trial or prosecution of the offender. But George Alfred Townsend exacts vicarious sacrifice, and makes a puny attempt to immolate the son, one of the most virtuous characters in all our annals.

A SPOTLESS RECORD.

Mr. Townsend next executes a war dance and begins his fierce assault on the son. Among all the worthies of Maryland, all the descendants of the Pilgrims of the Ark and Dove, we

invite any one to point out on the page of American history a single name that shines out more brightly than that of Roger Brooke Taney. A son of the Pilgrims who on the St. Mary's established the first asylum of civil and religious liberty in the world, and inheriting their virtues, their talents, and their faith, this man from early life to his death held high stations and after being in the keen sunlight of publicity for fifty years, he passed away with the love, sorrow, and eulogy of two continents commingling their tears over his grave. His civic virtues and professional eminence, all extolled; but his piety, his humility, his scrupulous discharge of every duty of his holy religion, these were the things in Taney which appealed to the Catholic heart and enshrined him in its affections.

He became Attorney-General of the United States and Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson. It was a stormy period of our history, and obstacles and difficulties mountain high closed in around Mr. Taney. Nicholas Biddle, "the King of the Feds," was in a mortal struggle with Andrew Jackson, the man idolized by the people as Old Hickory. On the side of the president of the Bank of the United States were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster; on the side of the President of the United States was Roger B. Taney. It was a battle of giants. At last Taney removed the deposits, and the whole land was convulsed with excitement. In the Senate Clay and Webster, reinforced by Calhoun, thundered their anathemas at the daring Secretary of the Treasury, and the bitterest political battle in our annals raged throughout the country. But Jackson and Taney triumphed, and the old Bank of the United States fell, to rise no more.

In 1834 Gabriel Duvall resigned his seat as associate justice of the Supreme Court, and Jackson nominated, but the Senatorial triumvirate prevented the confirmation of Taney for the vacancy. John Marshall favored Taney, and asked Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Virginia, to vote for him. But it was of no use; an angel from heaven, coming as a friend of Jackson, would not then have gotten in. In 1836 the illustrious Chief-Justice Marshall died, and Old Hickory, who never deserted friends, sent in the name of Taney for the vacancy. Marked changes had occurred in the Senate, and although Webster and Clay still thundered against him, Taney was confirmed. For nearly thirty years he filled the exalted office. Let those read the Reports and ask the learned lawyers, who are curious to know what a great judge he was.

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MR. BLAINE'S ACT OF JUSTICE.

Once more, a quarter of a century later, when Taney decided the Dred Scott case, he was loaded with abuse, this time by the Abolitionists. Every conceivable term of obloquy was heaped upon his head by his adversaries. He had delivered an opinion in which six of the associate justices concurred, and from which two dissented—Judge Curtis, who dissented only on the question of jurisdiction, and Judge McLean. But civil war impended, and while Taney remained calm and fearless, the *justum ac tenacem* of Horace, other men were lashed to madness. Time, the great healer, has softened the asperities of the slavery conflict, as it long ago effaced the fierce memories of the bank struggle. Even Mr. Blaine, who had joined the rest in furious abuse of him, lived to write these graceful words of Taney: "Chief-Justice Taney . . . was not only a man of great attainments, but was singularly pure and upright in his life and conversation" (*Twenty Years of Congress*, vol. i. p. 134).

At the ripe age of eighty-seven years and seven months, fortified by the last sacraments of Holy Mother Church, of which he was a regular communicant throughout life, Roger B. Taney was gathered peacefully to his fathers. In a letter to his biographer, Father John McElroy, S.J., his confessor, says: "An essential precept of the Catholic Church is confession for the remission of sins, but one very humiliating to the pride of human nature; but the well-known humility of Mr. Taney made the practice of confession easy to him. Often have I seen him standing at the outer door leading to the confessional in a crowd of penitents, the majority colored, waiting his turn for admission. I proposed to introduce him by another door to my confessional, but he would not accept of any deviation from the established custom" (*Tyler's Memoir of Taney*, p. 476).

MR. WEBSTER ON THE CATHOLIC CHIEF-JUSTICE.

Mr. Taney inherited many slaves from his parents; but while still a young man, following the example of Gregory the Great, he manumitted them all, and made a regular allowance for their support. General Jackson had been much abused by the bigots for appointing a Catholic to the office of Chief-Justice, but Daniel Webster, the former antagonist of Mr. Taney in the bank war, answered the bigots in 1850 at the Pilgrims' Festival in New York. "We are Protestants, generally speaking," said Mr. Webster, "but you all know there presides at the head of

the Supreme Judicature of the United States a Roman Catholic, and no man, I suppose, through the whole United States imagines that the Judicature of the country is less safe, that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure because the Chief-Justice of the United States has been and is a firm adherent of that religion." The ability, learning, and exalted virtues of Taney were attested at his death by the bench and bar of America and Europe. "A purer and abler judge never lived," said Reverdy Johnson. With touching pathos Charles O'Conor said: "I add my fervent prayer that the future historian of our times may not be impelled to write, as he drops a tear on the grave of Taney, *Ultimus Romanorum*." Benjamin Robbins Curtis, who had sat on the bench with Taney and who was one of the brightest lights of the legal profession in America, said: "He was master of all that peculiar jurisprudence which it is the special province of the courts of the United States to administer and apply. His skill in applying it was of the highest order. His power of subtle analysis exceeded that of any man I ever knew, a power in his case balanced and checked by excellent common sense, and by great experience in practical business, both public and private. The surpassing ability of the Chief-Justice, and all his great qualities of character and mind, were fully and constantly exhibited in the consultation room. There his dignity, his love of order, his gentleness, his caution, his accuracy, his discrimination, were of incalculable importance."

Such was the man selected by Mr. George Alfred Townsend for the honor of his abuse; such the man he has crayoned forth as one born with the hereditary taint of "a homicidal impulse."

A fuller and more Catholic biography of the great Chief-Justice than we possess is a desideratum. Tyler's pages want a Catholic side. The family feeling of the church would find ample edification in a larger portraiture, a truer perspective, which shall unfold the hidden spiritual virtues of this the most illustrious scion of the Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland. He had the sanctity of Sir Thomas More, and no inconsiderable share of his genius. Shortly after his wife's death a friend came to drive him into the country for a little needed airing. He excused himself, and said to Father McElroy, his confessor, who was with him: "My first visit shall be to the cathedral, to invoke strength and grace from God, to be resigned to his holy will, by approaching the altar and receiving Holy Communion."

A NEW SHEEN ON AN OLD COIN.

BY REV. HENRY E. O'KEEFFE, C.S.P.

A SYRIAN woman lost a piece of silver—a Greek drachma—a coin—a groat. She lit a candle, she swept the house, she found the groat, she rejoiced. Christ is the woman, the lighted candle, Christianity—the lost coin, humanity. A hut in Palestine before the days of glass is like Christ's sepulchre before he rose. If perchance there be a window, it is shaded with lattice-work, it admits but little light. When Christ with a candle in His Hand flashed from out the sealed tomb, He resurrected humanity. He picked it up from the dust as he would a coin, and put it in the palm of His Hand. When Christ rose from the dead, humanity was a lost groat buried beneath the rushes strewn over the floor of an Eastern dwelling-place. The resurrection of Christ has lifted the problem of immortality from out of the dark chambers of the dead, from the heart's deepest depression, from the twilight of intellectual doubt, into the sunlight of faith. With faith and hope and love as a basis it is no longer a matter for speculation, conjecture; it provokes security, certainty.

"Or what woman having ten groats, if she lose one groat doth not light a candle and sweep the house and seek diligently until she find it?"

The hour had come for the solution of a tremendous question. Sweeping is not done without dust. When Christ was thrust down into the grave, the world was more unsettled than ever. Men were perturbed like grains of dust flying through the air from the sweeping of the sweeper. Their hopes were buried beneath the linen cerements that shrouded the dead Christ. Long before the glimmer and crimson of Christianity's dawn, the noblest among Pagans had yearned for life beyond death. Most pathetic literature it is—the record of the burning thoughts of those great heathens who strove to grapple with the reality of living for ever! The Sphinx of Egypt spoke nothing—immortal life was a riddle—a theory colored according to the hue of different minds. But the best men in their best moments or even when buried beneath the world's dust felt that, like the lost piece of silver, they would be found again and ridden of all defilement. Man is not only like the

Greek drachma—the groat, but also the Roman denarius—Cæsar's coin. The piece of silver bears the impress of an owl or a tortoise or the head of Minerva. So too, thanks to the theory of evolution, we presume that man bears the impress of former processes of lower life—emblems of dissolution—traces of decay. But on the other side, its polished surface, the coin is stamped in deeper print with the image of a monarch, the likeness of a king, the superscription expressing proof of another life, of reinvigoration, revival, victory. It is because we bear in our bodies the flesh, the bones, the muscles, tissue, tendons, joints, blood of the risen Christ, that we shall rise again. Christ's Body, stepping forth from the gloom of the sepulchre, reflects the fortunes of the body of man, its curative triumph, its security from disaster's clutches, from the jaws of death. The glorified body, once motionless and cold—it shall again quiver with quicker fire and truer expressiveness: the deliverance of Israel from Babylon, its freedom from Egyptian bondage. "And when I had seen him I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying: 'Fear not, I am the first and the last, and alive and was dead, and behold I am living for ever and ever.'"

Christ is a new species, but He collects all the lower species into one. The destiny of our bodies is included in the history of His—from the inorganic to the vegetative, from the vegetative to the animal, from the animal to the rational, up to the divine. The theory of evolution, if it be true, widens out the theory of the Incarnation and makes stronger the argument for final Resurrection. All nature is a great matrix in gestation—a mother laboring in the pain of parturition to give issue from her womb, the grave, to a resurrected Christ—a risen humanity. To support this portentous fact—by periods of elimination, selection, substitution—all nature is deranged—the dust will not settle because of the sweeping of the Sweeper. Christianity, the lighted candle, is shedding radiance and illumines the darkness of the problem. The woman, or rather Christ, is the Agent resurrecting the buried groat—humanity—from out of the rubbish of historical doubt. Ah! blessed be God for the science of biology, embryology, for seeming to hint at this truth of the Resurrection of man.

Human nature is a coin, a piece of moulded metal with a specific value, a medium of exchange between heaven and earth, the lodestone that resolves the mystery of death into the mystery of life. The dogma of the resurrection shone out in the sparkle of the first mineral dug from the bowels of the earth,

it is prophesied in the faintest perfume of the earliest flower, in the first cry of the new born, in the first scintillation of thought. Legal and historical evidence proves that Nature from her womb, the grave, delivered a perfect Christ, unlike the pagan fable of Minerva full-armed from the brain of Jove. A perfect Christ risen in perfection is the term of God's act. From God we came, to Him through Christ shall our bodies return. We shall be burnished bright like coin just newly minted. But, when our work is done, we shall learn that we were not minted to be merely bits of money—but rather the shining coins, those cherished heirlooms with which the Syrian women adorn the braided tresses of their hair. The ultimate end of the creation of man is not for him to be simply an article of commodity, but rather a thing of brightness to embellish the beauty of the world. A Christ who died, yet a Christ whose body did not submit to the irresistible workings of death, whose body suspended the laws of chemical rottenness, assures us of the everlasting character of the life of the body of man. Christ went about the tomb with a lighted candle. He revealed its grim secrets. He swept it. He did not answer all the difficulties at once, but He imprisoned man's enemy—death. He found the coin. He pledged eternal life. "Behold I am alive for evermore and have the keys of death."

When the woman found the lost groat, she called together her friends and neighbors, or as the Greek would have it, her "female friends," better expressed in old English by "friendesses"—"neighboresses." The world of Nature is a mother with feminine power, and there is special reason why she should rejoice at the magnificent import of the resurrection. It was from nature's bosom—the mouth of the sepulchre—that there came the birth of the history of the resurrection. The sorrows of her travail are past—she rejoices in her conquest over anxiety and struggle. Her alleluias re-echo in the laughter that ripples from water gurgling in the deepest recesses of the earth, in the harmony of the spheres, in the flutter of a bee's wing, in the chemical affinity of a piece of mineral, in the conflict of physical forces static and dynamic, in the motions of molecules and atoms in the constitution of matter, in the acid and alkali in the sphere of chemistry, in the astronomical laws of attraction and repulsion, in the poles both positive and negative, in the workings of electricity. Not to speak of the angels, or even of man, all the world of physical nature is ever singing: "Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia." "Rejoice with me, for I have found the groat which I had lost."

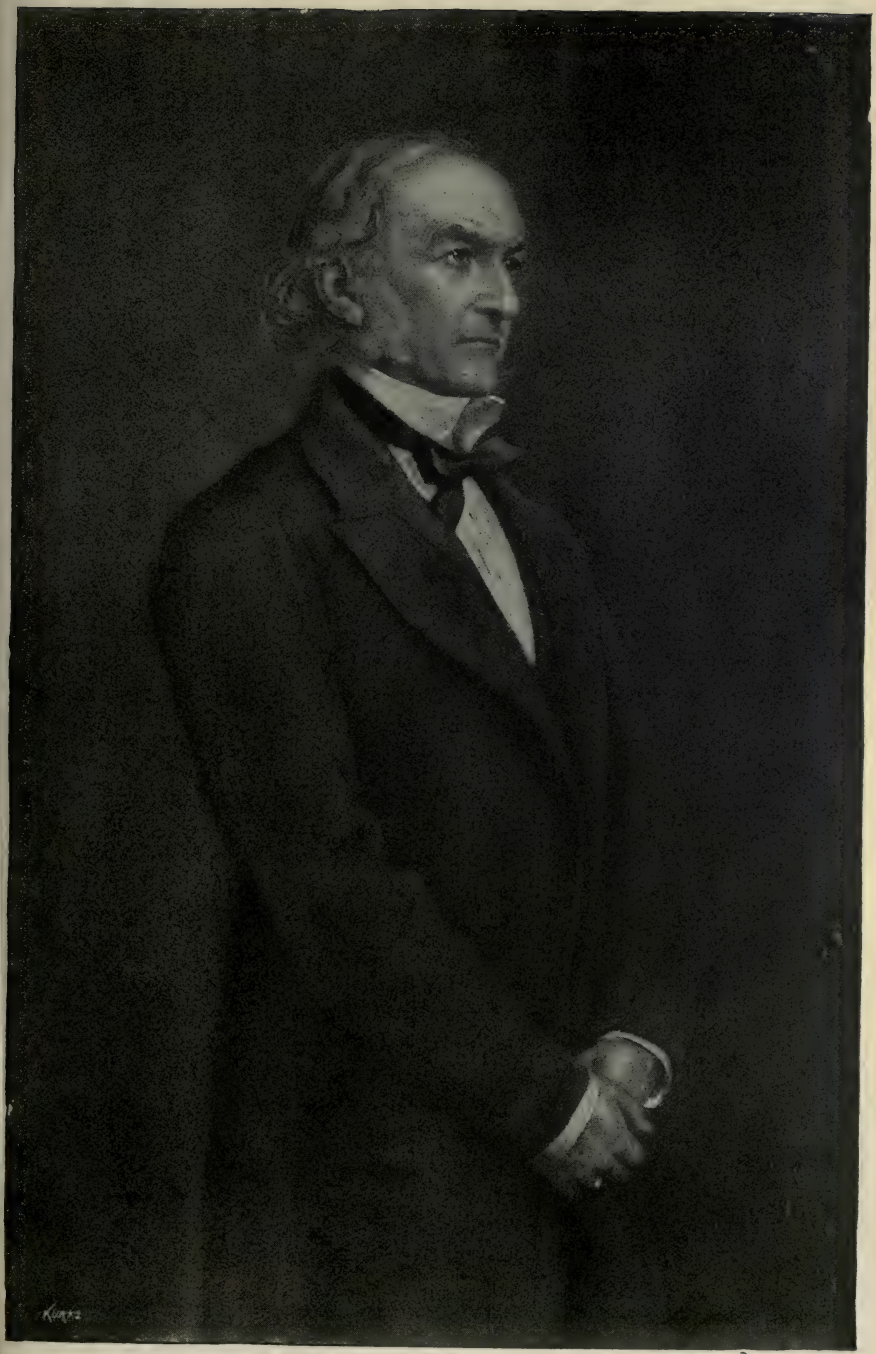
WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE died, as he had lived, outside the visible fold of the Catholic Church. There was in the minds of many undoubtedly a hope when the end drew near that he would see the truth as other great Englishmen of his day have seen it, and embrace it.

While Gladstone's mind was keen in its logical faculty and broad in its grasp of matters religious as well as secular, yet, whether it was from an innate quality or from an acquired habit, it was essentially "political" in its view of affairs. A politician, even using the word in its best sense, is the man who can accept situations and adapt his views to them. He trims his sails to the breezes, from whatever quarter they come. He is a man who feels the popular pulse, and moves and sways the crowds by controlling or yielding to popular passion as the case may be. He is essentially a time-server.

How different is the idealist of the Newman type! To such a one truth is God himself, high above all the storms and agitations of the earth's surface, not changed or modified by any congeries of circumstances—something to be sought for and loved for its own sake, and in the seeking and the loving something which brings its own reward—a reward which is a more than adequate compensation for whatever sacrifices one must make or whatever suffering one must undergo in its attainment.

One with a politician's temperament will argue, and argue convincingly, to himself that the providence of God has placed him in the Established Church. It must be of God, because I see about me in the hearts of men identified with it the fruits of the Spirit, and it is the will of God that I stay where I am and pilot this vessel, unseaworthy as it is, with its freight of precious souls, into the haven of safety, rather than desert it and allow it to go to pieces on the rocks of irreligion. If Gladstone in his earlier life had led, or even had followed, Newman or Manning over to Rome, there is no telling what great good he would have done. Whether his eyes were holden, and he had never been faced with the stern obligation of breaking away and sacrificing all of this world, if need be, for Truth's sake, it

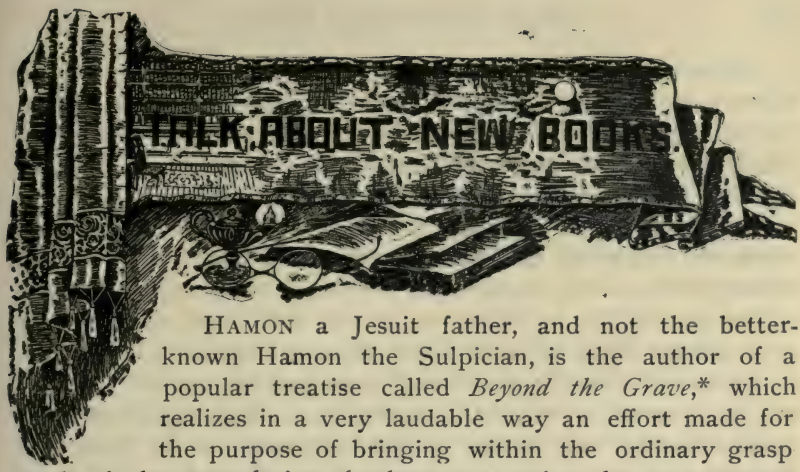


is not ours to say. Heaven's thunders of judgment belong to God alone.

Gladstone was a deeply religious man, and his long life, stretching across a desert of agnosticism in English intellectual movements and yet all the time pronouncedly religious, has been like the shadow of a rock in a desert land to many a wandering soul. What Victoria herself has done for the English domestic life Gladstone has done for religion.

In his political life, in which capacity history alone will enshrine his memory, he was perchance the greatest factor in a century that will be known as the age of great reforms. He began life as the representative of the sternest of the Tories, and he ended his life as the most liberal of reformers. He was as one constantly struggling for the light. As each reform movement presented itself for a hearing and a legislative solution, he withstood it as long as he could, and then, when the voice of popular clamor was so imperative that he could no longer resist, he gracefully yielded, and rather than be left behind got aboard the train, made friends with both conductor and engineer, and became the master of the situation. In the beginning, when slavery was the great question of the hour, he stoutly antagonized the abolitionist, but he ended by manumitting his own slaves. When popular suffrage was crying for its just meed, step by step he yielded and finally formulated for the democracy its strongest demands. When Home Rule for Ireland placed its lever in the cogs of the machinery of English legislation and obstructed all law-making until its clamors were listened to, he threatened and he cajoled and he coerced, but when by entreaty or by the lash Ireland would not be driven away, with a gracious smile and a warm hand-clasp he said, Then I will give you what you want.

Because he has known when to yield, the great heart of the democracy has taken him to her own, and he goes down to his grave amid the benedictions of millions of the human race. The children of the sons of men gather about his bier and shed the silent tear that his race is run, that no more will he stand in the halls of justice to legislate in the affairs of men. The mighty oak of the forest has fallen, and no more will the gathering dews dispense their moisture to the parched earth beneath, and no more will its welcome shade comfort the souls of the throngs who gather amidst its refreshing shadows.



HAMON a Jesuit father, and not the better-known Hamon the Sulpician, is the author of a popular treatise called *Beyond the Grave*,* which realizes in a very laudable way an effort made for the purpose of bringing within the ordinary grasp much of the speculative theology concerning the post-mortem career of the human soul. There is no sentiment that has anchored itself so deep in the human heart as the desire for immortality, and consequently the thirst for knowledge concerning the life beyond the veil is well-nigh insatiable. Christianity affirms in unmistakable words not only the reality of the other life but the mode and condition of existence for body as well as soul. In such contrast have the affirmations of Christianity stood over against the negations of paganism that this great germ-thought alone has renewed the face of the earth. It has completely changed the fundamental motives that have inspired the actions of the human race, and has made death the great fact of existence. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and in the last day I shall rise out of the earth. I shall be clothed again with my skin, and in my flesh I shall see God." This statement of Job, voiced by others and realized in the resurrected Christ, has stripped death of its sting and its uncertainties, and has robbed the grave of its victory. It seems very difficult to understand how a Christian minister like Lyman Abbot, with his extensive knowledge of Scripture, can allow himself to go on record as saying that there will be no resurrection of the body save such as comes in the grass and the flowers. The unvarying trend of Christian sentiment has been to relegate this life and all that it has of joy or pleasures to the category of a place of preparation for what is the only real and lasting existence beyond the grave.

But apart from the fact of the resurrection of the body, what is of more curious interest is the manner of life.

* *Beyond the Grave.* From the French of Rev. E. Hamon, S.J. By Anna T. Sadlier. St. Louis, Mo. : B. Herder.

What is sown in corruption will rise in incorruption, what is sown in a natural body will rise in a spiritual body. What is the nature of this spiritual body, which seems to have triumphed over the ravages of time and to be no longer impeded by the limitations of space or confined by the barriers of natural obstacles? By what divine alchemy is it so released from the inhering qualities of extension that it may pass through the closed door, or so overcome the weight of gravitation that in the twinkling of an eye it is lifted up in the air and can go from place to place without apparent difficulty?

Scientific men are more and more getting control of many of the recondite forces of nature, and each conquest is a revelation of a new world, so that the fact that we have been but skirmishing on the outermost edge of nature's life is beginning to impress itself on our self-satisfied complacency. In what medium do the psychic forces operate? Are they governed by stable law? Is there not a world above or below our ken? The fly, it is said, may not hear the loudest peals of thunder, but is there not a music of the spheres so harmonious and so delicate that we wot not of, but is the very source of his life? The undulatory theory of light and the existence of the ether as the medium of the transmission of light, was a revelation to us. Maybe there is another medium more refined and subtile than ether in which the electrical fluid lives, moves, and has its being, and maybe still another within it again in which the so-called psychic forces operate.

When all the grossness of this material body is sublimated in the laboratory of the grave and we rise in incorruption, who shall fix the laws that shall govern our living?

It is a most curious study to co-ordinate the facts so common in the lives of the saints of how the spiritual body has triumphed over its material surroundings. To select a few of the many thousands which may be quoted. The Bollandists relate, and their testimony is unimpeachable, the following facts concerning St. Victor (A. D. 177): He was a great soldier who, when he was pressed by the judge to offer sacrifice to idols, answered, "I am a soldier of Jesus Christ, the great and immortal King." The governor commanded that he should be cast into a burning furnace. With a prayer on his lips, he went into the furnace. Three days after the governor ordered the calcined bones of the victim to be taken out. When they opened the door of the furnace they saw Victor uninjured, singing the praises of God. St. Catherine of Siena, in an

ecstasy, fell from her chair on her face into a quantity of burning coals. Her sister-in-law, Lysa, after some time, missing her, went to seek her, and found her with her face amidst the coals. Lysa uttered a cry, rushed forward and snatched the saint from the hearth. There was no burning flesh, no smell of fire, no apparent pain, no injury incurred at all. St. Joseph of Cupertino frequently was lifted from the earth and remained suspended in mid-air, and so with many other of the saints. Even on this earth their bodies possessed the qualities of agility and subtility and impassibility which belong of right to the glorified bodies of the just. We may say these are miraculous instances because they contravene the known laws of nature, but, while admitting the miracle, may we not suppose that after all they are in perfect accord with, and are governed by, well-established laws of a newer and higher life?

There are some books which one so enjoys in the reading that one wishes afterwards to run about among one's friends and press, and even importune, them to read, as though it were selfish to have enjoyed the pleasure one's self and say nothing about it afterwards. This is the effect *A Voyage of Consolation* * produces. It is so full of healthy wit and humor that one cannot read very much of it at a time without becoming so exuberant with this spirit as to find it quite irrepressible. It is genuine Yankee wit and humor—keen, breezy, and subtle; one has to keep one's perception wide awake to catch it, and perhaps to have a bit of Yankee shrewdness to recognize it always, for it often rests on just the turn of a hair in a word or a phrase.

The best part of the book is that the fun-making is not monopolized by one character strutting about in cap and bells to make the others laugh. There is a party of Americans travelling abroad, each one with wits as sharp as the others, and some fine tourneys of word-handling are entered into sometimes between them.

Behind this phase of the book, however, there is a delineation of some American traits of character which is nothing short of delicious in its clever satire. The unfortunate lack of the bump of reverence in the American cranium is exposed in a manner which quite chills the sensitive-nerved people who are over-attached to traditions. An illustration from the author herself is worth while giving. She has brought her party as far as

* *A Voyage of Consolation. Being the narrative of a sequel to the Experiences of an American Girl in London.* By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Pompeii; introduces them, at first with becoming gravity, into the city of the dead: "A strange place, however often the guide-books beat their iterations upon it; a place that leaps at imagination, peering into other days through the mists that lie between, and blinds it with a rush of light—the place where they have gathered together what was left of the dead Pompeiians and their world. There they lay before us as they ran and tripped and struggled and fell in the night of that day when they and the gods together were overwhelmed, and they died, as they thought, in the end of time." Our party felt awed and oppressed for the moment, and then that irrepressible spirit of the curiously constituted Yankee which resents too great a strain upon his emotions at a time and will resort to any subterfuge to relieve the discomfiture of prolonged gravity, breaks out unexpectedly. The sturdy old Yankee Senator's wife threatened to become sentimental about the figures in the glass cases.

"'It's too terrible,' she said. 'We can actually see their *features!*'

"'Don't let them get on your nerves, Augusta,' suggested Poppa.

"'I won't if I can help it. But when you see their clothes and their hair, and realize—'

"'It happened over eighteen hundred years ago, my dear, and most of them got away.'

"'That didn't make it any better for those who are now before us,' and Momma used her handkerchief threateningly, though it was only in connection with her nose.

"'Well, now, Augusta, I hate to destroy an illusion like that, because they're not to be bought with money, but since you're determined to work yourself up over these unfortunates, I've got to expose them to you. They're not the genuine remains you take them for. They're mere worthless imitations.'

"'Alexander,' said Momma suspiciously, 'you never hesitate to tamper with the truth if you think it will make me any more comfortable. I don't believe you!'

"'All right,' returned the Senator; 'when we get home you ask Bramley. It was Bramley that put me on to it. Whenever one of those Pompeii fellows dropped, the ashes kind of caked over him, and in the course of time there was a hole where he had been. See? And what you're looking at is just a collection of holes filled up with composition and then dug out. Mere holes!'". . .

"I wandered over to where Mrs. Portheris examined with Mr. Mafferton an egg that was laid on the last day of Pompeii. Mrs. Portheris was asking Mr. Mafferton, in her most impressive manner, if it was not too wonderful to have positive proof that fowls laid eggs then just as they do now. Dickey and Isabel bemoaned the fate of the immortal dog who still bites his flank in the pain extinguished so long ago. I heard Dickey say as I passed that he didn't much mind about the humans, they had their chance, but this poor little old tyke was tied up, and that on the part of Providence was playing it low down.

"Then we all stepped out into the empty streets of Pompeii, and Mr. Mafferton read to us impressively, from Murray, the younger Pliny's letter to Tacitus describing its great disaster. The Senator listened thoughtfully, for Pliny goes into all kinds of interesting details. 'I haven't much acquaintance with the classics,' said he as Mr. Mafferton finished, 'but it strikes me that the modern New York newspaper was the medium to do that man justice. It's the most remarkable case I've noticed of a good reporter *born before his time*.'"

It perhaps needs the attraction of a popular and clever author's name upon it to induce one in these days of light reading to get through a thoroughgoing historical novel—one of the kind, too, that stirs up all the long laid dust of past centuries, drags out half-forgotten facts of history, pokes up mouldering traditions from secret places, and makes the dead and buried of centuries agone speak again with human voices and of living human things from its pages. If one were not stimulated through the first few prosy chapters by the reflection that *Shrewsbury* * was written by Stanley Weyman, and that surely if one keeps on he will find something worth while, the book might pall before one had read far enough to find out what it was really about. But such a queer medley and mess of affairs it turns out to be that one is forced to read to the end to see how the author disentangles it finally. It has at first the sort of fascination a Chinese puzzle holds for one, on a dull evening when there is nothing else to do than to find some entertainment that will just keep one from dozing before bed-time. But in the most unexpected way the author suddenly launches one into a situation that makes one sit up with a sudden catch in his breath for dread of what will happen next. There is a fool of a fellow—who is the narrator of the story

* *Shrewsbury: A Romance.* By Stanley J. Weyman. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

and who figures as a sort of mascot to the Lord Shrewsbury in the most unprecedented fashion and follows the fortunes of that sad-spirited noble as faithfully as ever court-jester did to his king, through smiles and tears—but finally to smiles again in the end when he turns up from nowhere just in the nick of time to save the handsome head of Shrewsbury from a spike on Tower Hill. The fellow so captures one's sympathies, and so outrages one's common sense from the unnecessary scrapes he gets himself into in his efforts to serve his liege lord, that one's fingers itch to have hold of the ears of his palpable dotard self, while one's eyes are ready to blink out some tears at the pathetic figure he cuts in repeatedly trying to keep out of mischief and as often tumbling into it head-over-heels, and at the peril of his neck every time. He is the most ludicrous, interesting, stupid, and impossible creature that was ever born of an author's brain. But the magnificent Shrewsbury moves on through the narrative, inspiring reverence, admiration, and, if one would presume to offer it, pity too for his strange, great soul struggling upward and away from the mean and disgusting intrigues of the court-life of his time, and ever dragged back again, like an eagle which would soar forgetting that its foot is chained in the trap. The timber on which the story is built up is composed of as rascally a set of characters as ever hung about the skirts of the greater ones of the earth. Minions so servile as to be unfit to serve; outlaws who out-Turpin Turpin in their daring; traitors who, like Ferguson, the arch-traitor in the story, "tempting men and inviting men to the gibbet, had taken good care to go one step farther, and by betraying them to secure his own neck from peril."

'Tis a pity, since the author wished to make a life-like history of the times—so life-like that the fires of Tower Hill seem again to thicken the air and the gloom of days when kings were made and unmade at the whims of intriguing rascals, falls upon one's imagination as he reads—that he could not have thrown a softer light upon the story by making it a little truer to life, or by even using an author's privilege of re-creating the woman nature which he introduces into the narrative. The woman he has depicted is positively gruesome in her unnaturalness, both in the *rôle* of mother and of sweetheart. The very reading of her character would develop a full-fledged misogynist out of an incipient Romeo.

Tscneng-ta-jen, the lately appointed Chinese ambassador to

France is a Catholic, and of a family which has been Catholic for two centuries. His presence in Paris is a sort of official witness to the enduring character of Catholic missionary work in a country which is equally the despair of the secular agent of so-called Western civilization and the avowedly religious agent of denominationalism, active as they are. Monseigneur Reynaud, C.M., Vicar-Apostolic of the District of Tché-Kiang, a small diocese of some 60,000 square miles with a population of more than 23,000,000, has lately issued a little book on *Another China* * than that seen by traders and non-Catholic missionaries, "who live *beside*, not *among* the Chinese."

While admitting that the vast extent of the country, its immense population, and the poverty of its people make the process of China's conversion slow, Monseigneur Reynaud finds the Chinese free from the vices of pagan Greece and Rome, and, indeed, with a standard of morality higher than that of most of our cities of the West. The greatest obstacles to their Christianization are those traits which the secularist would regard as akin to virtue, notably an exaggerated form of human respect, styled "the worship of the face." Their far-reaching filial piety, extending generations backward, inclines them, however, to receive Catholic teaching on purgatory, and one is not surprised to learn that the Chinese foundation of the Helpers of the Holy Souls flourishes, while the purely native association of Virgins of Purgatory, now we believe affiliated with it, appeals strongly to the Chinese woman. The celibacy of the Catholic clergy is highly esteemed by the Chinese, and Catholic devotion to the Mother of God finds a ready comprehension in a nation where a woman is always known as "the mother of"—Lipa, Atching, or whoever is her son. Protestant abuse of Our Lady is tolerably sure to empty a chapel.

Monseigneur Reynaud protests strongly against taking the verdict of Protestant missionaries—hard-working and fond of the people as many doubtless are—on the convertibility of the Chinese. The Chinaman is nothing if not logical. Not hard-heartedness but clear-headedness makes it impossible for him to accept the vague and incoherent creeds of the multitudinous sects who present their claims before him. In the diocese of Tché-Kiang alone are three branches of Episcopalianism, nine different kinds of Presbyterian, six varieties of Methodist, and two sects of Baptist! Were it for no other reason

* *Another China.* Right Rev. Monseigneur Reynaud, C.M., Vicar-Apostolic of the District of Tché-Kiang. New York: Benziger Brothers.

than their simple unity of teaching, one can well believe Sir Henry Norman, who, a Protestant himself, and admitting that among these denominational nondescripts are "men of the highest character and devotion, upon whose careers no criticisms can be passed," says that there can be no doubt that the Catholic missionaries "enjoy on the whole far more consideration from the natives as well as from foreigners, and the result of their work is beyond question much greater."

The principle of authority is all in all to the Chinese. The supremacy of "private judgment" can never be popularly accepted among them. Their language is full of proverbs which praise virtue and condemn vice—and these proverbs "are accepted by the Chinese as irrefutable arguments." True, we must not imagine that they live up to all their national sayings; still, "the language of an entire race cannot be one universal falsehood," and their ideas of right and wrong are proved, by their popular language, to be clear and sharp.

The Catholics in Tché-Kiang numbered, in 1896, 10,419, with one bishop, 13 European and 10 native missionaries, and 5 native theological students. There were also 35 Sisters of Charity, 29 Virgins of Purgatory, and 38 catechists. This diocese stands about midway, in size and importance, among the 27 ecclesiastical districts of China. The largest is that of Nan-Kin. In 1892 it contained 96,382 Catholics, with 128 priests, 32 seminarists, and 177 nuns. There are two Jesuit districts and six occupied by the Lazarists and the Franciscans. Augustinians and Dominicans are represented in the country. Most of the missionaries are French, some Italian, Flemish, and Dutch. Only one English-speaking priest is in the whole empire.

We regret to see indications, throughout this generally admirable little work, of the same timidity and hesitancy about flinging responsibility upon the native priests which we have deprecated with respect to our own missionaries among Indians and negroes. It is patent that the objection urged in their cases cannot hold good for subjects of an old, high-wrought civilization and an almost Oriental cast of thought. Yet we are told that "even at Pekin, where there are old Christian families of three hundred years standing, the Chinese priests require the support of a European missionary," and that "the missionaries are of opinion that it is only after four generations that the Chinese can be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Christian faith." This sounds curiously as if faith came by heredity!

However, one is delighted to learn that there are excellent

Chinese Sisters of Charity, formed after the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, and to read of the Chu family of Ning Po, "every generation of which gives a priest to the church," and which at present possesses two Sisters of Charity and a Virgin of Purgatory. The missionary instinct, which is certainly far from native to the Chinese character, seems to develop as rapidly in them as in any other nation. Many converts are reported who have never seen a missionary, but who have been taught by catechumens. Forty youths are now studying in the "Petit Seminaire" at Chusan, but the call for English-speaking priests is loud and strong. Indeed, this little book is published as an appeal for such, and all its profits are devoted to training "St. Joseph's young priests" for China, under the auspices of the Archconfraternity of St. Joseph, an organization which devotes itself to helping the education of apostolic priests for foreign missions.

The half-dozen later issues of Benziger's *Our Boys and Girls' Library* consist almost entirely of mild German tales by Canon Schmid. While they are prettily bound and can safely be guaranteed perfectly innocuous, we doubt whether the average American child will read enough of any one of them to receive much benefit from their invariably sound moral reflections. The *Pastime Series*, a set of somewhat larger volumes, also consists entirely of translations from the German. At least that is the case with the four volumes upon our desk. We trust the translator profits by the series. No one else seems to us likely to do so.

On the other hand, a thoroughly admirable children's book by an American woman comes to us from the same house. Her Pickle and Pepper* are almost as delightful as Miss Dorsey's Polly, who certainly takes rank with Miss Alcott's creation of the same name. We do not quite see why it is becoming the fashion to call Miss Dorsey "the Catholic Miss Alcott." The life-likeness of their characters and a certain quaint humor about conversations not obviously funny are their only points of resemblance. *Little Women* and *Little Men* found flavor and zest in a homely mode of existence, unpunctuated by adventure, which is increasingly foreign to real life among American children, except in some very old-fashioned New England towns. "Things began to happen to me when I was eight, and have never left off since!" we heard a lady say

* *Pickle and Pepper*. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. New York: Benziger Brothers.

recently. "Things happen" to Miss Dorsey's little folk. Pickle and Pepper do not wander far afield, but they form a surprising friendship with a fascinating old "witch," who turns out not to be so very old, after all, and through whom their mother becomes suddenly rich—after a manner which is also not unwonted to the eyes of our children in this land of suddenly acquired fortunes and lightning-speed bankruptcies. The book is true to American life and to American child-nature. Very possibly a translation of it might not appeal to anything in the experience or fancy of a German child. Why struggle to foist it upon one? And why try to lure little New-Yorkers and Bostonians to read the estimable productions of the excellent Canon Schmid?

Marion Ames Taggart has struck out in a rather new line for a feminine author. The "Jack Hildreth"* series bids fair to be exciting enough, its local color is fairly true, and the hero carefully mentions in one or two places in each volume that he is a Catholic. At the same time, we frankly confess that we do not like the tone of the volumes, and that we consider the effect upon the average boy of reading the account of Old Shatterhand's swim for life and after duel, the murder of Rattler, and, indeed, all those portions of the book which are intended to be especially striking, likely to be about as beneficial as reading a decently-worded description of a prize-fight.

If the argument against familiarizing immature minds with blood and wounds and suggestions of cruelty, which has forced not merely vivisection but dissection out of our grammar grades and even out of our high schools, has the slightest validity, it certainly makes against stories of this stamp, no matter how rigidly their heroes are kept within the fence of the Ten Commandments.

The Cathedral Library Association has done a real service to religion in bringing out this beautiful volume.† The fact of its printing being entrusted to the well-known house of Desclée, Lefebvre & Co., of Tournai, is sufficient guarantee of accurate and elegant typography. In this respect the book is a model. There have been many Harmonies of the Gospels prepared and published by Protestants, but this is the first one known to us in which the Catholic (or rather *a* Catholic) version of the

* *Winneton, the Apache Knight. The Treasure of Nugget Mountain.* By Marion Ames Taggart. Benziger Brothers.

† *Harmony of the Gospels.* By Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S.S.

Scriptures is used. It is to be regretted that the author has not told us which of the seven or eight recensions of the original so-called Douay text was made use of. The preface tells us that the Harmony is "according to the English Douay version." This name is a misnomer, as the Bible was not translated into English at Douay, the New Testament was not published there. Then there is much confusion in the so-called Douay texts. Besides the original Rheims version, two independent translations appeared in the early part of the eighteenth century, while in the latter part three more versions, each different, were made by Bishop Challoner. Finally, in the beginning of the present century still another translation was published, at the request and under the approbation of Archbishop Troy. It is plain, therefore, that there is no such thing as *the* English Douay version."

The great value of this Catholic Harmony of the Gospels will be mainly found in its devotional use. If it is good for us to study the lives of the saints of the Lord, how much better to study the life of Him who was sanctity itself—the fount and source of that fair stream of holiness which for centuries has made glad the City of God! The Gospels, in connected and narrative form like this, will serve as the very best and most elevating spiritual reading. We commend this book to the daily use and prayerful study of every Christian. We owe a debt of gratitude to the learned collator of this Harmony of the Gospels, and we congratulate the Cathedral Library Association and its zealous director upon its publication.

The *Tales of John Oliver Hobbes*,* gathered into one massive volume, are hardly likely, we think, to be extremely popular. Published as they were originally, they created a certain *furore* among the clientage of Mudie's. Each tale was issued as the thin paper parallelogram with which you supply yourself from an English railway bookstall before a tedious journey and which you can throw out of the carriage window without extravagance when read. The wonder is that the writer of these crude, brilliant, neurotic sketches has ever proved capable of the sustained effort, the careful delineation of character, the painstaking philosophy of *A School for Saints*. The reading public has great cause to congratulate itself on the clarification apparently wrought out in her really great intellect through the illumination of conversion.

* *The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes.* New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Lelia Hardin Bugg's new volume of short stories* is fairly entertaining. Miss Bugg is not often dull. On the other hand, it is a question whether one is justified in spending one's time in the society of such people as live at the Windsor Hotel, Ovington, or frequent the Pension Roget. Undoubtedly it is often our duty, in real life, to live with and to show kindly cordiality to tawdry, vulgar people of low mental tone and with no aspirations. But why should we pass our hours of recreation in their society? The frankly disreputable "Major" has a charming spirit under his unconventionality. The Bohemianism of *Westgate's Past* is healthful enough. But not even constant reminders of "the correct thing" reconcile us to the *personalia* of the other stories of this collection!

The publication of a beautiful Souvenir of the late Silver Jubilee celebration of his Grace the Archbishop of New York comes as a fitting refrain, as it were, of that magnificent event. *Cathedral Bells*† is as beautiful a bit of artistic printing as ever left the press, and the highly wrought art of modern photo-engraving has been executed on its pages with surpassing taste. Author, illustrator, and engraver must have entered into a happy league of friendship and mutual harmony before they began the task of creating this beautiful souvenir of a beautiful event, so perfectly is the art of each blended together in its pages. There is but one flaw—a serious one in consideration of how long such a book is generally preserved—the cover is not worthy of the book. No expense seems to have been spared in the rest of the workmanship, and it is rather inexplicable why so important a feature should have been slighted.

Fabiola's Sisters‡ is the somewhat curious title chosen by the "adapter" of a story based on the Carthaginian martyrdoms of the third century. It is not in any sense a sequel to *Fabiola*, but a sort of imaginative expansion of the Acts of St. Perpetua. One of the earliest chapters is almost the best—that in which the stern Tertullian seeks an interview with the young wife and matron whose martyrdom was to lift her name to a place in the canon of the Mass, to warn her that he feared lest she peril her soul through worldly conformity born, not of fear but of love for her husband.

* *The Prodigal's Daughter and Other Stories.* By Lelia Hardin Bugg. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Cathedral Bells.* A Souvenir of St. Patrick's Cathedral. By Rev. John Talbot Smith. Illustrated by Walter Russell. New York: William R. Jenkins.

‡ *Fabiola's Sisters.* Adapted by A. M. Clarke. New York: Benziger Bros.

On that interview and the after one, in which Vivia Perpetua tearfully asks the prayers of her slave woman that she may be strong to follow teaching so difficult of comprehension by "an ignorant catechumen," is based, in the tale, the strong and deep experience which blossomed into undying beauty in the arena. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" —and the faith whose light is not brilliant enough to pale the pleasures of the world is certainly not strong enough to nullify its pains.

The long-delayed life of Very Rev. Father Dominic,* the Italian Passionist who yearned from his postulant days, when "a map would be a conundrum to him and history an enigma," for the conversion of England, and to whom came, late in his hard-working life, the blessedness of receiving Newman and his earliest companions into the church, is before the public at last. We shall give an extended review of it next month.

There has come to our table, too, a noted book on Mexico by Lummis, called *The Awakening of a Nation.*† We shall reserve our lengthy criticism for publication next month.

THE MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.‡

The Mistakes of Ingersoll is an unpretentious book of real merit. It consists of fifteen lectures which, though not originally intended for publication, are worth preservation in book form. The lectures deal with civil liberty, the inspiration of the Bible, the Book of Genesis, and the account of the creation, miracles, the relation of religion to the progress of mankind, and other topics of a miscellaneous character naturally suggested by the calumnies of Ingersoll. The book is not systematic, and its merit is not in the newness of its matter so much as in the manner in which the subjects are treated. The secret of the temporary and apparent power of the popular infidel of every age is his total lack of a sense of reverence. An obtuseness of soul with a voluble tongue enables him to obtain favor with kindred spirits, who have lost the power or are incapable of appreciating and estimating that which is above the grosser powers of sense, and all that is highest and noblest in

**Life of Very Rev. Father Dominic of the Mother of God, Passionist.* By Rev. Pius Devine, Passionist. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Awakening of a Nation. Mexico of To-day.* By Charles F. Lummis. New York: Harpers.

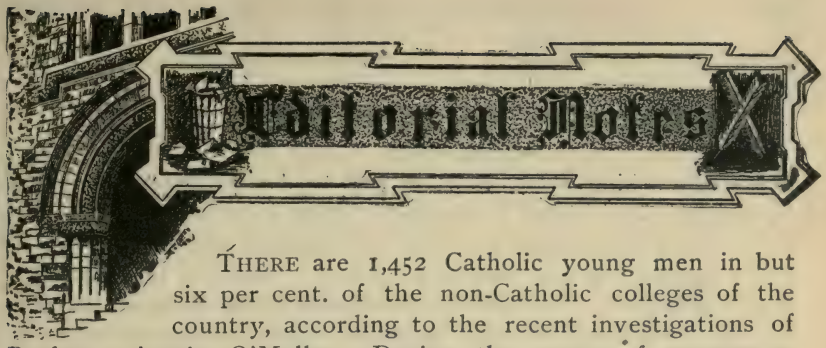
‡ *The Mistakes of Ingersoll.* By Rev. Thomas McGrady, of Bellevue, Ky. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings.

human life. The irreverent of every age must have a spokesman, and it happens that in our country Colonel Ingersoll is the popular infidel of the generation. Father Lambert has shown that sarcasm and ridicule are weapons that may be as effective in the cause of truth as against it, and no one who possesses any sense of humor and reads his books will take Ingersoll seriously. The writer of *The Mistakes of Ingersoll* approaches his subject from a different stand-point. It may be asked, Is Ingersoll worth a book? He is not a man who takes rank among the literary or scientific men of the day. His ability is that of a special pleader, an ability which too often serves to pervert the cause of justice and truth. Is it not, then, conferring an importance on him which is not founded in any title of native worth, to make him the subject of a dignified and temperate discussion? The present book, however, deals with the subject somewhat impersonally, and Ingersoll's Mistakes afford him the occasion for the exposition of errors and the refutation of calumnies that pass current in our day and merely happen to be clothed in living language by Ingersoll. But when he devotes special attention to the colonel the exposure of his inconsistencies is neatly done. An instance may be cited:

"He (Ingersoll) says: 'Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The queen is clothed in garments given to her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the looms of her own genius.' In this comparison the agnostic shows what little respect he has for purity, maternity, and noble womanhood. We know that George Eliot has a brilliant mind; but does that cover her illicit liaison with Lewes? Is not a pure mother, who has reared twelve children and adorned her home with all the virtues of wife and parent, a more worthy example for imitation than the literary concubine? After all, it seems that Mr. Ingersoll does not value female honor very highly" (p. 254).

The writer's grasp of the principles of philosophy and his command over facts enable him to present strong arguments. The flowers of rhetoric are distributed in too great a profusion, and one might fancy that there is in places an ironical imitation of the colonel's style.

The very worst part of the book is the preface. Its mock modesty is unworthy of the author.



THERE are 1,452 Catholic young men in but six per cent. of the non-Catholic colleges of the country, according to the recent investigations of Professor Austin O'Malley. During the season of commencements this matter ought to command our most earnest attention. The article on "Collegiate Education" printed in this number ought to be read carefully by every one who has the interest of Catholic education at heart.

When, in the fall of 1895, Mrs. B. Ellen Burke began the Institute work for the teachers in our Catholic schools, the warmest friends of the cause did not anticipate its rapid development in such a few years. We were not aware of the number of women who were working in our parochial schools and academies. We did not know that we had such a strong body of trained teachers until they began to assemble in the Institutes and to compare methods of teaching.

The education of the children demands our deepest thoughts and strongest efforts. The work of leading, guiding, and fostering their intellectual and spiritual life is *the great* work of the world. We cannot do too much to aid the teachers of our children. The "Institute" has proven to be one of the important ways of aiding our teachers. Its growth since 1895 has been marvellous. It is the duty of every one interested in the Christian education of children to aid the Institute movement, the Summer-School work, and all legitimate ways of advancing the cause of education.

Already arrangements have been made by Mrs. Burke to hold Institutes during the months of July and August in New York, St. Louis, Chicago, St. Paul, Providence, Springfield, Mass., Springfield, Ill., Fitchburg, Mass., Pittsburg, Scranton, La Crosse, and several other places. The Institute force consists of trained teachers, specialists in the subjects assigned to them, and they are selected from all parts of the country, thus

bringing to the Institutes the fruit of the experience of many minds working under various conditions.

Now that war is on, even if the end is not yet, still many are asking what policies are to be pursued when the battle-flags are furled. A danger may arise from our racial thirst for globe conquest. The dominant Anglo-Saxon trait is the acquiring of new territory, and the principal race-tendency is to expansion. English is fast becoming the language of one-fourth of the land of this earth of ours, and the destinies of four hundred million of people are wrapped up in its ideas. Among Americans this hunger for possession has lain dormant for near half a century, but, like the tiger's thirst for blood, the possession of the Philippines has awakened it again. The passion for conquest and dominion will not be satiated without the possession of some territory as the outcome of the war.

If not the Philippines, the Hawaiian group anyway. In the carving up of China, the Pacific Ocean will be the theatre of intense naval activity in the years to come. Russia has six hundred miles of littoral. England's shortest route to the East is through Pacific waters. Germany has her possessions there. Japan, as a naval power, is not to be put aside. America must have a coaling station, a harbor of defence, and a store-house of ammunition in the midst of these activities. To secure it the American flag must wave over Honolulu.

The possession of the Sandwich Islands means the cutting through of the Nicaragua Canal. It has not yet occurred to some of the dwellers on our Eastern shore that there is a Pacific Ocean side to these United States; and easy access to the waters of the Pacific is a very desirable thing, else we must sustain two navies at twice the expense.

The Italian imbroglio has become very much of a reality. In one city it is said, on the best authority, that there has been three times the destruction of life there was at Manila. The temper of these bread riots savors very much of the French Revolution. It is passing strange that 1798 should be duplicated in 1848 and again in 1898, exactly fifty years later. It would appear from this that there was not a little wisdom in the old theocracy of the Jews, by which the divine law established a legitimate outlet for these pent-up fires every fifty years.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON FATHER HECKER.

The *Life of Father Hecker*, by Rev. Walter Elliott, done into French by Comte de Chabrol, has had a remarkable influence on the Catholic intellectual life in France. Such has been the interest awakened by the spiritual life of an American ecclesiastic that the demand has sent the book into five editions. As a preface to the fifth French edition the following letter of Cardinal Gibbons is published :

UNE LETTRE DU CARDINAL GIBBONS

SUR LE PÈRE HECKER.

On ne lira pas sans intérêt la lettre que S. E. le cardinal Gibbons vient d'adresser au P. Elliott sur la personne et sur les œuvres du Père Hecker. Le P. Elliott est l'auteur de la *Vie* anglaise, dont la traduction en français a fait une si grande impression dans le monde religieux.* L'illustre archevêque de Baltimore y exprime son opinion avec la vigueur et la netteté qui lui sont habituelles.

CATHÉDRALE DE BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, 14 avril 1898.

MON CHER PÈRE ELLIOTT :

C'est une satisfaction pour moi de consigner pour la faire connaître mon appréciation sur le Père Hecker.

Le Père Hecker a été incontestablement un instrument de la Providence pour la diffusion de la foi catholique dans notre pays. Il a fait un bien immense en rapprochant de nous les non-catholiques, en diminuant les préjugés, en gagnant à notre sainte religion l'attention bienveillante du public, sans parler de la multitude de ceux qui, directement ou indirectement, lui sont redevables de leur conversion. Son esprit a été celui d'un enfant soumis de la Sainte Église, un esprit Catholique sans restriction et dans toute la plénitude du sens que ce mot comporte ; sa vie a été ornée de tous les fruits de la piété personnelle. Il était, en particulier, animé pour les âmes d'un zèle vraiment apostolique, hardi et toutefois prudent, de nature à attirer les protestants sans rien sacrifier de l'orthodoxie.

La divine Providence lui a associé une communauté d'hommes pénétrés d'un esprit aussi généreux que le sien.

La congrégation des Paulistes continue l'œuvre à laquelle il a consacré sa vie, la conquête des âmes à la foi catholique, et avec la bénédiction de Dieu, ils ont merveilleusement réussi. La grande mission qu'ils viennent de prêcher dans leur église de New-York City en a encore donné la preuve et par le très grand nombre de pécheurs qu'ils ont amenés au repentir et par la foule d'infidèles et de protestants qu'ils ont convertis, instruits et baptisés. Ils ont en outre prêché de nombreuses missions à l'usage exclusif des non-catholiques, et cela dans toutes les parties des États-Unis. Souvent leurs auditoires étaient presque entière-

* Le PÈRE HECKER, fondateur des Paulistes américains (1819-1888) d'après sa *Vie* en anglais par le P. Elliott, de la même Compagnie, avec une introduction de Mgr. Ireland et une préface de l'abbé Félix Klein. Librairie Victor Lecoffre. Un vol. in-12, 3 50.

ment composés de protestants. Ils ont de plus donné une puissante extension à la propagande des écrits catholiques instituée par le Père Hecker. Les Paulistes se sont montrés à la hauteur de grandes entreprises apostoliques.

Ils ont aussi organisé dans le clergé diocésain en diverses parties des États-Unis l'œuvre des conversions. A cette œuvre, comme à toutes leurs autres entreprises, ils apportent—nous n'avons pas besoin de le dire—un respect et une obéissance sans réserve à l'égard de l'autorité ecclésiastique.

J'apprends avec plaisir que la carrière apostolique du Père Hecker est appréciée chaque jour de plus en plus en Europe depuis qu'on y a publié et répandu sa vie et ses écrits.

En vous souhaitant les saintes joies du temps de Pâques,

Je suis votre tout dévoué,

J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The following is a translation of the Cardinal's letter:

CATHEDRAL, BALTIMORE, April 14, 1898.

MY DEAR FATHER ELLIOTT: It gives me pleasure to place on record my appreciation of Father Hecker. He was undoubtedly a providential agent for the spread of the Catholic faith in our country, and did immense good by drawing non-Catholics nearer to us, allaying prejudice, obtaining a fair hearing for our holy religion, besides directly and indirectly making a multitude of converts. His spirit was that of a faithful child of Holy Church, every way Catholic in the fullest meaning of the term, and his life adorned with the fruits of personal piety; but especially he was inspired with a zeal for souls of the true apostolic order, aggressive and yet prudent, attracting Protestants and yet entirely orthodox. Divine Providence associated with him a body of men animated by the same noble spirit.

The Paulist Community continues the work to which he devoted his life, the winning of souls to the Catholic faith, and God has blessed them with wonderful success. The great mission recently held in the Paulist Church, New York City, is an evidence of this, both in the vast numbers of sinners brought to repentance and in the numerous converts from infidelity and Protestantism instructed and baptized.

They have also preached many missions, addressed to non-Catholics exclusively, and in every part of America, nearly their entire audiences often being Protestants; and they have greatly enlarged Father Hecker's propaganda of Catholic literature. The Paulists have shown themselves capable of great apostolic enterprises.

They have also organized the work of making converts among the diocesan clergy in various sections of the country, and this and all their undertakings, needless to say, are carried on in entire respect and obedience to ecclesiastical authority.

I am pleased to learn that Father Hecker's apostolic career is every day more and more appreciated in Europe by the publication and circulation of his life and writings.

Wishing you the holy joys of the Easter season,

I am sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. CARDINAL GIBBONS.

REV. WALTER ELLIOTT.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN a recent address to the Armagh Catholic Literary Society Cardinal Logue said that one of the truths to be proclaimed from the house-tops at the present day, and especially to young people, is the necessity of selection of that upon which their mind is occupied. There is a class of reading which has been brought within reach of every one at present—a class of enervating reading that renders man unfit for any useful purpose. Not only does it render him unfit for the supernatural objects which we should have chiefly in view, but for any natural purpose; it makes a man lazy and inclined to rest upon the mere gratification of the moment, without seeking, as reason directs us to seek, some higher object. That is one of the effects which we have from novel-reading. In speaking of novel-reading I do not mean to condemn all novels—some of them are instructive and some of them amusing, and the mind requires recreation as well as the body; but I mean the novels that are mere trash, and which do not contain one sound, solid idea from the first page to the last. There are books that are worse still—books that go directly in opposition to every Christian truth and to every Christian sentiment, and those books are spread broadcast at the present day, and the worst feature connected with them is that they are insidious, and they are put forward in a harmless way as if they were not intended to do mischief. Then there are books that there is no necessity of warning any Christian against. They bear their own condemnation, and any person who takes up an irreligious book or an immoral book is simply committing a crime; and still it is necessary to be on our guard, not only to avoid that which is openly bad, but those things that have the poison concealed, and sometimes very skilfully concealed.

* * *

Mrs. Cora Semmes Ives has dedicated to her grandchildren a fairy story and some nursery rhymes in a handsome volume, entitled *The Princess of the Moon* (William H. Young Co., 31 Barclay Street, New York City). Though making the claim that she belongs to a past generation when childhood was preserved from influences that might force development, or unduly excite the nervous system, she is much interested in the work proposed for the Columbian Reading Union. The following letter indicates that she can discuss questions which are not obsolete and demand attention from up-to-date thinkers:

In surveying the field of literature of to-day, I see much that is admirable in the children's corners of our magazines and journals; also in the list of books provided for the young by the Columbian Reading Union, especially for those beyond the years of twelve. The works by the eminent authors cannot fail to provide for all their intellectual wants, but the chief objection to those desirable books is the high price charged, which would prevent their use in any homes but those of the wealthy classes. There are many little ones who do not have access to the reading unions and clubs, where such reading is provided, and others again who can read and yet are too young to be admitted as members. For the want of amusing stories they read the sensational events recorded in the daily papers, or listen greedily to the discussions of such by their unthinking parents. Thus

the youthful burglars, highwaymen, train-wreckers, and even murderers, become their favorite heroes and heroines.

There seems to my mind to be a dearth of good, amusing cheap literature to counteract these evil influences, especially of the novel class. Do not imagine that Catholic children are entirely protected from these dangers, much as is accomplished by our parochial and Sunday-schools. Unfortunately the home influence fails to keep alive the good seed planted by the church, in many even of the wealthiest families. I have known of cases, and one especially I can now recall, whose extreme methods to protect the child caused the very evil which it was desired to avert. The parents of this youth of thirteen years so surrounded him with pious reading that they fancied their boy would be saved from all temptations. But children love the marvellous, and he was no exception to the rule, and on visits to his little friends he would fill his pockets with dime novels, as it was his only chance for reading anything amusing. Then again, at the schools their heads are crammed with the ever-lengthening histories, geographies, sciences, and innumerable other branches of learning, until many of the industrious and ambitious, who should be our future statesmen and heroes, become intellectual monstrosities, and in some instances insane. These youthful Gladstonians should be encouraged to emulate the example of the venerable statesman, who it is known frequently rested his brain with good light literature.

We hear of a lawyer being admitted to the bar of a Western city at the age of five, and that the wonderful prophesies of a girl of three is attracting the attention of admiring crowds in another. The suicidal mania in children has recently made its appearance, an alarming symptom indeed, which should cause those in responsible positions to reflect upon the importance of preserving the childhood of these little ones, who are to be the future moulders of the destiny of our country.

Old-fashioned parents used to consider it a duty to see to the proper amusement and recreation of their children. Among the brightest memories of my happy (Catholic) home were the occasions when my father granted his little ones the privilege to listen to his relation of allegories, or other stories. Many a fault to be corrected among his auditors was reached in this pleasant manner, and elevating and ennobling sentiments excited for future emulation.

The Sunday and holiday stories of the Bible and the saints from our mother were made the more attractive by the varied relations of our father, and all these hallowed memories made a lasting impression, to which their children love in their old age to refer.

A variety of food is as necessary to the mind as it is to the body, and the imaginations of youth need catering to as well as their hearts. Nature, botany, poetry furnish inexhaustible material for children's fictions, and a child thus carefully provided for, when it reaches the age of reason rarely cares to peruse the emanations of coarse, vulgar, irreligious minds. But how counteract the bad influences of the works flooding the country, for the destruction of children's souls?

The remedy I should suggest would be to provide them with amusing cheap literature, given, where it cannot be purchased, by our philanthropists—pretty much as the Paulist Fathers gratuitously distribute their wonderful tracts. Prizes might be offered for amusing children's stories, and the material thus acquired be published, and inexpensively bound, to distribute in the homes of the poor during holidays, at Christmas and Easter.

God grant that the pernicious literature of the present day may be banished from American homes, the humblest as well as the highest! In the glorious

vineyard of the church none are more capable of inaugurating such a campaign, in a striking and effective manner, that will win all good people, of every creed, to the fight, than the followers of St. Paul and the beloved and lamented Father Hecker. Those who are especially devoted to the spiritual and mental interests of our children, and who have achieved such wonderful success for their welfare, cannot fail to suppress, if not eradicate, the evils indicated.

* * *

A library of choice literature is most desirable as an adjunct to the school. Children properly taught soon come to feel a hunger for reading. If good literature is offered them they will use it, and thereby acquire a taste for good books. If left to themselves, young persons are liable to fall into the habit of perusing vicious novels and other printed trash.

Every school should have a library of carefully selected works to circulate among the homes of the pupils. The beneficial influence of such a library, not only upon the school children but also indirectly upon the community, cannot be overestimated.

The Rand-McNally School Library has a collection of standard works. The volumes are well printed, on good paper, are tastefully and substantially bound, and are sold at the moderate price of sixty cents.

Mr. Charles Wildermann (11 Barclay Street, New York City) has issued a circular in which the statement that Catholic books are kept at a high price because the sale is too small to warrant a large edition is declared to be a confusion of cause and effect. Would not more Catholic books be bought if they were cheap enough? He has ventured to make the experiment of a half-dime library of choice stories, with an attractive cover, good paper, and excellent type. The promise is given that ten new volumes will be added each year, if the results prove satisfactory by large sales. A list of the first series is here given:

Muggins. Fourth of July. Two stories by Walter Lecky.

Carlo's Revenge, and other Tales, by Mrs. James Sadlier.

Bertie and Sophy, by Rev. Francis Finn, S.J. *Who was Duncan Hale?* by a Priest of the Jesuit Order. *News of the Nowell*, by David Bearne.

The Sentinel of Metz. Little Lord Montague. Truth in a Fairy Nutshell. Three short stories by Mary Catherine Crowley.

The Heart of Clotilde, by Maurice Francis Egan.

The Doctor's Victory, by L. W. Reilly.

Ropes of Sand. His Day of Vengeance. Two stories by Emma C. Street.

Carmelita, by Anna T. Sadlier.

The Best Inheritance, and other Stories, by Christoph von Schmid.

Blind Rosa. The Conscript. Two stories by Hendrik Conscience.

The Sisters of Mercy, Mt. St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H., have published some premium books and dramas to advance the work of providing good reading for the young.

* * *

The managers of the San Francisco Free Library have decided to open to the public direct access to about 10,000 volumes. The general reader is not always desirous of some particular book; people of literary tastes like to look over volume after volume before settling down to read or study. In fact, when looking for some especial subject the average man and woman does not always know what work treats it in the way that best suits the object engaged upon at the time,

and accordingly the freedom to wander at will over so large an array of books and examine them before selecting is a privilege of no mean value.

The gratification over the decision of the managers is increased by the fact that it has been well deserved by the habitual patrons and beneficiaries of the library. Experience has shown that the reading public of the city can be trusted with the books. Something more than two years ago a test was made by placing upward of 5,000 juvenile books in a position where children could look over them and make selections direct from the shelves. During twenty-one months of this time there were circulated 118,000 juvenile books, and of that large number only thirty-six volumes were lost.

Other tests were made in opening the shelves in the branch libraries to the public, as well as those of the reference and periodical rooms in the general library, and here again experience has shown that no loss follows this privilege granted to the public. The class of people who make use of the library are evidently neither destructive to books nor dishonest, and fully deserve the larger and freer use of the rich stores of literature and learning which the new rule will open to them. Every movement which leads to an enlarged use of public libraries is not only beneficial, but is a step in the direction of giving to the people that which belongs to them. They pay for the support of the libraries by taxation, and have a right to as free use of them as is compatible with the safe-keeping of the books.

The annual reports of the Providence Public Library, Mr. William E. Foster, Librarian, show that the trustees are willing to co-operate with the schools in devising plans for providing under safe limitations reading for children.

The students of Brown University also form a part of the library's constituency. The librarian's interest, however, does more than take note of groups or classes of readers. He is more concerned with the needs of individual readers; he studies units more than unanalyzed masses. He is interested in discovering what individual book will best fit the needs of an individual reader. And conversely, as such individual book comes into his collection, he makes it a matter of concern to see that it reaches the hands of the individual reader, in some cases also classes of readers, to whom it will be of the most direct service. To be sure, the more general methods of the library, its general catalogue, its general plan of administration, its general choice of books, will go far towards covering a certain percentage of wants to be met by the library. Nearly every librarian can testify, however, that the best and most fruitful instances of service rendered by the library are not met haphazard; they come about through well-directed care, exercised in definite directions, with specific ends in view. They involve some use of the mails, a considerable amount of personal consultation and conversation; and the trained habit of mentally pigeonholing the tastes and requirements of various individual readers, as well as of the contents and special range of individual books.

M. C. M.

NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO CARDINALS.

BY AN EX-ANGLICAN.

IN order to explain my connection with these two remarkable men, I must begin by recollecting some of my own personal experiences. After passing through an acute stage of ultra Low-churchism almost as a child, I had been drawn into the very bosom of the Tractarian movement, and was educated, as it were, by Dr. Pusey, who trained me for a special Anglican sisterhood,* and who therefore looked upon me as one looks on the work of one's own hands. He had apparently pronounced it to be good, for when I left him for the true church he said that he *reeled under the blow.* The result of his discipline was not altogether a satisfaction to myself or to some of my friends. For instance, I never, if I could help it, raised my eyes from the ground, because Dr. Pusey had told me that I had deserved hell for once saying, in my impatience of a certain clergyman, that he was "an old bore" and that I detested him.

Then, I read Newman's books and drifted away from Pusey's stand-point, though I did not for some time afterwards break my connection with him. But I began to long for reality in the place of imitation, even while the notion I entertained of a Catholic priest kept me back. For I had been taught to believe all evil of the species; and the stories then circulated of

* By a strange destiny, after I became a Catholic I was godmother to the superioress whose subject I was intended for, when she was received into the church.

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their perfidy, immorality, and general good-for-nothingness were an abomination. But then Dr. Wiseman began to be much talked of, and I thought, at least on account of his great public position, that I should be safe in seeking an interview with him. So well known a character would, I argued in my girlish yet precocious logic, hesitate to risk his reputation in practising any nefarious methods upon me. At that time, my father having been dead some years, my mother had just married for the second time and we had gone to live at Malvern. I found it impossible to settle down in the sort of half-way house which my spiritual guide had provided me with, and I felt that I must go forward at all costs, and wrote to Dr. Wiseman, who was then president of Oscott College. He answered my letter by suggesting that I should pay him a visit. This was out of the question; my stepfather was very strict, and utterly disapproved of my views. Besides, in those days girls could not go about the world by themselves as they do now, and moreover I felt as if the suggestion were uncommonly like an invitation to place my head in the lion's mouth. I replied that I could not go to Oscott, and thought, with some relief to my conscience, that having done what I could, the matter would be at an end, at any rate for the present.

But soon afterwards Dr. Wiseman wrote that he was coming to Cheltenham, and appointed to meet me at the principal hotel of that place. By this time I had begun to be uneasy again, and grew bold in my desperate resolve to get at the truth, in spite of the wickedness of priests. With some qualms I hired a carriage and drove over to Cheltenham.

My first meeting with one who subsequently became a dear, intimate, and fatherly friend has left few traces in my memory beyond one or two facts. One was his placing a chair for me close to the window that overlooked the street, and my satisfaction in thinking that if it became necessary I could scream to the passers-by. Another thing which stands out clearly before me is the feeling of surprise which I experienced at the end of the interview, to have found that a real Catholic priest was quite a different being from what my imagination, fed on fable, had pictured him to be.

On my return to Malvern it was discovered that I had driven to Cheltenham, and I was obliged to make open confession of the business that had taken me there. My stepfather was very angry, and made me promise not to repeat the offence.

Some months after this I went to Leeds, to make a kind of retreat with other young ladies, under Dr. Pusey. I found that I was considered the pattern girl, and that the others were told to consult and imitate me. They looked up to me with awe at being allowed to say *Hail Marys*, to which they had not yet been promoted. The truth was that I had been left rather free in the choice of my devotions, and went perhaps, in this respect, further than Dr. Pusey intended.

In this retreat we were supposed to practise holy poverty, and to do a good deal of voluntary penance. It chiefly helped me to make an end of my doubts and hesitations. When it was over, we assisted at Dr. Pusey's consecration of a church, and the whole ceremony, combined with what I had just gone through, struck me as a sham and a mockery. My mother was naturally grieved at my Catholic leanings, partly on account of my stepfather's dislike to them, and I had asked her some time before what she would prefer that I should do, in case I did not see my way to remaining much longer in the Church of England. She told me that if I did become a Catholic, she hoped I would not take the step from home. I then made up my mind that I would not allow any one to be blamed for my action, and determined when the time came to act independently. I now made my plans. I was to travel home under the escort of a certain clergyman and his daughter, but when we got to Birmingham I told them that I was going no further, but should remain there for the present at the house of a friend. This house was one which Dr. Wiseman had rented for converts who might have to leave home on account of religion, and who were thus provided for, at a moderate expense, until they could strike out new paths for themselves. While here I saw him frequently, and learned to understand, respect, and admire him. Perhaps the first thing that drew me to him was his unaffected kindliness, free from the stiff formality which distinguished the members of the Anglican episcopate, several of whom I knew. Once, in those early days, I dropped my muff on the stairs, and remember being impressed with the simplicity with which he ran down and picked it up for me, so unlike the pompous manner to which I had been accustomed in a bishop.

He would not hurry on my reception into the church, but wished me to think and be at peace, and he told me that I had, as an Anglican, believed all that was necessary, barring the authority of the church. When the time came that I could

say I had taken this doctrine in, he received me at Oscott, and instead of making me repeat the long Creed of Pope Pius IV., he told me to read from a paper which he put into my hand, *I believe all that the Catholic Church teaches.* This belief in the church overcame all my difficulties, and seemed to sweep away my last remaining doubts.

Some nuns prepared me for Holy Communion, and I studied the decrees of the Council of Trent, so that, although I got very little actual instruction, I knew a good deal of Catholic doctrine, and could give solid reasons for the faith that was in me. About the same time two ladies, friends of Dr. Newman's, were also received into the church, and stayed with me at the house near Birmingham till it was time for me to return home. My stepfather having obtained an appointment at the Horse Guards, we went to live in London, and I had further opportunities of seeing Dr. Wiseman. Whenever he came to London, which was about twice a year, some mutual friends would invite me to dinner to meet him, and sometimes they took me with them when they visited him at Oscott.

In the meanwhile Newman had become a Catholic, and we met for the first time at the house of an acquaintance who had invited a large party to meet the celebrated convert at luncheon. The guests were mainly old Catholics, and, to Newman's disgust, they lionized him in the most objectionable manner, assuming generally a gentle tone of patronage and congratulation that made him wince repeatedly. His manner under the infliction was characteristic. A corpse could hardly have seemed more rigid or unresponsive. The atmosphere was as disagreeable to me as it unmistakably was to him, and after luncheon I contrived to get into a corner and turn over the leaves of a book. Presently he came over to me, made out who I was, and thanked me for helping his two friends. I answered that I was under obligation to him for the immense help his books had been to me, and we got on very well. I remember his saying quietly: "It is nice to have met here; one feels a little lonely."

My two new friends were a great contrast, although there were points on which they resembled each other. Both were exaggeratedly reserved with those who were not in sympathy with them; but while Newman's temperament prompted him to hide behind a wall of ice, Wiseman would look bored. Newman's manner gave less offence; people were content to regard him as a sphinx, and the crowd will always reverence what is

to them a mystery; but no one forgave Wiseman for his visible annoyance when matters of business, always unpalatable to him, were thrust on his notice. This was the case with those in office under him, and the subject of much misunderstanding. Both men were highly cultivated, and lived on an intellectual platform above the trivialities of life. Neither could endure gossip or littleness of any kind, and to Wiseman detail was insufferable. He could sketch out a plan of action in a bold, masterly fashion, and expect other people to carry it out without worrying him about minutiæ. When called upon to arrange the parts each one was to play, he was disappointing, often impracticable.

Of business pure and simple, so dear to the heart of the Anglo-Saxon, he had an abhorrence, although he was never idle. I learned in my intercourse with him to wrap up disagreeable matters, like medicinal powders, in a quantity of jam. To go to him and begin a visit by saying, "I have come to ask you to settle an important piece of business," was to court a snubbing. One had to begin by interesting him, and then, having skilfully worked round to within half a mile of the subject which was engrossing one most in the world at that moment, introduce it with an "Oh! by the by." Then he would be sure to listen amiably. But this did not by any means apply to spiritual things. He was ever ready to discuss serious matters of conscience, even the most tiresome, while he would shirk to the utmost limits of other people's endurance the task of putting his name to papers urgently requiring his signature. His conversation on subjects concerning art, science, music, history was full of charm. He had a never-ending fund of information on all these and kindred topics, and seemed to know everything without the least pedantry.

There was nothing about him of the dry-as-dust order, and he talked beautifully, in a sparkling, spontaneous way particular to himself. He delighted in children, if they appealed to him by their confidence, simplicity, or fun; but I knew some children of intimate friends of his, grown-up men and women now, who tell me they were always too ill at ease to speak to him, and that consequently he took no notice of them beyond sending them presents sometimes. He was most indulgent, and understood child-nature so well that, where another would perhaps have chided, he found no fault at all. I remember seeing him with the Zulueta and Lonergan children, and can recall the happy *sans façon* of their ways with him. One of the

Zulueta boys used to serve his Mass and carry his train as cardinal, and would come in looking a perfect little angel of devoutness, and continue thus to look for some time. Then he got tired of praying, when the angelic, absorbed expression would disappear, and the boy would begin looking about him. Dr. Wiseman, instead of treating this as a matter for correction, thought it quite natural, and said that a child could not be expected to remain recollected as long as a grown-up person.

Soon after he became a cardinal one tiny little girl was much pleased with the bright new purple on his cassock, and kept on stroking it lovingly. Her mother thought she was scarcely respectful enough, and told her she must remember that, though his eminence played with her, he was a priest. "Oh! but he is such a *grand* priest," answered the tiny mite, and continued to stroke him contentedly.

He needed drawing out by an appeal to something in himself which he loved to communicate, and if one did not mind talking nonsense sometimes (I did not) one would, perhaps, light on a vein of fascinating entertainment unawares. But to be self-conscious and shy with him was to lose one's opportunity. In this he differed from Newman, who always seemed to resent being drawn out. Newman's was the keener as well as the more fastidious intellect. Of narrower and far less varied tastes, the great Oratorian would talk excellently well when he was interested, but it was less easy to interest him.

The two themes which he loved were the past history of the church and music. But in spite of these limitations he was better loved in England than Wiseman. The character of his reserve made him in some ways a typical Englishman; he had, moreover, the advantage of an attractive personality, and a voice which was a charm to sensitive ears. So greatly were people affected by it, that many would follow his Mass in preference to all others merely for the pleasure of hearing certain inflections and his utterance of certain words. He knew this, and in consequence took to saying Mass at a very early hour, no one knowing precisely when. I was anxious once, before leaving Birmingham, to assist at his Mass for another reason, and the day before my departure I told him that the train by which I was leaving started so early I doubted whether any priest would be saying Mass in time for me. Upon this he immediately fell into the trap, and said, "Wouldn't mine do?"

Perhaps this repugnance to being made a fuss over was not entirely owing to his extreme sensitiveness, for his humility was

scarcely less remarkable. I was one day regretting to him that my life seemed a failure, when he exclaimed, with a look of intense conviction, "It can't be the failure mine is! What am I doing?"

Another friend once remarked to him in a letter that it must be a joy and satisfaction to him to think of all he had written, and to the best of my recollection he replied that he could recall no line of any book which he had written that did not make him feel sick. If these are not the exact words he used, they were, if anything, stronger.

His intense kindness of heart was touching. I once met with an accident at Edgbaston, and was attended by a doctor whom he knew. I found that, without telling any one, Newman had gone to the doctor and satisfied himself as to every detail of my suffering. On another occasion, before leaving Birmingham, I hesitated whether to go and take leave of him personally or not. He was so much surrounded and in request that I had almost settled to write my farewell instead, when I changed my mind and went. I apologized for troubling him with another visit, but he interrupted me in the prettiest way with, "I hope you would not have done anything so unkind as to go away without saying good-by to me."

His gentle tone of raillery was also pretty. I had sat down on the nearest chair, a rather straight and penitential one, and he said, with one of his rare smiles, "Couldn't you find a more uncomfortable seat?"

My two friends did not always get on perfectly well in those days. They were perhaps too like and too unlike for perfect understanding. They would hate the same things, but in so different a way that they might have differed *in toto*, while the things they liked respectively were generally not the same.

The first time I saw them together was at Bishop Ullathorne's consecration. At luncheon afterwards, Dr. Newman only talked of the weather, and Dr. Wiseman seemed not quite to know how to meet his frigid manner. Later they got on perfectly well, and when Newman had been formally approved by the Sovereign Pontiff, and felt that people no longer looked upon him with suspicion (as he used to imagine that they did), all the ice of his manner disappeared. It was this sign of approval that was the most gratifying element to him in his elevation to the purple. In the broad outline of things, such as the extension of the church in England, devotion to the

church in general, and zeal for the glory of God, the aims, hopes, and wishes of both cardinals were the same; and they were also alike in the high moral atmosphere in which they breathed. I have never known two characters so entirely free from every vice as these two were. Imperfections there might be in them—a certain high and mighty intolerance of bad taste in Newman, a childish petulance in Wiseman—but nothing more. Newman, indeed, lived in a spiritual world of his own, peopled by angels, more really present to his mind than the human beings who surrounded him. And when we consider his utter devotion to his friends, and his royal way of giving himself to those whom he really loved, like Father Ambrose St. John, we can a little realize what his spirituality must have been. The friendship which he inspired was ideal. Men were content to efface themselves where he was concerned; it seemed to those who loved him a matter of course, and no self-sacrifice would have appeared to them worth a moment's hesitation if they might thereby have added to his happiness, or have procured for him a few more years of life and usefulness. He was a David to many Jonathans, though none were so closely knit to his soul as the Jonathan of his youth, Father St. John. Cardinal Wiseman, on the contrary, had few friends, and of these not all remained faithful to him through good and evil report. He shared the common lot of peacemakers; the old Catholics blamed him for making much of converts, and the converts were not at home with him. Manning and Ward were always publicly his supporters and he supported them against all comers; but there did not seem to be much intimacy between them. Less ascetic than Newman, Wiseman was notwithstanding as full as he of the love of God. He accurately described his own character when, on his death-bed, he declared that he felt like a school-boy going home for his holidays.

Especially vivid are my recollections of the time which has been so admirably written about in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, when, having taken as he thought a long farewell to England, he had by the pope's command returned to Rome. The news of his elevation to the Sacred College was received by his friends at home with mingled pleasure and pain, for to us it seemed to indicate that in the future we should see little of him. Then came the wonderful announcement that he was returning to England as Archbishop of Westminster, his letter "from out the Flaminian Gate," and the uproar which it raised throughout the country. A room

had been prepared for him at the Bagshaws' when they first heard of his coming, but when the effect produced by his letter was seen, and the newly-founded hierarchy was made the subject of a wild panic, Father Whitty, his vicar-general, and others wrote to the cardinal that his presence at that crisis might be dangerous, and that he should not think of coming till the public excitement had had time to subside. On the presumption that he would act on this advice I was invited to occupy his vacant room.

I accepted the invitation, and was awakened one morning between five and six o'clock by Mrs. Bagshaw standing over me, and saying that I must get up at once, for the cardinal had arrived. The only notice he had taken of the warning letters was to hasten his journey to London. I vacated his room with all speed, and it was got ready for him while he was partaking of breakfast down stairs. I was then hustled off in a cab to fetch the vicar-general, who was much exercised to hear that the principal object of public execration was in the very midst of the fray, and prognosticated direful results. After seeing Dr. Whitty, the cardinal, having travelled all night, retired to bed for a few hours; but he was soon up again and writing out the famous address to the English people, the composition of which had occupied him during his journey. I did not encounter him till the afternoon, when he came down stairs. I kept shyly at a distance, and he said, "You don't seem to come and talk to me." I answered glumly enough that I did not know how to talk to Eminences. "When you went away," I said, almost crying, "you were my father, but everything is different now."

"Nothing is different," he answered, "between me and my children, and you are not to be different to me." So in a little while the strangeness wore off, and I found myself talking to him quite naturally, as in old days.

His great tact, his geniality, courage, and large-mindedness in time produced their effect on the public mind. The big words bandied about broke no bones, and at last the agitation was only kept up by the extremists. But the cardinal seemed less happy under the weight of his new dignity, and there were troubles too in his own household. He used to say to me:

"Come and see me, come often; you will generally find me alone."

"But surely," I once answered, "in your position you must be surrounded with people."

"My position," he replied rather bitterly, "is an isolated one, and I am misunderstood even by those among my clergy whom I have cared for most." I felt that it was a relief to him to pour out his griefs, and seeing that he appeared to talk himself into a more cheerful vein, I listened without saying much. Just as he was getting bright and quite entertaining the door opened and his secretary, Canon Morris, walked in with a bundle of papers under his arm and a look which said as plainly as words, "I have business with his eminence and ladies are decidedly *de trop*." I rose to depart, but was peremptorily told to sit down again. Father Morris was dismissed with impatience, and gave me a withering look as he left the room. I could not help contrasting his manner with Father Whitty's. In a similar scene the vicar-general would probably have scored by reason of his greater urbanity. He would have said something like this, when I made a movement to go: "Don't hurry, pray, though I shall have to turn you out presently," and have remained in possession of the field.

I used often to breakfast with the cardinal—this was generally his time for receiving informal visits—and was one day telling him a funny story when his secretary, who was also present and as usual wanted his ear, told me rather sharply that I was exaggerating.

"No," I answered coolly, "I am only giving a little color."

"Go on," said the cardinal, laughing, while Canon Morris relapsed into a dignified silence.

With all his dislike to tedious detail, Cardinal Wiseman was by no means unpractical or sketchy in the advice he gave. When I became a Catholic he answered my aspirations after a religious life by advising me to wait and see what the life of a practising Catholic was. Many converts, he said, found in the daily round of the church all that they had sought in religious life. But when afterwards I continued to think I had a religious vocation he did not oppose my making a trial of it, although he thought it non-existent. At another time his good common sense prevented me from making an undesirable marriage. I represented that home was rather unhappy, and he answered, "But don't commit matrimony, or any other imprudence, merely to get out of it." Soon after the establishment of the hierarchy, I was thrown more particularly on his fatherly protection by the death of my mother, who, with her last breath, entreated my step-father and myself not to think ourselves obliged for her sake to keep house together. This wise expres-

sion of her wish in the matter no doubt spared us both much unhappiness, and was the cause of my being left to my own devices at a younger age than is common to the generality of women. I was, therefore, free to devote myself to my friends and to be devoted to by them. Looking back, I can see that I was one of the many factors in the mistakes which made Cardinal Wiseman to be misunderstood by friends and enemies alike. He felt for my loneliness, I amused him and he spoiled me to an extent that even I could see was injudicious. I remember suffering much vexation and discomfort once at St. Mary's, Moorfields. There had been a splendid function as in Italy and such as he loved, a luncheon being given afterwards by the local clergy. The cardinal, whom I saw in the sacristy, insisted on my coming to the feast, although no other ladies were present, and talked to me all through luncheon, though there were dignitaries there to whom he should have devoted himself. It will not appear strange that even the charm of his conversation was scarcely able to put me at ease. This was by no means the only occasion when his kindness of heart, in league with his boyish proneness to play truant, led him into situations where he was exposed to hostile criticism. It was quite impossible to him, thinking no evil, to be on his guard against misinterpretation, and his very guilelessness gave occasion to it. Thus he went ahead, carrying out his own views, fulfilling his mission as he had himself interpreted it, being himself always, and giving offence often, because he was not fashioned according to other people's ideals. There was in the Westminster diocese a remarkable woman, a nun and superior of her convent. She had distinguished herself in the Crimea, won golden opinions for her courage and devotion on the battle-field, and would perhaps have made a better soldier than a religious, although eccentricity was perhaps the main obstacle to her perfection as a nun.

Cardinal Wiseman understood her thoroughly and knew how to appreciate the sterling qualities which underlay the somewhat extraordinary surface of her character. She caught scarlet fever, and when she was sufficiently recovered and had been disinfected, he asked me to go with her and stay at his villa at Leyton, where she was to complete her recovery. I did so, and sometimes the cardinal and Monsignor Searle would come down in the afternoon and spend an hour or two with us. He was in the midst of the Errington troubles, harassed and worried on all sides, and glad to escape from the uncongenial at-

mosphere which stifled him in London. On one such afternoon we were all in the garden together, when approaching from the house we saw a stranger, a priest, carrying a portentous scroll of papers, evidently on business intent. It transpired afterwards that he had been to the cardinal's house in London, and not finding him, had pursued him into the country. His assurance must have been great, but it was not equal to the coldness of his reception. The cardinal did not relieve his embarrassment by a single word, and with a confused "I see you are occupied," he beat a sudden retreat.

Father Ignatius Spencer, the Passionist, had been charged by Cardinal Wiseman to organize on a large scale prayers for the conversion of England. It was a subject on which both felt the keenest interest, and the cardinal was anxious that the confraternity should be formed without delay; but he did not want to be fretted with the arrangements. It was found, however, that nothing could be done without consulting him on a variety of questions. He therefore invited Father Spencer to luncheon, and immediately afterwards the Passionist began upon his statistics, whereupon the cardinal said he was going for a drive and that they could talk in the carriage. But Father Spencer soon found that there were so many visits to be paid that there was no opportunity for discussion. He pursued his point, held on like grim death, knowing that he might never get another chance, and returned with him to dinner. It was not till late in the evening that he succeeded in getting the matter settled.

Father Spencer was, nevertheless, a great favorite with the cardinal, who honored him as a saint. I often heard him speak of his death as an ideal one for a Passionist. It happened in Scotland, when he was on his way to the Monteiths', quite alone. His body was found in a ditch.

With all his learning, his absorbing cares and grand projects, Cardinal Wiseman could take interest in things which to many would seem quite insignificant and beneath his notice. He never forgot the least of his friends' troubles or inconveniences, and his sympathy was unbounded. The following note testifies to his simple faith in the efficacy of feminine occupation for soothing the feminine mind:

"Leyton, N. E., February 2, 1862.

"My dear Child in Christ: I want a something doing to fill up the middle of an anti-Macassar, I think it is called, though

I never was worth a bottle of Macassar or other hair-oil in my life. However it is for the back of an easy-chair, to which I have adapted a rich piece of purple silk, hollow in the middle, thus: (*Here he sketched the manner by a diagram.*) The lining (red sarcenet) goes across the hollow, so that thick crochet would show the red through. If you preferred Berlin work (blue and red, I think) I should be equally grateful. The size in either case is *exactly* 16 inches by 10. So now do as you like, and I will come and see you and cheer you up. God bless you. Your affectionate Father in Christ,

"N. Card. Wiseman.

"I gave orders for your veil to be returned *long ago*. Newman knows of it."

Towards the end of his life he used to be fond of writing little plays for children to act in convents. These I used to copy out for him, and if I took too long a time over the work he would make pathetic appeals for restitution. I regret that some of the amusing notes which he wrote to me on these occasions appear to have been lost.

Once I seriously annoyed him. The Confraternity of the Children of Mary had recently been instituted, and the director, Father X——, made a great point of the members attending all the meetings. I had joined, and was very zealous in keeping the rules. It happened that one of the meetings was fixed for a morning on which I had been invited to a large and more than usually ceremonious breakfast party at the cardinal's. I thought that the company would depart in good time for me to attend the meeting, but I found that the whole affair took longer than I had anticipated. At last, in desperation, I got up, went to my host and, apologizing, said I was obliged to go. He came with me to the door of the room, bowed stiffly and said, "Of course I know that my position is nothing compared to Father X——'s." I saw that he was offended, and he continued to be so, to my great distress. When I could bear the coolness no longer, I asked Dr. Newman to advise me what to do in order to be forgiven. He told me to write to the cardinal, and invite myself to luncheon as if nothing had happened. I did so and was told I might come. After the first few minutes his manner gradually resumed its wonted kindliness towards me, and we were as good friends as before.

It had been a trifle that had interrupted the even tenor of our friendship, but straws will show which way the wind blows.

He had a justly exalted notion of the dignity of the purple. It belonged to the reverence and admiration which he felt for the grandeur of the Catholic Church and her institutions, and was a part of the tone of mind which made him feel isolated among his brethren, recognizing the deference due to him from all. Perhaps it was more at war than any of us knew with the school-boy rampant in him to the verge of old age. I was never more struck with his tender-hearted humility than during his last illness. At Christmas he was far from well, but we did not know how seriously ill, and I was touched with his gratitude for my having given up a grand function at Farm Street to go and see him. A function was so great a joy to him that perhaps he overrated my sacrifice. But I too was thankful afterwards, for the next time I saw him he was lying insensible, and I realized, as I stood with Canon Morris by his bedside, that my kind, indulgent father would know me no more on earth. He had been singularly patient throughout his illness, accepting as a daily penance his deprivation of Mass; and to some perhaps it was given, who never rightly understood him before, to recognize on his death-bed the nobility of his character, the blamelessness of his life, and the high degree of union with God to which he had attained. It was remarked at the last that he made more acts of love and confidence than of contrition. For him school-days were over and he was going home for an eternity of holidays.

A SAINTLY SCHOLAR:

ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

GRANDDAUGHTER of Constantius Chlorus, niece of Constantine the Great, and daughter of Costis and Queen Sabinella, Saint Catherine of Alexandria, or Ækatherina, as the Greeks called her, was born to the purple.

RAPHAEL'S ST. CATHERINE.

The Greek Menology of the Emperor Basil tells us that at the age of fourteen, her father dying, she was left heiress of

the kingdom of Egypt. So wonderful was her learning, so great her talents, that all marvelled at her wisdom. She spent her days and nights in the severest study, the most ardent research; Plato was her favorite author and philosophy to her a mere pastime. Not only was she learned and clever beyond her years, but she was graceful and beautiful, and of a lovely nature—

> "As mild as any saint,
> Half canonized by all that looked on her,
> So gracious was her tact and tenderness."

Fearing that her studies would prevent her from attending to the government, her councillors besought her to marry.

"You are our sovereign lady the Queen," they said; "and it is well known to us that ye possess four notable gifts; the first is that ye be come of the most noble blood in the whole world; the second, that ye be a great inheritor; the third, that in science, cunning, and wisdom ye surpass all others; and the fourth, that in bodily shape and beauty there is none like to you. Wherefore we beseech you, lady, that these good gifts with which the great God hath endowed you beyond all creatures else, may move you to take a lord to your husband, to the end that ye may have an heir, to the comfort and joy of your people."

But Catherine heard them with doubt and sadness. She did not care for dreams of love, as other maidens did. She could speak of "elegies;

> And quoted odes, and jewels—five-words long,
> That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle for ever. . . . All that treats
> Of whatsoever is, the State,
> The total chronicles of man, the mind,
> The morals, something of the frame, the rocks,
> The state, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower,
> Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,
> And whatsoever can be taught and known";

all these things were easy for this fair Egyptian maid, but of lighter matters she heeded little. And for marriage she—scarce knowing why—felt much distaste.

She sat before her statesmen in silence,

> "In a court
> Compact with lucid marbles, with ample awnings gay
> Betwixt the pillars, and with great urns of flowers.

The Muses and the Graces, grouped in threes,
Enringed a billowy fountain, in the midst;
And here or there, on lattice edges, lay
A book or lute."

At length the princess rose and replied: "My lords and lieges, give ear to my words. He that shall be my husband and the lord of my heart shall possess five notable gifts: he shall be of such noble blood that all men shall worship him; so great that I shall never think that I have made him king; so rich that he shall surpass all others in riches; so full of beauty that the angels of God shall desire to behold him; and so benign that he will gladly forgive all offences done to him. Find me such an one and I shall gladly take him as my husband."

Then were the lords of the council much distressed, for well they knew that such a man it was impossible to find in all the earth. Nevertheless, they searched far and wide, while Queen Catherine studied the more, perfecting herself in all the arts and sciences.

Meantime there came to her one day a holy hermit, a Christian, who told her that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to him and informed him that her son was the bridegroom desired by Catherine. Upon his presenting the young Queen with a portrait of our Lord, her heart was filled with such a longing to behold him that she forgot all else.

That night a vision came to her, and in her dreams she too saw the Blessed Virgin, fairer than all the beautiful women of earth.

"Pure as mountain snows, of gleaming white,
And sweet as fragrant rose, formed to delight."

Our Lady took her lovingly by the hand and led her to our Lord, saying: "My Lord and my Son, lo, I have brought unto You Catherine, your servant and maid, who for love of You hath renounced all earthly things."

Alas! our Lord turned sadly away and said: "She is not fair or beautiful enough for me!" At which Catherine wept bitterly and awoke.

When the morning light broke, she sent in haste for the old hermit and told him her dream, to which he replied: "O Queen! no one can come into the joy of our Lord who hath not believed, for there is no other name by which salvation cometh to mankind. You must, therefore, believe and be bap-

St. Catherine in Adoration of the Blessed Virgin.
—*Von Schraudolph.*

tized, for the darkness of heathendom is over you like a cloud and obscures the beauty of your soul. You must know that your beauty is so rare that all who look at you look again to marvel; but to Him who knoweth our hearts and seeth not the mere outside shell, the soul must be lovely, else is the whole not beautiful. When you are purified in baptism, then will you see that you are fair enough for the King of Glory; for,

'The soul is a rare essence; like the quick
And subtle spirit of the rose, it floods
Each chamber of its earthly house with fragrance.'"

Then did the Queen hear his instructions gladly, and she, with her mother, Sabinella, were baptized.

That night she dreamed again of the Heavenly Courts, and the Virgin Mary presented her to her Son, saying, "Lo! here is the maiden and she hath been baptized, and I myself have been her godmother."

Then the Lord Christ smiled upon her and placed a ring upon her finger to plight her troth.

When she awoke she marvelled greatly at the ring upon her hand and regarded herself as vowed to Heaven, leading a life of purity and holiness.

There came to the beautiful city of Alexandria the tyrant

Maxentius, who persecuted the Christians cruelly; and when this news came to the ears of the Queen, she came forth from her palace and, standing upon the temple steps, she pleaded for her people and argued for the truth of the Christian religion. Quoting from Plato, Socrates, and the Sibylline books, she overcame in argument over fifty of the most learned heathen and they were converted to the Faith. This enraged Maxentius so that he ordered them all put to death, and they went gladly forth to martyrdom, regretting only that they were unbaptized.

"Be of good cheer," said the Queen, "for your blood shall be accounted to you for baptism and the flames as a crown of glory."

Then the emperor dragged Catherine to his palace, tempting her in every way, but she repelled him with disgust, saying: "How could I dream to wed with you, poor earthly king, when the King of all Heaven is my Eternal Lover? You can give but the poor splendors of this world."

Maxentius threw her into a dungeon, but angels came and

The Flight to Mount Sinai.—*Muche.*

ministered unto her; it was filled with fragrance and light, and flowers bloomed about her, herself the fairest flower, in sweetness like "the rose, the nightingale of flowers."

At last the tyrant ordered her to be put to the most cruel

of deaths. A wheel was made to revolve in different directions, so that when bound upon it her tender body would be torn limb from limb. But the saint prayed to God, and He sent angels who broke the wheel and smote her executioners. At this Maxentius ordered her to be beheaded, and thus she met her martyrdom.

Legend tells us that her body was carried by angels to Mount Sinai in Arabia, and of this Falconius, Archbishop of San Severino, says: "As to what is said that the body of this saint was conveyed to Mount Sinai, the meaning is that it was carried by the monks of Sinai, that they might devoutly enrich their dwelling with such a treasure. It is well known that the name of an angelical* habit was often used for a monastic one, and that monks (on account of their heavenly purity and functions) were anciently called angels."

The Crusaders of the eleventh century brought the legend of Saint Catherine to Europe, and Simeon, a monk of Sinai, coming to Rouen to receive the annual alms of Robert the Pious, Duke of Normandy, brought with him some of her relics, which he left in France.

Saint Catherine has been a favorite patroness of many, notably the University of Padua, which opens the day after her feast; the Venetian doges, of whom Pietro Gradenigo, in 1397, instituted a grand festival in her honor, called to this day "Festa dei Botti"; and Jeanne d'Arc. This lovely maiden showed much of St. Catherine's constancy and purity, and it is said to have been a vision of the saint which first inspired her to save France. Her white standard, with the lily and the holy names, "Jesus, Maria," was modelled after one which the saint showed her in a vision, and her sword was discovered by a revelation in the church of St. Catherine at Fierbois.

An indication of the saint's popularity lies in the fact that even in Protestant England there are to-day over fifty churches dedicated to her.

It might be well for the "New Woman," who is striving for the higher education and greater prominence of her sex, to read the life of St. Catherine. To this day she is known as the patroness of schools, colleges, learning, elocution, philosophy, scientists. She occupied a public place, "the observed of all observers"; she commanded the highest worldly position, riches and honor; yet with all she was the most lovely of women—pure, gentle, sweet, womanly to the core. Perhaps the explan-

* Schema aggelikon.

ation of this perfection lies in the fact that she had before her the highest of motives, the most flawless of models: the desire to be pleasing to our Lord and to be like His Mother.

The Fathers of the church did not at all object to learning in women, but realizing, as a wise man of a later date, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," they wished the sex to drink deep from the Pierian spring, the fountain-head of all Wisdom, Him who is Wisdom and Knowledge. A wise writer has said: "Understanding is the light of the soul, and it is plain how exceedingly this is enlarged by the exercise and acquisition of solid science and useful knowledge. A piece of ground left wild produces but weeds and briars, and the difference is not less between a rough mind and one that is well cultivated. Women especially, upon whom the instruction of children mainly depends, ought to be well instructed in the motives of religion, the articles of faith, and all practical duties and maxims of piety. After this may follow "a tincture of the works of genius and spirit, and other accomplishments"; but religion should always be placed first, since "Learning is, next to virtue, the most noble ornament and the highest improvement of the human mind."

St. Catherine, St. Augustine, and St. Anthony.—*Signorelli.*

In art St. Catherine is known by her thoughtful, meditative expression, her noble and aristocratic features, and her purity and dignity of mien. Her symbols are the martyr's palm, the

royal crown, the book, the sword, signifying the manner of her death, the roses of innocence and purity; but the wheel, her instrument of torture, is her constant attribute. Many other saints have the other symbols; she alone has the wheel.

The best known painting of St. Catherine alone is one by Raphael, now in the National Gallery, London.

Leaning upon her wheel, she stands in the centre of the canvas, in the background a lovely Bolognese landscape. Her tall, rather full form is draped in blue garments; a robe of richest crimson is held about her by one white, large hand. The other is laid upon her breast; her throat is bare; a halo

MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.—*Van Dyck.*

encircles the well-shapen head, with its bands of soft, cloudy-looking hair. The forehead is high and broad; the dark eyes, upturned to heaven, have much thoughtfulness in their gaze; the features, though by no means artistically perfect, are expressive and high bred, and the whole figure is womanly, refined, and warmly thoughtful, rather than expressive of cold intellectuality, and it is in the best style of the Bolognese school.

In a picture by Signorelli, St. Catherine stands with St. Augustine and St. Anthony, in an attitude of devotion, carrying a book and the martyr's palm; and here she is younger, more delicate, more chaste-looking than in Raphael's famous picture.

Gaudenzio Ferrari's painting of her martyrdom is perhaps

one of the most remarkable paintings of the fifteenth century. Ferrari was a Lombard and possessed of all the marvellous *chiaroscuro* of the school which produced a Luini and a Da Vinci. The dark background is alive with sullen, furious figures. From a balcony above the wicked Maxentius watches the scene, a smile upon his evil face. Soldiers throng about the horrid instrument of torture. On either side the executioners await the word to begin their fiendish deed.

In the centre of this horrid scene kneels the saint. Bound upon the wheels, her serene eyes cast up to heaven, she seems all undisturbed by the woes of earth, so great is her faith. Her

"The Sweetest of Child Gods."—*Correggio.*

hands are upraised, her unbound hair covers her form, only partially draped in a rich red robe. Her face, intellectual, refined, and chastely beautiful, expresses faith, hope, resignation.

Things are seldom absolutely beautiful or wholly ugly in this world. They are so only in contrast to something more or less so, and in the contrasts of this painting lies its beauty.

The contrast of the dark, evil, fiendish faces of the heathen, with the full light upon the features of the frail Christian girl, makes a picture not easily forgotten, one of those which holds a lesson for each gazer.

St. Catherine is frequently painted with other saints, either as companion to St. Dorothea and St. Agnes (two early Chris-

tian maiden martyrs), or as adoring the Blessed Virgin. One of the most perfect modern portrayals of her is in a painting by Von Schraudolph, the Munich artist. The Blessed Virgin is seated upon a dais under a crimson canopy. She wears a blue robe, a crown is on her head, from which floats back her soft brown hair under a filmy white veil, and she holds our Lord upon her knee. To the left are the three angels; St. Michael with his sword, St. Gabriel with the Annunciation lilies, St. Raphael with his wand. Little, simple, lovely St. Agnes kneels to the left of the angels with her innocent, childish face, and the martyr's palm in her hands, her soft hair brushed back from an open brow. Kneeling in an attitude of indescribable grace is St. Dorothea, her patrician head crowned and veiled, as was the custom for the high-born maidens of her time and race, her lap full of roses, red and white, recalling the pretty story of the heavenly roses brought to her by the angel. She lays the flowers at Our Lady's feet. Next to her, kneeling with a sort of proud grace, is the patroness of learning. A broken wheel lies upon the tessellated pavement at her feet; she is clad in a superb robe of gold-wrought samite; her brown curls are surmounted by a golden crown, as befits the rank of the princess-martyr, and her face, with its arched brow, clear-cut, chiselled features, its expression of unconscious hauteur (not the pride of birth, which is a sin, but that inborn pride which scorns to commit a mean action); this is an ideal saint and one says, with the poet,

> "What shall I liken unto thee?
> A lily bright,
> Whose virgin purity and grace
> Fulfils the soul, as doth thy face,
> With all delight.
> What shall I liken unto thee?
> A blushing rose,
> Which redolent of fragrance rare,
> Half-opened to the summer air,
> All sweetness grows."

Yet the saint of learning was more than lily and rose, though with the purity of one and the grace of the other. She had strength as well as sweetness, and many of her portraitures—none of them are genuine portraits—are disappointing to the idea of intellectuality and beauty which one has formed.

This is particularly noticeable in Correggio's famous picture of the Marriage of St. Catherine, for his little saint, though

very sweet, girlish, and winsome, and painted with the indescribable Correggio-esque softness, is far from intellectual. Of this picture Vasari has said that the "heads appeared to have been painted in Paradise," and the whole picture is one which will bear unlimited study. St. Catherine leans on her broken wheel, her sword beside her, in front of the Blessed Virgin, upon whose lap sits the Baby Christ, about to place the ring upon the saint's hand. The Virgin's face is lovely beyond words, with the sweet, womanly beauty of Correggio's women; the baby is the sweetest of Child Gods, and St. Sebastian, with his arrows and his boyish face, looks over St. Catherine's head, smiling at the scene. Curiously enough, in the background of the picture is displayed the martyrdom of both the saints, and the landscape is too soft and peaceful to suit such awful scenes.

Murillo's last Painting.

In the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, is a picture of the Marriage of St. Catherine by Anthony Van Dyck, and it is another disappointment as to the saint, although the Virgin has been called "la plus belle des Vierges."

Those familiar with Van Dyck's "St. Anthony worshipping the Infant Christ" will at once recognize in the Virgin the same figure as appears there, graceful, slender, with a face of far more intellectuality than the painters of those days sometimes gave to the Mother of God. The St. Catherine is a rather untidy individual, with numerous ill-arranged draperies, floating hair, and a peculiar expression, and she is only recognizable by her wheel and palm as the patroness of learning.

The Infant Christ is not one of Van Dyck's best; indeed the whole painting, despite the indisputable beauty of the Blessed Virgin, is so unlike the great master's work that one

is inclined to think that he painted only the Virgin, leaving the rest to be finished by his pupils.

This was the case with another great painter, for in the convent of Los Capuchinos, in lovely Cadiz, there hangs a painting of the "Marriage" of the Scholar-Saint which has very mournful associations. It is the work of *Maestro* Murillo, the greatest of Spanish artists. While absorbed in his painting one day he stepped back to view the effect and fell from the scaffolding, being injured so severely that he never painted again, and Meneses Osorio finished the work. It is unmistakably a Murillo. The Virgin he so loved to paint, with her gentle face, ner pensive air; the Child God, so wise, so charming; the attendant angels; the graceful saint, her dress rich, her attitude devotional, her face noble, beside her upon the stone-flagged floor her wheel and sword; the soft, *vaporoso* background upon which float airy, chubby, darling cherubs—Murillo's *niños*, of whom he never tired—the shadowy corners and the shaft of light from the *patio* beyond, ah, nobody but the great Master could have painted such a picture!

Marriage of St. Catherine.—*Veronese.*

Somewhat similar to this in conception, though far inferior in devotion, is a painting of St. Catherine by Paolo Veronese in Venice, and this is also very like to Tintoretto's painting of the same subject. There is the same splendor of attire, the same crowded canvas, cherubic host, and cloudy background. The Veronese Virgin is lovely, the Infant Christ is utterly unconcerned, the saint kneels stiffly upon her wheel. The magnificent blending of color atones for the flaws of the picture, and indeed, as a colorist, the friend and coadjutor of Tintoretto has never been excelled, while falling below his great contemporary in grace and form.

Treated as the sixteenth century artists treated it, "La Spozalizio" is scarcely an attractive subject, and one wonders why it was a favorite with the mediæval painters. There are nearly half a hundred of these pictures in existence, and it seems strange that the *other* legend—that of our Lord's refusing the unbaptized maiden as the bride of Heaven—should seldom have been painted, for it offers every artistic possibility.

Pinturicchio has a great picture of the "Dispute with the Philosophers," with Maxentius on the throne; Vasari painted a theatrical picture of the same subject, and represents St. Catherine as

> "Among her grave professors, scattering gems
> Of art and science."

There have been many portrayals of her martyrdom, others of the miracle of breaking the wheel, but the "Marriage" has always been the favorite subject, showing the tendency of the age toward mystical art. Even in our own day there has been a beautiful painting of this subject, by Jager, a painter of the Munich school, a follower of Hoffmann and Von Schraudolph, as the softness of his work shows. There is not a hard line in the painting; all is softness and grace. The Virgin is refined and thoughtful, the Christ-Child dignified and holy, the attendant angels graceful and tender, the St. Catherine pure and beautiful. Harmonious and lovely as the picture is, the saint does not satisfy our ideal of the princess-martyr. She is too girlish, too gentle, too timid. There is much sweetness, but a lack of strength, and we want

The Mystic Marriage.—*Jager.*

"A little of true steadfastness
Rounded with perfect gentleness."

In the Brera at Milan is a picture of St. Catherine by Luini, a sixteenth century Lombard, of which Mrs. Jameson says: "It is noticeable for the tranquil and refined character of the head of the saint, and the expression of death is exceedingly fine." The "Entombment of St. Catherine" it is called, and it is one of the loveliest of subjects. The tomb—a beautifully carved one—is open to receive the body which angels are lowering into it, and the vigor and grace of their attitudes as

"The Perfect St. Catherine."—*Murillo.*

compared with the still figure of the saint is beautiful and significant.

Muche, a modern German painter of the Bavarian school, has a fine painting of the "Flight to Mount Sinai," of which an art critic has said, "the floating, onward movement of the group is most beautifully expressed."

Four angels, one with the sword, bear the saint's figure, her lovely, haloed head resting upon the shoulders of two of them, while they all seem floating through the air; and below is the sea and the plain of Syria.

These are lovely pictures, artistic, symbolic, devotional, yet we turn away from all with a sense of acute disappointment. Where is our ideal—the gentle, womanly, intellectual saint

who was to prove so salutary a lesson to the rampant "New Woman," and prove that the church, in preserving this type of learned woman, willed that her children should not be mere puppets, playthings for men, as were the heathen women often times?

We have found her at last!—the perfect St. Catherine—

> "All beauty compassed in a female form,
> The Princess; liker to the inhabitant
> Of some clear planet close upon the sun
> Than our man's earth, such eyes were in her head,
> And so much grace, and power breathing down
> From over her arched brows";

all her beauty one cannot describe.

There are the three figures which we have so often gazed upon: the simple, pensive Madonna, with her exquisite, gentle, thoughtful face so full of the divine mystery of motherhood; the lovely child, winsome and baby-like, yet with so much godliness in its deep, far-seeing eyes; the pure, earnest features of the saint, who leans forward to receive the betrothal ring, the symbol of her devotion to her heavenly Spouse; one can speak of these things but cannot convey the least idea of their beauty.

The background of the picture is dark and rich, throwing into prominence the high-bred, clear-cut features of St. Catherine; her broad, open brow, placid and intellectual; her clear-cut, aristocratic nose; her white-lidded, drooping dark eyes, under straight brows; her full, sweet lips; her chin, strong and yet girlish in its delicate curves; her perfect throat, modestly veiled, the whole form full of womanliness and yet replete with intellectual fire—this is indeed not only the ideal St. Catherine, the patroness of learning, but the ideal of the perfect religious, as the Divine Mother is the ideal of perfect motherhood in all ages.

Gazing upon this perfect type one recalls the lines of the poet:

> "Eyes not dropt down nor over-bright, but fed
> With the clear, pointed flame of chastity—
> Clear without heat, undying, tended by
> Pure vestal thoughts in the transcendent fane
> Of her pure spirit; locks not wide dispread,
> Madonna-wise on either side her head;
> Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
> The summer calm of golden charity,
> Were fixèd shadows of thy fixèd mood.

. . . The crown and head
The stately flower of female fortitude.
The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edgèd intellect to part
Error from crime; a prudence to withhold;
The laws of marriage charactered in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart—
But love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws; an accent very low
In blandishment, but a most silver flow
Of subtle-pâcèd counsel in distress,
Right to the heart and brain, though undescried,
Winning its way with extreme gentleness
Through all the outworks of suspicious pride.
. . . The world hath not another
(Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,
And thou of God in thy great charity)—
Of such a finished, chastened purity."

It was given to the genius of Murillo to paint this flawless picture; of Murillo, whose purity of life and morals was so great in the age in which he lived that he scourged himself, fasted and prayed, before beginning a holy picture, that his work might live after he was gone, to fill men's souls with beautiful thoughts and longings after everything "lovely and of good report," as was the life and death of the beautiful Princess-martyr, the patroness of learning, the Saintly Scholar of Alexandria.

Entombment of St. Catherine.—*Luini.*

THE MAKING OF A GREEK FLAG.

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG.

"POVERTY is degrading," she said, as she slowly buttoned her jacket before the mirror and gave a sympathetic little nod to its sweetly defiant reflection. She went down the many flights of stairs and out on the street.

"It is degrading," she reiterated, mentally returning to her dominant thought, "and it is more degrading to meet its conditions before one's inferiors than before one's equals; that is why," she laughingly faltered, "I am hiding this bottle so suspiciously under my arm"—she pulled the folds of her sleeve over the protruding package and hurried onward—"and," she continued in mock apology to herself, "that is why I am going out at nightfall for my bottle of milk for my supper. I am sure," she smiled amiably, "I do not wish to go into the restaurant, but, oh, it is so much more satisfying to be conventional—to live in a conventional manner! Men can be Bohemian for a spell and jest over it, after they have left Bohemia behind—but women, women," passionately, "are marked and marred by environment, and they do not leave Bohemia," she went on hopelessly. "The little things of that life, the makeshifts and deprivations, the enforced associations, the petty details of material necessities grind into the very soul. No, women do not leave Bohemia, for its insidious influences lose them the other life. And poverty peoples Bohemia."

She walked briskly along. It was cold and the streets had few pedestrians. In front of the small dairy shop two fruit-venders had drawn their still laden carts together at the curb and were exchanging commercial amenities in the delaying hope of attracting further trade. She noticed them vaguely, then hesitating, stopped.

"How much are your apples?" she asked of the younger vender.

"Tree, fiva centa."

"Give me three." While he prepared her purchase she watched the twinkling lines of lights converging at the horizon. He handed her the bag, she reached mechanically in her pocket, gave him a coin and turned to go. He made a move-

ment as though intending to give her change and, noticing the motion, she turned back, reaching in her pocket as she did so.

"Oh," she said quickly, "I made a mistake; I gave you a quarter."

"No, no, no!" he replied in immediate defence.

"Oh, but I did; look, you will see."

He pulled a handful of coins from his pocket and gesticulated in that agitation of helplessness that vainly seeks to find expression in an unfamiliar language.

"No, no, no, hava no quart."

"But, you must have it," she insisted. "I had just three quarters and a nickel in my pocket, I am sure. You must give me my change," she added firmly.

The two venders conversed excitedly together and then prepared to move away. But she confronted them.

"I will have you arrested," she said in quickened desperation; "you shall not take my money this way; I will have you searched."

The accused vender paused an instant in dogged perturbation, "Not gotta no quart."

"But you have, I know you have, and it is not right that I should let you go; and I will not." She hastened her steps to keep pace with the fleeing venders.

At the corner she saw several policemen standing together in a shadowed doorway.

"Oh," she halted breathlessly, "stop those men, stop those men!"

The officers gathered about her. One raised his stick commandingly, and the frightened venders stopped. They stood dumbly by the curb while the woman made her accusation to the policemen.

"You see, I had just three quarters and a nickel," she explained, "and I gave him what I supposed to be a nickel, and as he took it, he reached in his pocket as though to give me change."

"Sure, he's a rogue," said one of the officers.

"The evidence is against him," the second remarked.

"Give the lady her money," commanded the one who was evidently highest in authority.

"Not gotta no mon—no quart."

"Then why did you reach in your pocket?" The officer viewed him with stern distrust.

The accused looked straight at the formidable group. "Not gotta no quart," he repeated.

"But he must have it. I don't care for the money"—she spoke in nervous, apologetic tones—"but it's a matter of principle. He's a thief; make him give you the change, and—and you may give it to the first beggar you meet."

The officer did not hesitate.

"Do you want him locked up, ma'am? There's no doubt he's a thief."

She hesitated, however.

"Yes, he is a thief, I feel sure of that; but where will you lock him up?"

"At Jefferson Market Court, and you can appear ag'inst him in the mornin'."

"And—will he be there all night?"

"Sure, he'll be there for more than all night, I'm thinkin'."

"But couldn't you search him, and take the money—and I don't want the money myself, you understand, but just—"

"I'll lock him up, ma'am, if you say the word, and the judge'll likely 'nough send him over to the Island, and he'll not be after stealing for some time to come. But it's all I can do is to lock him up."

She turned to the vender.

"Why don't you acknowledge, and give me my money?"

He stolidly returned her gaze.

"Not gotta no mon," he replied.

She looked down the street. The lights and the stars mingled in her vision. A crescent moon swung over the tall, dark buildings; the air came cool and fresh from the river. Her decision came as no uncertain answer from those sources.

"No, I cannot have him locked up; I could not have any one deprived of liberty through me. But," in tentative hope, "make him give me his name and I will investigate."

"Where's your license?" The officer spoke roughly. The vender fumbled in his pocket, found it, and held it out. The officer took it and walked to the street lamp. The woman followed.

"George Lovakai," the officer read.

The woman took out a visiting card and pencil and jotted down, as he read, the official identification.

"Greek, aged nineteen," continued the officer, "residence 16 Mulberry Street, permit 3119."

"Thanks." She slipped the card in the bag of apples she was still clutching in her trembling hands. "I—I will investigate; let him go."

"Go on, step lively; the lady'll see you ag'in."

She stood watching the retreating figures. The mist came from the river and veiled familiar objects into indistinctness. She walked aimlessly back to the apartment house where she resided. A servant opened the street door for her.

"Here are some apples for you," she said, thrusting the bag into his hand.

She went up the dark stairways, hardly conscious of herself or her surroundings, opened her door, turned up the gas and set the empty milk-bottle on the dresser. The face in the glass was drawn and pale. She noticed it in an uncertain way. Her mind reverted, in that relative susceptibility of scene, to the subject that had claimed her thoughts as she had last stood before the mirror, prior to her adventuresome experience. She flushed as she thought of it.

"Ay, poverty is degrading," she said, gazing at the image in the glass. "I wonder why I'm not hungry; it must be because I had those oysters this afternoon—why! that's where that—twenty—cents went!" The thought came in a horrified realization of the enormity of her mistake. "Oh, what have I done, what have I done? I must look him up"—she put on her wrap—"I must go to his house, I must tell those policemen. I must go at once, at once, before I sleep, before he sleeps."

She rushed out into the night, the darkness, she scarcely knew how, her mind formulating no defined plan, but filled with an all-compelling desire to confess her mistake to the policemen, and to beg forgiveness of the one she had wronged. She hoped they were still on that corner—the policemen—and she walked faster; she even ran where the street was dark or deserted. It was such a little while ago, and they were talking together then. Perhaps they were waiting there for some purpose. She could not condemn herself enough. And the policemen had all agreed with her. The poor boy! Suppose he had been—but something, something had withheld her from that, and she could not be too grateful for the intervention. Yes, this was the corner; she had reached it at last. There were no policemen, no one of whom she could even inquire. She stood, hoping that a policeman might pass, but none came. It was growing bitterly cold and the wind cut her face and bare hands. She would go to the boy, the boy whom she had wronged, she at length decided. She felt in her pocket for the visiting card on which she had written his address; it was

not there. She could not even remember having put it there. She must have dropped it. She searched on the sidewalk and the curb, until recognizing the futility of such action, she went home, back to her little room. She did not look in the mirror this time; she was afraid. She had turned from it when an awakening conscience had crept into those eyes. She was weak and faint. She undressed slowly, pausing in agonized reproach as she thought over every detail of the episode. As she turned off the gas she went to the window, as was her wont from childhood, to take a good-night look at the sky. The curtain slipped from her grasp. She turned away.

"I am not worthy. I am a shameful thing. God's children may look up—not I!"

"It is pneumonia," the physician spoke, with the usual professional air, "brought on, no doubt, by exposure. She is in a highly nervous condition, but not delirious—oh, no, not delirious! Humor her, humor her! It's the only way to get along with women."

"But, doctor, she wants to make a Greek flag," protested the patient's friend, who had followed him into the hall.

"A Greek flag? Been reading the newspapers, I see, and fired with sympathetic enthusiasm. Well, women go from one emotion to another. To-morrow it will be something else. Give her that sleeping draught if she becomes restless, and I'll call again to-morrow. Good-day, Miss Scott."

Many times during that day and those that followed Miss Scott tried to believe the physician's assertion that her patient was not delirious, but she was sorely perturbed. There were daily conferences in the hallway between the physician and the patient's friend, and the proposed Greek flag always figured in those colloquys.

"She doesn't talk of anything else, she doesn't think of anything else. She makes estimates of the probable cost; she has decided as to the materials, the staff, the cord; and all but the flag itself is before her. And to gratify her I have made drawing after drawing of Greek flags. Oh, doctor, you do not think her mind— "

"No," in brusque dismissal of the thought; "but"—gravely —"she is perilously near nervous prostration."

"Yesterday she raved and wept and pleaded until I got a blue silk dress from her trunk. She says she is going to use it for the blue of the flag. She begged me to cut the train

into strips. I had such trouble before I could get it away from her!"

"But, why didn't you cut it?"

"Why, she has worn it only three times, she told me, and it is such a beautiful dress."

The doctor smiled.

"Then it would make a beautiful flag. And if her mind is to be set at rest by cutting up an old party dress, well, I think you had better cut it up."

"But that isn't all. She is expecting a check, the amount of her income for the whole winter, and she wants me to take half of it to purchase the other necessary things for the flag. And you know, doctor, her circumstances do not warrant such an outlay."

"Umph—umph!"—the doctor rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I guess I'll bring Dr. Renshaw, the specialist in derangements of the nervous system. It might be as well to have his opinion."

The neurologist was a young man, grave, kindly-faced; and to him the sick woman turned in intuitive comprehension of the cause of his accompanying the regular physician.

"You think I am very ill, do you not? That I am delirious and unaccountably morbid upon one subject? But I am not delirious; see, you may count my pulse—it is quick perhaps, because I cough so much. Miss Scott looks at me so strangely and I know she has been telling Dr. Bryant about me. And it's all because of the Greek flag—"

"I think you are talking too much," Dr. Bryant interposed.

She turned to the young physician. He recognized her appeal by saying:

"Perhaps if you speak slowly, Dr. Bryant will permit you to tell us about the Greek flag. I am almost Byronic in my love for Greece; it is a subject of intense interest to me."

She smiled in a sweet, pathetic way.

"I wish to make a Greek flag to present to the volunteer soldiers. I have my own reason for wishing to do this, and it is a good and vital reason. It means so much to me—it means everything to me! Ah, you will tell Miss Scott to do as I say. I could go back and tell you all of it—but it hurts me so—it hurt me so long"—her voice was tender and infinitely sad—"because it goes so far beyond the episode that created the desire for the flag."

She closed her eyes wearily for a few moments and then resumed:

"Traits in our natures, the awful qualities that seem ineradicable, culminate sometimes in trivial incidents, but the shock—the shock that comes to a sensitive soul—takes in all previous instincts, all latent possibilities, all moral perversions that have hitherto scarred that soul and thwarted the highest nature."

Her hand slipped confidingly, nervously into the hand that rested on her pulse.

"I would not mind telling you, telling it all, why I so strongly desire it, only I am so weak and so anxious to see the flag made. Doctor—Renshaw—is it? I know you understand. You will tell Miss Scott to do as I direct—to take this money—this money I earned, and which I meant to spend for my pleasure this summer; you will tell her to spend it for—something that is much dearer to me, will you not? And you understand, do you not?"

The old physician looked at the young one; the young man at the fevered face and dark, pleading eyes turned to his own.

"Yes," he assented, clasping the trembling hands closely. "Yes, I understand. We will all see to it that the flag is made, and it shall be a noble one, too."

The drawing-room of the small apartment was given over to the making of the flag. Two friends of the sick woman, girl art students whose afternoons were not engaged, offered to do the needle-work, and the sick woman was allowed nominal supervision of the patriotic task. Samples of silk were brought for her selection, the court-train of the blue silk evening dress was cut into long streamers and a breadth given to an embroiderer upon which it was decided the cross should be worked in a pattern of white violets. The young physician, with a zeal which he avowed was born solely of his love for Greece, had procured the flagstaff and cord, and the long, golden rod rested along the length of the sick-room.

"I like to see it whenever I open my eyes"—his patient looked at it lovingly—"and then when I close them I can see the soldiers holding it aloft; why, it may be an inspiration to them! Beautiful things and those things that stand for a righteous cause are inspiration enough to make heroes."

But it was little of the actual work that she really saw. She was much too ill for even the casual interruption for the directions it was her pleasure to give; but the fever gradually subsided; there was calm in the once restless limbs, resigna-

tion in the wan face; the eagerness and expectancy lessened as the flag neared completion.

The two girls worked noiselessly, almost joyously, and the evening hours still found them at their love-appointed task.

"We must get the flag done as soon as possible"—the young physician paused after his visit to view the progress of the work—"her whole heart and, what is more serious, her mind are set on its completion, and the continued anxiety and impatience sap her strength."

"Goodness! he makes me feel as if I were working on her shroud," said one of the girls, after he had gone. "I wonder what the flag-bearer will look like. I hope he'll be handsome."

"And that he won't spill his blood on it," the other added. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said that, for I do hope that it will be defended by the blood of its followers, if need be; but it is far too beautiful to anticipate that necessity."

"I wonder why she wanted the white cross worked in violets?"

"She has always been so fond of violets. The violet is the national flower of Greece, though."

The girls worked with quick, deft fingers and hushed voices the following day. They came in the early morning, having given up their lessons in order to put the few remaining stitches in the flag.

"It must be finished at once"—the doctor spoke gravely—"it is our only hope."

It was nearly noon when the flag was finished. The patient was very weak and the young physician took it in to her. The two girls who had constructed the beautiful emblem stood in the half-opened doorway. Miss Scott caught the long, shining folds as they fell over the physician's arm, and together they held it against the wall for the patient's inspection. She motioned them to bring it to her. They spread it out over the bed. She pressed her thin fingers over it until they rested on the cross of violets.

"Now you look quite martial," the doctor spoke gaily, but he watched with gentlest solicitude.

"Yes," she said, "my father was a soldier and a gentleman. He was brave and gentle."

"'High thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy'; that is what—"

"My hero said," she interrupted in pleased recognition.

"Oh, I am glad you like Sir Philip Sydney; but I felt all along that you did."

He stood gazing at the violet cross on her breast. She was thinking of her gift, the lovely, precious flag.

"O doctor! you will take it at once?"

"Yes; the ship sails for Athens to-morrow with the Greek volunteers. But they have heard of this fine flag, and I'm sure they would wait until you are well, to present it personally. However, they are needed in Greece," he smiled, "and we will not test their chivalry. It has been decided that they will receive it from the hands of their priest in the Greek Chapel this afternoon, where it will be consecrated and formally presented. I will take it there."

"And I—I will write the presentation card. Dr. Renshaw, you have been so good to me; promise me that you will use the words I write—you will say them so that all the soldiers may know."

"Yes, I assure you I shall do as you wish."

"And if I should be asleep, it will be here under my pillow. I feel as though I want a long rest."

"You see," said the doctor encouragingly, as he passed through the drawing-room, "she is much better. I felt sure that her mind was taxing her body's strength. She will sleep now. Do not disturb her for anything. I will call for the flag at three. She will be much better then."

"O doctor!"—Miss Scott's manner was distinctly buoyant as the physician came into the drawing-room, from which all vestiges of the seamstress' art had been removed—"she has had such a lovely sleep, she is asleep now. She has been asleep most of the time since you were here."

"Ah! I was right; I am very glad." He spoke with cheerful complacence.

"I have kept the door closed so that she might have perfect rest."

"And the flag?"

"It is still over her. She takes such joy in it. After you left she requested a pencil and wrote the presentation on a card, which she herself wishes to give you. She seemed weak but very happy, and she asked me to tell you a little episode when you called. She said that she had meant to tell you, but she felt too weak. Have you time to listen?"

"Why, yes; I hope she does not want us to manufacture a Cuban flag." He laughed in boyish enjoyment of his conjecture.

"No, but she has such whims."

"I do not think it is all caprice."

"But why she should have thought of this little incident to-day and why she should desire it to be made known to you, I cannot understand. She said you would, however. She always says that."

"Has something happened to the flag? Does she not wish it to be sent?"

"Oh, no! it has nothing to do with the flag. This incident occurred some time ago—just before she was taken ill. I told her at the time it was inconsequential. I cannot see why she should have thought of it to-day when her mind is so full of the flag."

"But the episode, Miss Scott!"

"Well, one evening about dusk she was walking home with me on Twenty-third Street when she suddenly became very much excited, and upon perceiving my surprise, she said, 'Oh, I must speak to that boy, that boy with the apple-cart,' and she started toward him. Of course I walked with her. Then she stopped, very much agitated; her face was scarlet, but she said with apparent indifference, 'Oh, I guess I won't now. I shall see him when I come back.' As we neared my door she caught my arm impulsively, 'O Miss Scott!' she exclaimed in that earnest manner of hers, 'I was cowardly back there. I did a wrong to that apple-boy, and I have been looking for him so long, and I was ashamed just now to let you know. Come, let us go back. I will tell you. I must ask his forgiveness.' It seemed that one evening," Miss Scott explained, "she purchased some apples from a boy and thought she made a mistake in the money which she gave him and that he withheld her change. She accused him to some policemen, but refused to have them arrest him. She afterwards discovered that she had previously spent the money, and she had been looking for the boy to tell him so."

"You did not dissuade her?"

"Oh, no! I returned with her to the place where she had so unexpectedly encountered him, but he had moved away. After that she used to haunt Twenty-third Street at that hour in the evening in the hope of again meeting him. At last one evening she found him, and I happened to be with her. He recognized her at once; he was startled and ill at ease at first, but when she told him how she had misjudged him and asked his forgiveness, he acted roughly and refused to acknowledge

that he had ever seen her before. She begged to be permitted to do something for him, but he turned from her and behaved as ugly as possible. But he was only a common dago."

"She said he was a Greek?"

"Yes, she had taken his name and address the evening on which she had accused him. I found it since she has been ill. She had thrust it in a bag of fruit which she had given to the servant, who, thinking it might be of some importance, had placed it in her room."

"That was probably the reason she had not found him before."

"Yes, and he was nothing but a common dago, after all. I did not think much of the occurrence except that she was strangely excited over it."

"When was this?"

"Why, the very night before she was taken ill. I came over to see her the following day, and found her in bed and with a high fever."

"He was a Greek boy?"

"She said so, but he looked like any of those venders one sees on the streets."

He walked to the window.

"I am glad you have told me this. It is always well for a physician to be familiar with his patient's temperament. But we will soon have her up, and get her out of this tense city life. I will get the flag and the card she has written. I have a man waiting to carry the staff to the chapel. I wish she might be present at the consecration, but—I shall have the pleasure of describing it to her. Really, Miss Scott, the spirit of that flag has become a part of me."

Miss Scott opened the door and then held it cautiously.

"She is still asleep."

"How long has she been asleep?"

"Since one o'clock, a little while after you left."

"And it is now three. She needs nourishment."

He entered and walked to the side of the sleeper. One hand lay across her breast, resting on the cross of violets that formed the corner of the flag, whose shining folds of blue and white shrouded her form; the other arm had fallen over her eyes, in the last effort of a purposeful reach, and in the pallid fingers a card still clung. He gently removed it, the relaxed hand yielding itself to the support of his in a confident grace that he recognized was beyond human volition. He bent over

and laid his head over her heart, and as he did so pressed his lips to the fingers resting so helplessly in his own. In that brief moment it was given to him to understand more than his heart had ever acknowledged to the living.

He turned to Miss Scott.

"She will not waken. You can notify her relatives. I think"—his face was upraised and his eyes seemed to look beyond the sky-line of the white draped window—"I think I will take the flag, as she would have wished, and then—I shall return to see if I may be of service."

"I think I will walk," he said to the coachman as his coupé stopped at the curb. He placed the flag on the seat and hesitated, took it again in his arms and entered.

"Where am I to drive, sir?" the coachman asked.

"To the Greek Chapel."

The carriage stopped. A man stood on the stone steps of the chapel holding a golden flag-staff. To him the occupant of the carriage motioned, and together they entered the vestibule and adjusted the flag to the staff.

The physician walked up the aisle of the chapel in which the soldiers had gathered. The sun came in long shafts of splendor through the stained windows and hovered in wings of light on the glittering sheen of the flag. The priest met him in the body of the church and together they stood before the altar. He held the card of presentation in his hand and silently read the pitiful scrawl which her dying hand had held for him; and he understood, even as she had wished him to understand. He took out a pencil and copied it, then handed it to the priest, putting the original in his pocket.

The soldiers stood. The priest's voice, clear and distinct, was ringing through the solemn spaces:

"In the name of George Lovakai, a Greek apple-vender of the City of New York, against whom an unjust accusation was publicly made, this flag is presented to the Greek volunteers of America."

A Cry of the Heart.

BY MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

LET not your pity come too late!
Death will not know or care—
The prostrate form inanimate,
The closed eye,—Death will not wait,
Outspeeds you unaware,
And while you lingering disregard,
He answers every prayer.

Wilt let Death kinder be than thou?
Hast heard, Death cannot hate?
With loving touch upon the brow
And lips close-kissed, he doth endow
With peace all hearts, doth consummate
All blessedness. Act now;
Let not your pity come too late.

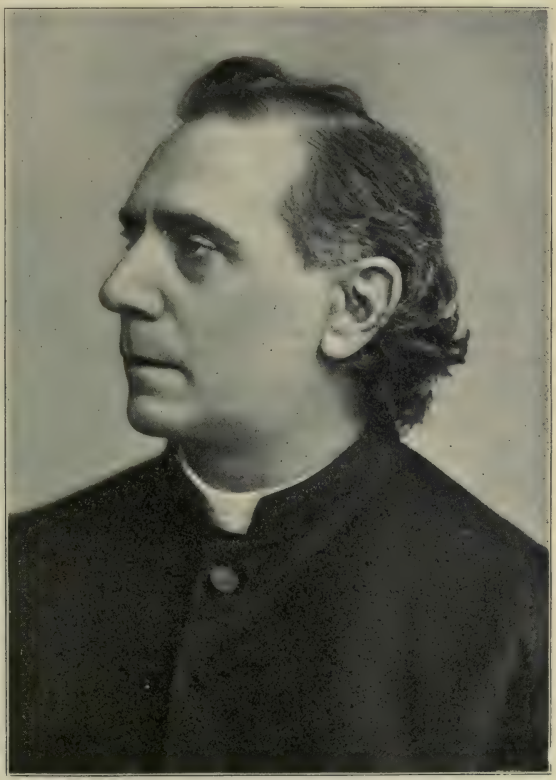
THE CATHOLIC LIFE OF CHICAGO.

BY KATHRYN PRINDIVILLE.

THE fact that stands out most conspicuously to the world in relation to Chicago is doubtless the anarchist episode of 1886. Irresponsible talk by obscure men was sensationized by a portion of the press. Mere vaporing, that would have died as harmless as it was irresponsible, was gradually materialized by conscienceless reporting and unwarranted comment, until in an apparent attempt at revolution a squad of police faced a mob largely idle but potentially vicious, and in the physical encounter that followed a number of lives were lost. No Catholic was directly or indirectly involved on the wrong side of what has passed into history as "The Haymarket Massacre."

The police had been accustomed to individual attacks with clubs and firearms, but when bomb-throwing began they became panic-stricken. The mob would have speedily mastered, in the

demoralization the officer in command could not check, when the voice of the Catholic inspector and drill-master, Inspector Fitzpatrick, rang out above the deadly din. "Steady! Fall into line!" Like soldiers, the men responded. A number fell, many were wounded, including a large proportion of Catholics. The fight for law and order was won from the moment Fitzpatrick's voice was heard. From that moment anarchy, which



ARCHBISHOP FEEHAN.

until then had never been very much alive in Chicago, was dead. Since that moment it has never raised its head.

As it was a Catholic police officer who conquered the Haymarket mob, it is a Catholic, Dennis J. Swenie, who has been chief of the Fire Department of Chicago since 1879, and has risked his life hundreds of times for its protection. It was a Catholic, Fitzpatrick, but not a kinsman of the police inspector, who, when the burning cold-storage warehouse threatened de-

struction to the entire Columbian Exposition, mounted the ladder, as he knew to his death, and put out that blaze to save the noblest monument yet reared to Christopher Columbus.

Catholic life in Chicago is as old as the oldest life it boasts. It was in 1674 that the heroic Marquette set out, ill, to establish a mission among the Kaskaskias. He cabined for the winter at "the portage of a river leading to the Illinois," the Chicago. A marble tablet on the north wall of a wholesale house on the river bank bears witness to the site of Fort Dearborn, where in 1821 Rev. Gabriel Richard, of Detroit, preached to the garrison. In 1834 a little church was built at Lake and State Streets. William Quarter was consecrated first Bishop of Chicago at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, March 10, 1844.

The second most conspicuous fact in the history of Chicago is the fire of 1871. It swept away in the general ruin Catholic churches, schools, parochial residences, asylums—property valued at millions slowly and painfully accumulated as phenomenal needs required; and the total insurance recovered was only $30,000.

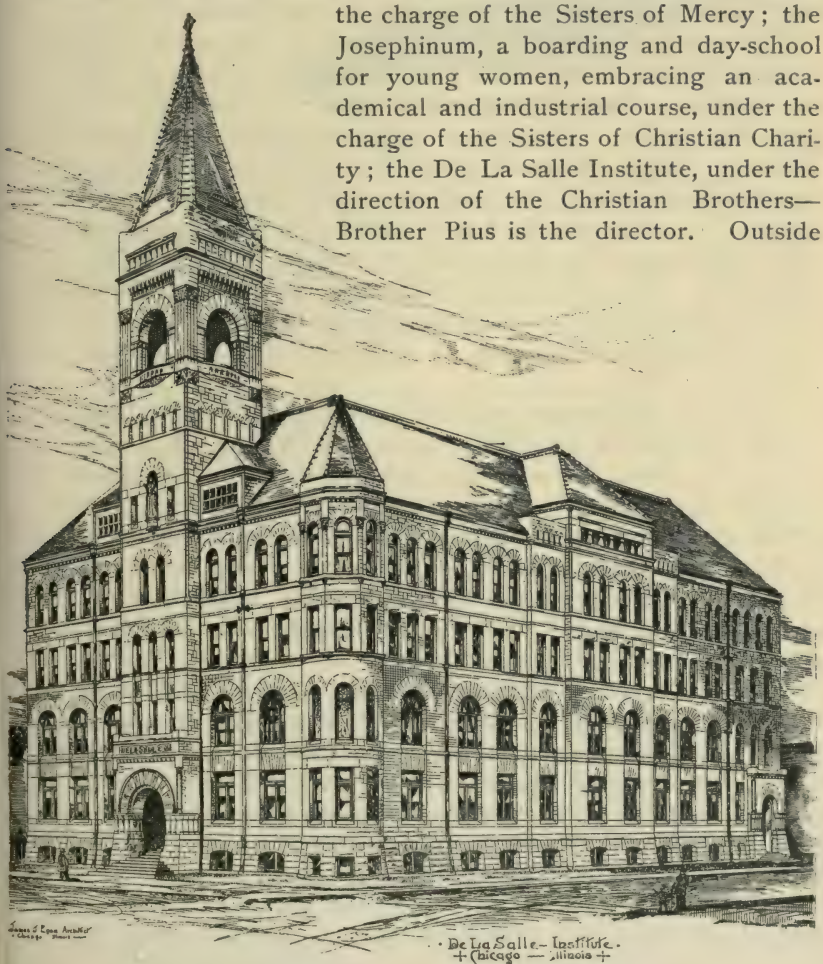
Nor did the Catholic spirit ever lose a primitive dauntlessness. Bishop Foley, of tender memory, immediately after the great fire, bought Plymouth Congregational Church, Wabash Avenue and Eldridge Court, and adopted it as the new St. Mary's. A few days after the purchase he met coming out Rev. Dr. Bartlett, the retiring minister, whose face was wreathed in smiles.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the always genial bishop.

"A son of St. Patrick is removing my reading-desk," answered he, "to prepare the way for the carpenters to build your altar. 'What are you doing, my man,' I said. 'I am trying to make a church out of this,' he replied instantly."

Throughout the North-west the Catholic element has had the hardest battle for progress. The causes are obvious—unprecedented immigration from all parts of the Continent as well as from the British Islands, and the poverty of the immigrants. In the face of gigantic barriers without parallel in any but apostolic times, it may well be deemed glorious that Archbishop Feehan, installed at the cathedral of the Holy Name, November 28, 1880, should be spiritual head of an organization comprising 449 clergy, 210 churches with resident priests, 52 missions with churches, besides numerous chapels; and completely equipped racial churches as follows: 1 Lithuanian, 4 French,

1 Syrian, 6 Bohemian, 22 German, 10 Polish, 1 Italian, 1 church for Afro-Americans. All these are within the city limits. The Catholic population numbers 650,000. The rapid growth of Catholic church life in Chicago has been followed closely by the advance of Catholic education. There are now within the archdiocese 5 colleges and academies for boys, the students numbering 1,140, 17 academies for young women and one normal school. The parochial schools number 128, and include in their statistics 48,146 pupils, besides industrial and reform schools. Archbishop Feehan has been instrumental in establishing during his administration many educational institutions; among these are, St. Patrick's Convent and Academy, under the charge of the Sisters of Mercy; the Josephinum, a boarding and day-school for young women, embracing an academical and industrial course, under the charge of the Sisters of Christian Charity; the De La Salle Institute, under the direction of the Christian Brothers—Brother Pius is the director. Outside



the city have been established St. Viateur's College, at Bourbonnais Grove. In Joliet have been recently built the Loretto Academy and Academy of St. Francis.

The Ladies of the Sacred Heart have two academies in Chicago, which are devoted to higher education. They established a convent here in August, 1858, at the invitation of Bishop Duggan. The frame house which they originally occupied on the north side of the river was moved to the west side by the aid of scows, which were towed up the river by two tugs. This building served as a boarding-school for a time, but was replaced by the existing institution on West Taylor Street. The ground attached to this school comprises ten acres. The North Side Convent is devoted to day pupils.

The Sisters of Mercy constitute one of the oldest existing religious orders in the city. They came to Chicago in 1846, at the request of Bishop Quarter, and established an academy and parochial school. The sisters did not confine their labors to teaching. In the cholera epidemic of 1854 they nursed the sick, and their first superior, Mother Agatha O'Brien, succumbed to the disease. In 1873 St. Francis Xavier's Academy was occupied. The Academy of St. Agatha is a branch of St. Francis Xavier. The sisters have also under their care St. Patrick's Academy and the Academy of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

St. Vincent's Academy is conducted by the Sisters of Charity.

It was at the request of Bishop O'Regan, in 1857, that the Jesuits decided to establish a house in Chicago. Rev. Father Damen was the founder of the order in the city. St. Ignatius' College was begun in 1869, classes were organized in 1870. When the first Jesuit church was built it stood almost alone in the midst of the prairie. The parish is now large enough to require seven parochial schools for the instruction of the children of the parish. The Holy Family Church was dedicated August 28, 1860, by Bishop Duggan.

The architectural features of many of the Catholic institutions, both exteriorly and interiorly, are a source of municipal gratification, particularly these: the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Holy Angels' Church, St. Elizabeth's Church, Church of St. Vincent de Paul, St. Stanislaus (Polish) Church, St. Gabriel's Church, St. James' Church, St. Elizabeth's Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, and the Alexian Brothers' Hospital.

MOVING THE SACRED HEART CONVENT.

Catholic organized charity in Chicago is prolific. Under Catholic care are seven hospitals. The inmates include many varieties of religions, races, and nationalities. As early as 1850 the Sisters of Mercy took charge of the hospital which has since been incorporated as the Mercy Hospital. The "Illinois General Hospital of the Lake," at that time being in need of good care, the sisters, at the request of Dr. N. S. Davis, took charge of the institution and have retained the care of it ever since. It is one of the oldest as well as one of the best of the city's institutions, and with it have always been associated the foremost physicians of the city.

CATHOLIC HOSPITALS.

At the North End of the city is the Alexian Brothers' Hospital for the care of men only. In the dispensary both men and women are treated. The building is very large, being 307 x 236 feet in extent. The number of patients received during the year was 2,250. The interior fittings are unusually fine, the wood-work being reduced to the smallest possible amount that is absolutely necessary, so that the building is practically fire-proof. Both charity and pay patients are received.

Scattered over other parts of the city are the different Catholic hospitals. St. Elizabeth's is in the western portion of the city. The Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ have charge of it. It is wholly free unless the patient feels perfectly able to pay for the care he receives. It is supported by soliciting and a few bequests which have been left to it. The hospital

ALEXIAN BROTHERS' HOSPITAL.

was opened October 17, 1887.

St. Joseph's Hospital is on the North Side and is under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph. It was founded in 1871.

ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL.

Two-thirds of the patients are paying and one-third are charity. The building is unusually well planned and fine architecturally. For the care of the orphans in the city there are four Catholic orphan asylums: the Holy Family Orphan Asylum (Polish and Bohemian), Angel Guardian Asylum (German), St. Joseph's Providence Orphan Asylum for boys, and St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum for girls. There is one infant asylum with 200 inmates, under the care of the Sisters of Charity. It has a large kindergarten. There are six industrial and reform schools, including 1,156 inmates.

The News-Boys' Home, called "Home for Working-Boys and Mission of Our Lady of Mercy," is situated at 363 West Jackson Street. Rev. D. L. A. Mahoney is director. The average number of boys which it shelters is 75. During the few years of the institution's existence nearly 500 waifs have been cared for. The first home was in charge of Rev. Father Campbell.

The Convent of the Good Shepherd was founded in Chicago in May, 1859, at the request of Bishop Duggan. Both the first and second houses were destroyed by fire—the early one on the eve of completion and the later one was swept away in the

general conflagration of 1871. The home now standing was pieced together in instalments. The House of the Good Shepherd has no regular revenue. It depends on the labors of its inmates and on donations. The city is supposed to pay $10 a month for each inmate sent by the court. The Little Sisters of the Poor take charge of the infirm and aged poor. They have four institutions, containing 631 poor people.

THOMAS A. MORAN.

St. Mary's Training-School for Boys is situated on a farm on the Desplaines River called Feehanville. The object of the institution is to care for and teach some useful employment to indigent and wayward boys. The Christian Brothers have it in keeping. Cook County Commissioners appropriate $120 per capita for 100 boys annually. The school is largely self-sustaining. The institution owns its farm, through which flows the Desplaines River. The site is good. The water is supplied by an artesian well. Manual and literary training alternate each half day. Part of the institution's income is derived from the farm produce, from the dairy, and from the poultry.

The Chicago Industrial School for Girls is situated on Forty-ninth Street and Indiana Avenue. Its object is to provide a home and proper training-school for such girls as may be committed to its charge, and to train and educate them so as to become good and useful women.

ST. MARY'S TRAINING-SCHOOL, FEEHANVILLE.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society in Chicago in its last report gave the number of persons aided by it during the year as 8,647.

MRS. J. E. EAGLE, Catholic Women's National League.

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The Chicago branch was an outcome of the World's Fair. It is incorporated under the laws of Illinois and has its monthly department meetings in Handel Hall. Its departments are, respectively, Art and Literature, Education, Home and its Needs, Philanthropy. The membership, about three hundred, is alert, versatile, earnest. The president this year is Mrs. Marie T. Robinson, succeeding Mrs. Mary A. Corkery. The progress and vitality of the League is largely due to its second president, Mrs. Isabella O'Keeffe, the former chairman of its education department; Miss Margaret L. McAuley, of its philanthropy department, now its first Vice-President; Mrs. Elizabeth E. Eagle, and to the diligence of an original group of its members, Miss Mary Smyth, Mrs. Nellie V. Gallagher, Mrs. D. F. Bremner, Miss Theresa A. Cannon, Mrs. D. F. Burke, Miss Margaret C. Cortan, Mrs. Michael Cudahy, Mrs. J. B. Sullivan, Miss Frances Etten, Mrs. Thomas Gahan, Miss Gaynor, Mrs. Andrew J. Graham, Mrs. Dayton, Mrs. T. F. Judge, Miss Alice Keary, Mrs. Joseph Kipley, Mrs. M. J. La Bounté, Mrs. J. L. Murray, Mrs. Charles A. Plamondon, Miss Katherine A. Riordan, Mrs. J. B. Sullivan, Mrs. J. M. Carroll, and Miss Goggin. The League maintains sewing-schools, day nurseries, and kindergartens in the three divisions of the city, taking care of the children of working mothers.

WILLIAM DILLON, Editor "New World."

The Visitation and Aid Society, of which John Cudahy is president, devotes its activity to looking after poor families, hundreds of whom it materially aids every year in a quiet way.

Among the numerous admirable works of Catholic women was the foundation of the Ephpheta Free School for Deaf Mutes, the society being managed by Mrs. N. S. Jones, as president, in its first financial struggles; by Miss McLaughlin, treasurer, and Mrs. Walter Hay, secretary.

Locomotives on grade-crossings have annually slain hundreds

of people in Chicago. Elevation of all railroad tracks within the city limits has been slowly accomplished under pressure of public opinion, and the two citizens who have done most to its accomplishment are Rev. P. M. Flanagan and Rev. Edward A. Kelly.

CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS.

The number of Catholic publications issued in Chicago is 17; of these five are English, three are German, one German and English, one French, four Polish, and three Bohemian.

The *New World*, published weekly, is the official organ of the archdiocese. It has been in existence for five and a half years. Previously there had been published a weekly called the *Catholic Home*, which was for some time in charge of Rev. Father McGovern. The *New World* bought its subscription list. The *New World* may be said to continue that paper, but is published in new form, and became for the first time the official organ of the Archdiocese of Chicago in 1892. It was first edited by John Hyde. He was succeeded in 1894 by the present editor, Mr. William Dillon, son of John Blake Dillon, who was a member of the British Parliament from Tipperary at the time of his death, and brother of John Dillon, present leader of the National Party majority section in Parliament.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY.

ST. GABRIEL'S.

ST. STANISLAUS'.

The Reading Circle movement owed its impulse to the Catholic Summer-School and the Catholic Educa-

tional Union. A conference in 1894 revealed more than thirty circles following the regular course. Monsignor Conaty, rector of the Catholic University, presided.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The Reading Circle movement has had constant aid from the clergy. At St. Malachi's Church, Rev. T. P. Hodnett, pastor, Miss Vaughan, principal of a public school, has conducted Dante classes. The movement has been exceptionally befriended by Rev. Maurice J. Dorney, pastor of St. Gabriel's, who, in addition to heavy tasks in a crowded parish, is compelled to yield to a portion of the non-Catholic as well as the Catholic demand upon his talents for public addresses.

The numerous academic alumnæ and alumni associations disclose the cosmopolitan character of the city.

CATHOLIC CULTURE.

Miss Eliza Allen Starr is the favorite teacher of drawing and painting in Chicago. Among her pupils was Walter McEwen, who has attained so high a rank in international exhibitions. Miss Starr's weekly lectures on art and kindred subjects attract to her auditorium the most cultivated Catholics and non-Catholics. Chicago, for the better part of his American life, was the home of George P. A. Healy, assuredly foremost of American historical portrait painters; here he is laid to rest and here abide his widow and daughters. Among the portraits painted by Mr. Healy, and now in the Newberry Library, are Bismarck, De Lesseps, Chester A. Arthur, John L. Motley, Daniel Webster, James G. Blaine, Admiral Porter, Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, General Sherman, General Sheridan, Thiers, Stanley the explorer, and Franz Lizst.

GEORGE P. A. HEALY.

Catholics have their full share in the general culture of the city. A few years ago eighteen women met to organize a systematic method of keeping abreast with the best thought in foreign literature, foreign books of the highest character being costly and not easily secured. The company included the president of the Woman's Club, whose members, nearly seven hundred, de-

INTERIOR OF HOLY ANGELS' CHURCH.

vote their time to various public works and mutual helpfulness; the president of the Amateur Musical Club, which, according to George P. Upton in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*, has been so potent in fixing a correct standard of musical appreciation in Chicago; the president of the Fortnightly, the most exclusive and accomplished of the women's societies; the head of the Girls' Collegiate School, whose diploma admits to the chief universities; Harriet Monroe, the World's Fair poet; the literary editors of several papers; and they unanimously chose Mrs. Alexander Sullivan as the first president. One condition to admission to the new club required familiarity with at least one language besides English. Its motto was taken from St. Augustine: "The world is a great book, of which they who never stir from home read only a page." The languages known to this club are Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. The president assigned, at the beginning of each year, the new works to the especially

MARTIN O'BRIEN.

qualified individual members, who thoroughly read them and then in turn, at luncheon in the members' homes, reviewed them to the others who were able to pursue the subject further if they so chose. No resident guests were allowed, but brilliant women visiting the city were invited. It was among these women Mme. Blanc, "Th. Bentzon," the writer of the admirable articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* about women in America, acquired her most favorable impressions, duly recorded in the work "crowned" by the Academy. It is held by the members that, taken all in all, Helene Modjeska was the most charming guest they ever entertained.

Of the men who combined rare literary power with ripe journalistic capacity, James W. Sheahan, for a time a newspaper editor and proprietor, during his later life an editorial writer on the Chicago *Tribune*, will be placed first of all past journalists of Chicago. His son, Joseph Medill Sheahan, is a writer on the *Tribune*. Martin J. Russell, Collector of the Port under President Cleveland, is editor of the *Chronicle*, the only daily democratic journal in Chicago, the chief organ of the party in the North-west. Mr. Russell is a keen, polished, and picturesque writer, and has never compromised Jeffersonian convictions on any public question. John F. Finerty, editor of the *Citizen*, as brilliant as an orator as he is pungent as a writer, has always been a Republican. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor of St. James's Church, has provided a beautiful hall for his people, in which university extension and other lectures are regularly delivered to earnest and enthusiastic audiences.

SOCIAL AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

In a spacious and well-appointed club-house on Michigan Avenue and Forty-first Street, the Sheridan, one of the leading social clubs, has its home. Free from the gambling-table and too-open buffet, it is pre-eminently a family club, and its social functions are numerous and brilliant. Its ball-room will permit three hundred couples on the waxed floor. While most of its entertainments are purely recreative, it devotes one evening a week to a lecture on an æsthetic subject. The officers this year are: President, Michael Cudahy; Vice-President, John S. Cooke; Secretary, Daniel Gallagher; Treasurer, C. N. Carey. In its genial but reserved precincts one may meet the families of the best Catholic element of Chicago.

The youngest of the Catholic organizations is that of the Knights of Columbus, introduced here from the East by Sir

Knights Kiernan, now head in this State; Cashman of Boston, Hogan of New York. The ranks are being cautiously recruited from the educated and more fortunate, and the intellectual and social standard is confessedly the highest of the secular societies of gentlemen. It is understood that the Chicago Knights will not have to go out of their own ranks for orators, amateur musicians, athletes, or thinkers and executants in any of the arts or pastimes that make refined life polished and restful.

An older organization is the Young Men's Institute, which has a fine club-house opposite the Holy Name Cathedral. Among the life-members are W. F. McLaughlin, M. W. Kerwin, Alexander Sullivan, D. J. Gallery, Rev. M. J. Fitzsimmons. Rev. Father John P. Dore is chaplain.

ALEXANDER P. SULLIVAN.

The Catholic Order of Foresters is numerically strong and useful in Illinois, its chief officer being Thomas H. Cannon.

The temperance societies flourish in nearly all parishes, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians, now solidified and vigorous, enrolls thousands.

There are many private military companies, including cadets. Colonel Marcus Cavanagh of the Seventh Regiment, of which the Hibernian Rifles was the nucleus, promptly offered a thousand stalwart men to the governor for service under the national flag as soon as Cuban complications suggested that such service might be needed.

The Columbus Club celebrates "Landing Day" annually with a banquet and appropriate speeches. W. A. Amberg is president.

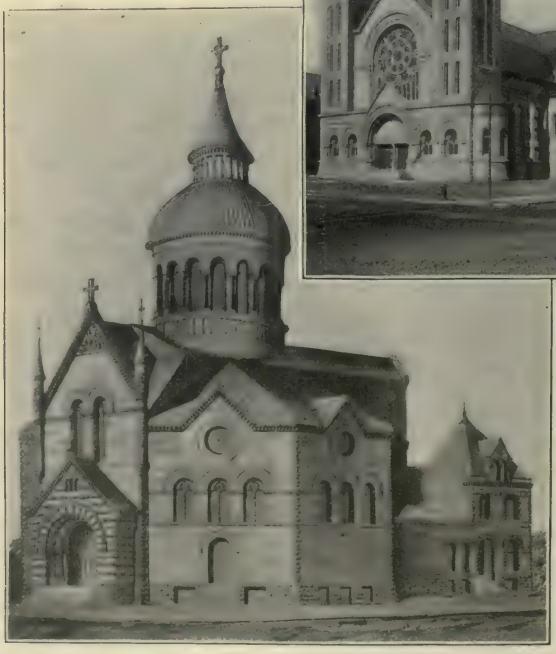
PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

James J. Egan, designer of many of the most beautiful churches of the diocese, was architect of the Court-house, the vast pile whose original lines were somewhat marred by extra-professional influences peculiar, unfortunately, in greater or lesser

JAMES J. EGAN.

degree, to many large cities, in which taste is not a concomitant of municipal rule. On the State bench two of the most trusted and most learned judges are John Gibbons and Richard Clifford; while the Chicago bar counts among its ablest practitioners ex-Judge Thomas A. Moran, who recently appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States to argue for the State of Illinois the constitutionality of the new tax inheritance law, his antagonist being Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States; Alexander Sullivan, head of the law department of the West Chicago Street railway system, the largest in the world;

ST. CECILIA'S.



CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

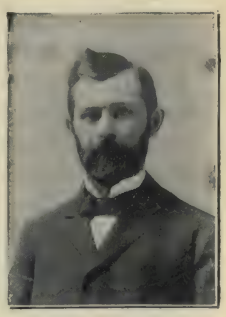
Edward Osgood Brown, banking attorney; Mathew P. Brady, M. A. Rorke, A. W. Green, attorney of the South Park Board.

In medicine Catholics have achieved corresponding distinction. Dr. John B. Murphy, inventor of one of the most valuable devices in surgery, "Murphy's button," has international reputation. Dr. Fernand Hen-

rotin, of an old Catholic French family, is in keen demand for hazardous operations.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

As the commercial and manufacturing activity of Chicago is the substantial basis of its material greatness, its Catholic merchants and manufacturers have been among its most enterprising and respected. To name but a few, William F. McLaughlin is one of the small group of the greatest coffee importers of the United States. William J. Quan has for years stood in the first rank of general merchants. After Armour, Michael Cudahy leads in vast Western agricultural and stock properties. Ambrose Plamondon was one of the earliest manufacturers of machinery, and his business is perpetuated by his sons. Edward Baggot is one of the most successful manufacturers of gas and electric fixtures. Francis Agnew built the manufacturers' building at the World's Fair. John M. Smyth is a typical Chicago "department store" proprietor.



W. A. AMBERG.

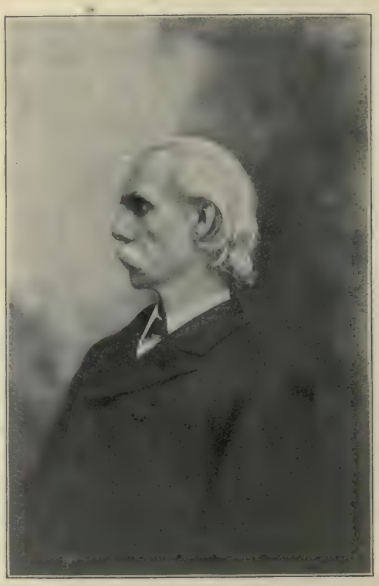
Among widely-known operators on the Board of Trade are P. H. Rice, Joseph McDonald, and Z. P. Brosseau.

J. V. Clark and Michael Keeley were early in the banking business; their sons continue the fathers' foundation. The names of Daniel O'Hara, city treasurer, and of Mark Sheridan, of the Fire and Police Commission, are honored by all citizens of Chicago. If a ballot were asked to-day for the name of the living foremost Catholic citizen of Chicago, the result would be virtually unanimous, Thomas Brenan. Arriving in Chicago in 1849, a native of Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia, of Irish parents and well equipped for the struggle of life, he enrolled himself in the militia company that, when the Civil War broke out, became part of the famous regiment led by Colonel James A. Mulligan, whose widow and children are among the most cherished of war's victims in this city. Equally esteemed by non-Catholics and Catholics, Mr. Brenan has been a member of the Board of Education twenty years, a large portion of the time chairman of its chief committee. He quitted the post of assistant city treasurer to take charge of the real estate of the archdiocese. William P. Rend, an extensive coal operator, has always been a sympathizer with and practical friend of labor organizations. William J. Onahan was chairman of the

committee having the Catholic Congress in charge during the Columbian Exposition.

WHY CHICAGO IS EXCEPTIONAL.

Unlike that in New York, Washington, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, the story of Catholic life in Chicago is not yet adorned with monuments of individual wealth and faith. But give Chicago a little time! Blame not brushwood for not being a forest. The acorns were strewn only this morning that will make the oaks of another era. The Catholic story of Chicago ought to be dated only the day after the great fire. Fortunes are slowly accumulated where none have been inherited. The Catholics of Chicago have borne their equitable share in municipal burdens, made extraordinarily exceptional conditions. The city, unlike young American cities, is not compact but can contemporaries, unlike all old cities, is not tenement-house spatulate. The pears among scarcely appearances. In Chicago phenomena. In proportion to its age and population, the city is less dense to the square mile than any other known to statistics. Its people have had to build and maintain water-mains, sewerage, lighting, policing, a fire plant and department, schools and other public necessary and benevolent institutions, for an area whose horizon but a short time ago ended in prairie grass and prairie, does not yield rich revenue for municipal objects. But, in addition to these general burdens, increased beyond estimate by the fire of 1871, and more recently by the Columbian Exhibition, Catholics have cheerfully borne their special voluntary taxes for separate schools now ranking fully with the best in any part of the country; for their parochial support and diocesan purposes. It is within reason to say that no other Catholic community in the old world or the new has been—



THOMAS BRENAN.

their resources and opportunities remembered—so signally tested, so magnificent in response, as the Catholics of Chicago. The union of bishop, archbishop, clergy, religious organizations, and laity has been uninterrupted, superb. In the general and collective contribution, the per capita of Catholic generosity in Chicago must, as results and conditions indicate, be exceptionally large. Individual monuments will rise hereafter.

REV. M. J. FITZSIMMONS.

NO ONE FORESAW SUCH A GROWTH.

When a religious community chose a site as it seemed on the virgin prairie, one of the sisters explained the choice: "We want to be able to keep a cow." To-day—and that was only twenty-five years ago—what was pasturage teems with a scurrying population of hundreds of thousands, mostly Catholic.

CATHEDRAL RECTORY.

THE SEVENTH MUSE.

BY J. O. AUSTIN.

REAL appreciation of poetry is akin to relish of music. How many a fugue or symphony wins the applause of listening critics—men and women of delicate taste, perhaps, though few or none of them have pierced through the sensible medium into the pure beyond, the empyrean of art, the land whither sound conducts us, but wherein it cannot enter. The critic can pass accurately upon word and note, while utterly insensitive to the soul that breathes through these. Into the poet's heaven, the inmost Holy, only kindred spirits can find their way, for they only recognize and use the password. The mass even of artistic and cultured minds must dwell like Gentiles in the outer court. Not seldom are they content therewith, and laugh easily over the "wild imaginings" known to be proper to those that have disappeared within the veil.

Two things—sound and verbal sense—offer food for thought and matter for comment to the mere litterateur, real man of letters though he be. It is not unlikely that he can discourse learnedly of Latin verse from Ennius down to Statius Flaccus and the rest of the Flavians; can contrast Greek with Roman, Vedic singers with Western bards, can quote you line upon line from every immortal between Beowulf and the late laureate; but the realities, that are imaged and vested in concept and word, may be, nay, probably are, all unknown to him.

Souls gifted beyond the common lot of mortals have exclusive privilege to soar above the atmosphere that mankind must breathe into the simpler ether. They and they alone follow the poet winging his flight beyond the stars, and they alone feel the warm touch of his guiding finger, and the sweep of his garment, and catch the music born of vibrations subtler than those of air. Hence the amaze of the ten thousand when they listen to genius or aspiring genius, commented upon by one wrapped in poetic fire. To eyes and ears of mortals the veiled realities are fancies, and to hear them spoken of in language corresponding to their sublimity is intelligible and honest only when this is recognized as a play of imagination; for them be-

ings unseen exist not, hence is their scepticism reasonable and fair, and consistently they dub the demigod who rises beyond their ken a harmless, babbling sort of madman.

But the poet must be content to find himself in almost the same position as the fabled voyager to the land of madness, where all the inhabitants being insane, discovered the stranger to be abnormal, and straightway imprisoned him in an asylum as dangerous to public peace. The glory of the visible world has diviner meaning for the poet than for the many—running water, and sunset, and evening star have another use than to lave the earth and color the firmament. They are emblems of the unseen. The poet hath a piercing eye—a vision that penetrates to Heaven and to Hell ; power of sight to dart through distance and cover ; quickness to catch the most faintly shadowed resemblance. What to botanist, astronomer, or photographer are things and ultimates, to him are but signs.

Still, there is more than the perceptive element in the creation of a poet—expressive he must be or fail of his end of being. Even among those who are poetic thus far, that they perceive the imaged truth, sages are divided from mystics, and in these again we find some that are merely saints, the rest being the poets, true messengers of the gods. Parting, or rather distinguishing, intellect and spirit, we classify great men as sages and mystics, the latter being such as grasp, feed upon, and assimilate those subtle realities ever unseen of mortal eye. When the divine truths thus inspired are again breathed forth under sensible form, a poem has been begotten, its author standing highest among men as "The Prophet"—his word the combination of what is humanly most beautiful with what is divinely most true. Mysticism has raised a mortal to the sky ; Poetry has drawn the heavenly down ; the mystic revels in ecstasy of contemplation, the poet has sounded forth, far as may be sounded, the sensible expression of those divine wonders which it is not given to mere man to utter.

Poetry, then, is truth plus expression. Expression may occur through the medium of musical note, words, or color. And so the term poetry is improperly narrowed to artists of verbal expression. Every musician and every artist, painter, sculptor, architect, must begin with the possession of poetic insight, and conclude by the revelation of what he has seen. This is done, perhaps, most subtly and spiritually in music, the truth therein revealed being least soiled or marred by association with the sensible and material ; so, Coleridge declared music to be poe-

try in its grand sense. Next lower comes the poet of spoken or written word, he to whom that name is most commonly applied. And third ranks the artist, lowest in poetic grade because his material equipment is sternly limited, form and color being able to convey but little of the really sublime; wherefore in so few artists, if in any, do we find a grandeur parallel to that attained by word-masters. Michael Angelo is the man who came nearest to it. Now, because, as Landor says, great thoughts should stand naked as the statue of the God of Light, therefore poetic dignity in an inverse ratio to the sensibility and coarseness of the medium through which the idea is transmitted. Music, of course, is subtlest and coloring least subtle, words holding middle place.

So, again we may say, though poetry is not directly religious, it is thus far that it must be ringing with the harmony of Divine Order—the music of the spheres. The reality of poetry, barring accidents, is in direct ratio to the truth possessed. Hence Bernard, Philip Neri, John of the Cross are essentially poets in a real sense. Hence the extravagances—as they seem to mere men—of saints are hooted at, just as the fancied ravings of a poet, that to most of his race signify nothing, unless he has become the vogue. But even where form or sensible music is lacking, poetry abides in truth and is seen by the discerning eye of another poet. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness, at any rate in that sufficiency demanded in order to make it intelligible and appreciable. Wherefore the godless man's song is *vox et præterea nihil*, unless by some outburst of the latent nobility in his nature he flashes into utterances inconsistent with his life, being moved as was the High-Priest Caiaphas, not knowing whereof he spoke. So is definite dogma the surest ground of poetic word. Thus Dante dwells on high, and Milton speaks of things apprehended by his faith. Thus is Emerson faint-voiced and vague and insecure, and Eliot no true poet. Newman, master of truth as of expression, missed being an immortal singer simply because his marvellously gifted soul was busied with its own peculiar vocation, but the divine *potentia* was his—witness the *Dream of Gerontius*, than which, says Sir Henry Taylor, nothing more like Dante's verse has yet appeared. Coventry Patmore, lately gone, had in rare combination the gifts of truth and music, or form. No critic that yet has passed upon him has had insight sufficient for the task, and the Unknown Eros that is quiet now may be sleeping for a great awakening.

But the poet who has not yet come, the man whom Emerson vaguely discerned to be Destiny's coming child, is the poet-priest —"the reconciler who shall not trifle with Shakspere, the player, nor shall grope in graves with Swedenborg, the mourner, but who shall see, speak, and act with equal inspiration"—say, rather, he whose soul shall be closest to those divine realities that underlie all the glorious imagery of the visible world, who can from things seen rise most easily to things unseen. What poem is, or ever can be, comparable to the daily oblation at the Christian altar, the Mass, the harmonious morning song of the sons of God? The soul to appreciate that must be one steeped in the most mysterious depths of poetic fervor, and if ever the truth of it could be interpreted in words, surely it would be the Poem of Time and Universe.

For, let us remember, religion—human relationship with God—constitutes the great primal and ultimate norm, with which must harmonize everything good and beautiful in man's world. So, it is not essential that poetry be directly religious; its religious character is its determining note and its crowning glory. Run over in mind the world-famous poems and judge. The epics built up on ancient mythologies are palpably inspired by deep religious feeling, each divinity introduced being but a new representation of God in his dealings with the soul; each nymph, faun, and demigod impersonating inner experiences of the conscious soul. Homer and Hesiod, differ as they may, are plainly and undoubtedly singing of spiritual realities veiled, by a sort of *disciplina arcani*—under mystic and parabolic imagery—Grote *et id omne genus* to the contrary notwithstanding.

What soul has ever been poetic enough to interpret unto us the glorious themes of Ezechiel? Mystics have penetrated therein, but the poet has not yet come who can render verbal expression to those celestial strains. St. John the divine undoubtedly is the greatest poet the world has ever seen, and few of us are sufficiently divinized to appreciate him. David, and the other psalmists, have wrought into verse truths that must thrill the listening artist until the end of days. Nothing of Milton or Dante can equal the psalms—and the world's litterateurs are forward in confessing it. If this be true, picture what joy is reserved for one when, amid the vibrations of the Beatific Vision we shall detect the subtle harmony of every strain of music from the end to the beginning of chaos.

Why Weepest, Then?

BY WILLIAM P. CANTWELL.

I.

I WATCHED the sunlight chase the shadows on
And laugh with merry glee at their mad rout,
While joy the red wine, sparkling, poured anon
And singing birds made melody about.

II.

Gray evening came, and o'er the darkling dale
The shadows cast their airy tents to rest,
Awhile the wine ran lees, and winds awail,
The weary songsters sank into their nest.

III.

And so for ever do the changes come
Athrough our days. Why, sad one, weepest, then?
We soon shall lay us down to sleep at home,
Our song all chanted to the last amen.

MÈRE JULIE'S CURE.

A CANADIAN IDYL.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

THE little house stood close to the roadside. So close, in fact, that the planks of the high wooden sidewalk almost touched the doorstep, and the tangle of chicory and wild caraway that blossomed all summer long at the edges of that creaking footway reached up over the worn threshold and sent with every gust of wind a whirl of blue and white petals across the kitchen floor.

As for the passer-by, he had only to glance over his shoulder to see quite plainly the whole of the tiny two-roomed interior. Not that there was much to see—only the high bed with its green and yellow patchwork quilt, the tall stove midway in the partition, the spinning-wheel, the buffet, the table, and, somewhere in the foreground, half-buried in her rocking-chair, Mère Julie herself, small, brown, bent, and cheery.

Perhaps it was the patchwork quilt that formed the attraction, perhaps it was the buffet, impressive with the beauty of ripe old age, or perhaps it was Julie with her snowy hair, her bright eyes, and her nervous, gesticulating hands; but, at any rate, the passer-by having given that one glance was apt to give another, and in the end—for the welcome was always ready—to saunter in for a bit of Julie's pleasant gossip. It was:

"Oh, monsieur! I talk too much, it is true; Pierre says so. But what is an old woman like me to do all day long? If one cannot move one's legs, one must wag one's tongue. Is it not so?" Or:

"Yes, yes, monsieur! Come in! I am as stiff as an old turkey to-day, but I have a piece of news for you. Pierre told me not to tell it, for Pierre would like to have me deaf and dumb as well as lame. However, he is not here, and since he is not I shall talk as much as I please."

And Julie would forthwith unfold her tale and, in that innocent diversion, forget for a moment the great affliction which weighed upon her.

For Mère Julie was a cripple.

It was almost five years now since her active feet had clattered about the little house. Five years since she had risen from a bed of pain to find herself fast in the clutches of that dread enemy, rheumatism, and her world henceforth encompassed by the four walls of the cottage.

It had been hard at first. Hard to sit all day and bear the pains that tugged at her muscles and wrenched at her joints. Hard to see the spinning-wheel set aside, and the loom, and the churn. And hardest of all to watch Pierre fumbling about at the housekeeping, trying to make his stiff fingers adapt themselves to their woman's tasks, and succeeding but poorly if the truth were told.

To the seven deadly sins inscribed in her prayer-book Mère Julie had always mentally added an eighth, the name of which was uncleanliness. And so, when the austere order of the tiny home degenerated into something very like disorder, and when the hundred small excesses of neatness in which she had been accustomed to indulge became all at once unattainable luxuries, her strong spirit had chafed within her, and it had required all her powers of self-control to bear with some semblance of patience the evil days which had come upon her.

But matters had gradually adjusted themselves. The young daughter of a neighbor had been called in to right the cottage daily and to cook the simple fare, and now, after five years, Julie was able once more to sun herself in the pristine cleanliness of happier times.

It was pleasant, on a bright summer day, after the rooms had been put in order and Petite Alouette, the diminutive but efficient maid-servant, had taken her departure, to see Julie jerk her chair into the great shaft of sunshine that entered through the open door, and sit there basking in the golden flood like some little, good brown fairy.

At times, as the warm, penetrating rays began to stir her blood and relax the dreary tension in her limbs, she would close her eyes and drift off into a delicious, dreamful state, half wakefulness, half slumber. At these moments a sweet and subtle change passed over her worn countenance. Its multitude of tiny lines and wrinkles seemed to fade and disappear. The expression of suffering habitual to it gave place to one of blissful ease and content. A faint color showed in the thin cheeks, a delicate freshness in the silver hair, and for a brief, unconscious moment Julie blushed again with the long-forgotten beauty of her youth.

And while the mistress of the cottage was being thus rejuvenated by the magic touch of the genial sunbeam, a like transformation was taking place in the humble household articles around her. The ancient buffet, usually a grim and sombre sentinel in its corner, began suddenly to send forth feeble flashes of color from the depths of its faded recesses, and to revive along its polished length a pensive brilliancy reminiscent of former untarnished splendor. The spinning-wheel, touched here and there with a glint of the spider's dainty handiwork, lost its air of perpetual repose and seemed to stir and thrill as if the familiar foot were once more tapping the treadle. Even the faded rag carpet took on a look of freshness; and the bedimmed pictures and other humble ornaments upon the walls, catching the infection, contributed a few fitful gleams to the general magnificence of the hour.

But if Julie and her home were thus pleasant to contemplate with the glamour of noonday upon them, they made, perhaps, a scarcely less attractive picture at evening when the sunset had faded to a faint amber streak at the edge of the western plain, and the deep hush of night had settled upon the world. Then the tiny lamp had been lighted, and all around its circle of flickering rays crowded a great company of shadows that jostled in corners and leaped across floor and ceiling, and huddled in strange, fantastic shapes around Julie's chair, as if trying to oust her from their over-populated domain. Then, too, Pierre had come home and had begun to busy himself about the supper; and finally, if one waited long enough, one would see the two dim figures emerge from the shadows into the lighted space surrounding the table, and the two gray heads, close together, bend to the evening meal.

On a certain morning, toward the middle of July, Mère Julie, after a seclusion incident to a week of chill rain, had the door thrown open and her chair brought to the very threshold.

The day was warm and sunny, and the great fields that stretched away on each side of the road as far as the eye could reach were shining in all the splendor of midsummer fruitfulness. Great patches of rye and barley, just beginning to ripen, shimmered for miles toward the horizon. Long ranks of corn, washed clean by the recent rains, stood green and stately in their smaller enclosures. Flowering buckwheat laid its fleecy snow-drifts here and there, and flecks of blue in the distance showed where the flax was beginning to blossom.

In the pastures a multitude of flocks and herds wandered joyously. Julie, from her post in the doorway, could see the little, stiff-legged colts frisking in the wind, and hear the long-drawn whinnying of the mares as they ambled patiently after their frolicsome offspring. The little specks of white moving in long, sedate lines across the fields were geese, she knew; and still other larger white specks, edging along by the fences, were sheep.

In the old poplar before the door a blue-bird darted singing, his speck of shadow moving like a flame through the quivering leaves. Grasshoppers shrilled in the thick tangle at her feet. Bees and butterflies slanted edgewise down the air, and a great swarm of tiny, nameless creatures, warmed to life by the sudden heat, buzzed and whirred and rioted in the glorious sunshine with all the abandon of their frail bodies.

It seemed to Julie that the world—her world, at least—had never looked so beautiful or spoken to her in so many beguiling voices. As she sat there drinking in the wide, deep rapture of earth and air and sky, a feeling of subtle intoxication crept over her. She became conscious of a sudden buoyancy of spirit, a wildness of desire quite out of keeping with her years and infirmities. If she could only jump up and join in the noisy revel. If she could only go out and make merry with this gleaming, pulsing life that was mocking her with ecstasies of reckless motion! Once upon a time the colts out in the field had not been more fleet of foot than she, nor the birds in the trees more light of heart and sweet of voice. She had not forgotten that time, remote as it was. The memory of it was rushing back upon her now with a force of emotion quite beyond her control. It was impossible for her to sit chill and mute and motionless when her feet felt like dancing and her lips like song.

> "*Vers son sanctuaire,*
> *Depuis deux cents ans,*
> *La Vierge a sa mère*
> *Conduit ses enfants.*
> *Daignez, Sainte Anne, en un si beau jour,*
> *De vos enfantes agréer l'amour.*"

The shrill, quavering treble fell with such suddenness on the drowsing air that the blue-bird in the poplar darted off in precipitous flight, and some chickens which had been pecking contentedly beside the step spread wings and, with wild squeaks of alarm, fled ignominiously.

At the sight of this abrupt retreat on the part of her audience Julie leaned back in her chair and laughed till the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I am an old fool," she said aloud, when her merriment had abated; "a silly old fool. This cracked voice of mine would scare the crows, and here I am singing away as if I were twenty again. But I could sing that hymn once," she added reflectively, "and well enough too. I remember every verse yet:

"*Ah, soyez propice,*
Sainte Anne, a nos veux."

She began another stanza of the old refrain, softly this time, and with many of the quaint turns and quavers which had formed the admired art of her youth. In the middle of the couplet, however, she stopped abruptly and brought herself with a jerk into a rigidly upright position. Her eyes began to glisten, her lips parted breathlessly, and an expression of deepest absorption settled upon her face. It was evident that some momentous idea had taken possession of her mind—an idea whose magnitude at once fascinated and alarmed her. She sat perfectly still for so long a time that the blue-bird, reassured, fluttered back to his tree, and the chickens returned, one by one, to their pecking.

At last, with an air of mingled determination and relief, she drew a long breath and sank back into her chair.

"I will go," she said in a tone of decision. "The journey can be easily managed. Pierre shall carry me to the cars, and from the cars to the boat. The rest is simple. As for the coming back, *that* will be different. . . . I suppose they will think I am crazy, here in the village, but what do I care? It was an inspiration that came to me. I have faith. I will go!"

She continued her monologue for some moments until the rattle of approaching wheels caused her to break off and look up the road. It was young Isidore Bedard in his mud-bespattered *charrette*, coming to the post-office.

Isidore shouted jocularly as he approached and prepared to pass without further conversation. But Julie beckoned to him to stop, and he drew up obediently before the door.

"Well, what is it, Mère Julie?" he cried good-naturedly. "Something from the *magasin* that that lazy Alouette of yours has forgotten?"

"No, no, my son," answered Julie smilingly; "nothing to-day from the *magasin*. But come into the house a moment. I want to tell you a secret."

Isidore jumped down from his cart and in two strides was at Julie's side. Reaching up, she drew his head close to her and whispered a few brief words in his ear.

Isidore drew back in astonishment.

"You!" he cried; "but you are too old, Mère Julie."

"Too old! What has age to do with it? You have no faith, Isidore. I tell you I had an inspiration as I sat here looking at all the strong young growing things around me. It would be a sin for me not to go after that. Do you not see it?"

Isidore took off his old straw hat and thrust his fingers meditatively into its pointed crown.

"Well," he said at last, "who knows? I have heard great things from that place myself. And if you can only get there, who knows what may happen? Not I, for one."

"Nor I, either, my boy. But I have a feeling in me that all will be as I say. And think, should I let such a great opportunity pass? No; I say again that I will go."

The church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré was crowded to the doors. It was only an hour after sunrise, but the pilgrims who had arrived at daybreak on the big Montreal steamer had already returned from the little side chapels, wherein they had made their confessions and were now gathered in the main edifice for the purpose of receiving the Communion.

The great portals were set open to the breeze that blew sweet and cool from the adjacent river, and through the unstained windows poured streams of tender morning sunshine that illumined every corner of the beautiful building. The masses of violet-hued flowers upon the white altar glowed ethereally; the face of the marble Ste. Anne smiled benignly; the great pyramid of crutches towered protectingly, like a visible monument of strength for the encouragement of weak and afflicted beholders. Birds could be heard singing their carols from the neighboring hillside, and a bumble-bee, misled on an early search for sweets, buzzed with a cheery, homelike air through the high marble arches.

At the altar-rail two white-robed priests moved noiselessly, administering the sacrament and presenting the sacred relic to the kiss of veneration. The flash of the golden chalice fell softly for a moment on each upturned face, and then the

kneeling communicant rose and gave place to the next in the long line of waiting penitents.

Notwithstanding the constant movement in the vicinity of the altar, the church was very still—so still that the click of rosary beads could easily be heard, and now and then a deep-drawn sigh or the murmur of a fretful child.

Suddenly, however, a peculiar sound broke the impressive silence—a long, low, vibrating cry that seemed half of agony, half of joy, and as the echo of it died away a little, crippled old woman, who had been carried to the altar a moment before by a little, bent old man, rose abruptly from her cramped and painful posture and, thrusting aside the hands held out to support her, took two or three steps forward, and then began to walk firmly down the broad, central aisle.

Instantly all was commotion. A great wave of excitement surged over the congregation, agitating most strongly those near the altar, and running off into little ripples of startled curiosity toward the rear of the church. Half-smothered exclamations broke forth.

"A miracle! Another miracle!"

"Who is it? I cannot see."

"I can. It is that little lame woman who was carried into the church. See! here she comes. How straight she is, and how she smiles! Ah, Bonne Ste. Anne! What a miracle!"

And sure enough, between the rows of eager, questioning faces, stepping briskly, with a wonderful light in her eyes and a wonderful smile on her lips, came Mère Julie—cured, triumphant!

The great steamer, with its hundreds of devout passengers, was well started upon its homeward voyage, and the village of Beaupré, with its green hills and shining church spire, had long since disappeared from view.

Mère Julie, however, from her position of state upon the main deck, still kept her face turned toward her humble Mecca, and her expression showed that in spirit she was still within its sacred boundaries.

Around her, at a respectful distance, were gathered a crowd of the curious, who eyed her wonderingly and commented in awed whispers upon her altered appearance.

Pierre, as befitted his relationship, had drawn his chair a little nearer to her side, but he had not yet ventured upon the familiarity of addressing her. Indeed, he had only partially

emerged from the daze into which the events of the past few hours had thrown him. It was a tremendous thing, he felt, to find one's self on such intimate acquaintanceship with a recipient of miracles. Miracles!—he had often heard of them, but in that vague, far-off way in which one hears of ghosts and other supernatural matters. But to be the husband of a miracle, so to speak—it was a situation not to be comprehended in a moment.

Yet, through all the fear and amazement which consumed him, he was conscious of an overpowering curiosity, which had taken possession of him almost at the moment of Julie's cure and which had given him no peace since. He regarded his wife tentatively for several minutes, and once or twice he opened his lips to speak, but his courage had not yet risen to the point which would enable him to put the burning question.

At last, however, he burst forth desperately, choosing his words as they lay uppermost in his mind.

"Julie," he cried, "how did it feel, that miracle?"

Julie turned her eyes dreamily on the far blue reaches of river and sky; the grandeur and sublimity of the scene seemed to satisfy her mood.

"How did it feel?" she repeated slowly. "I cannot make you understand. First, there was a great pain which swept me from head to foot—that was when I cried out. After the pain had passed I felt strong—oh, so strong! I wanted to rise and walk. That was all."

A great pain, and then a great strength! Pierre pondered the words. He was not given to abstruse speculation, but he wondered if, somehow, it would not be the same in that final miracle.

A "Map Lesson."

"FOR THE BLIND—A WONDERFUL WORLD OF LIGHT."

BY S. T. SWIFT.

CERTAIN developments, and more especially certain non-developments, of our Catholic spirit as contrasted with that of other lands possibly justify that bewildered questioning with which our transatlantic fellows sometimes regard us. Some are easy to understand. One comprehends why vocations to foreign mission work have not yet been numerous in this country of magnificent distances and incessant immigration, and why the passion for humanity does not so naturally develop into a passion for being eaten, in American seminaries as in French. Not because their inmates lack zeal. Yellow fever and cholera seasons are their witnesses! Simply, slower martyrdoms of loneliness and labor on Western mission stations or in isolated and heart-breakingly prejudiced Eastern parishes are set before them instead.

Our foundling asylums and Protectories and Homes for working-boys and working-girls are a praise in the earth. We have every sort of institution for teaching ordinary children trades and making them into useful citizens. Our battle for religious educa-

tion has been fought with a vigor almost as resultful as victory itself. Yet, though half a dozen religious communities devote themselves to the care of the deaf and dumb, a writer in this magazine, as late as 1889, was saying cynically: "When we have done everything else, perhaps some man or woman will give the money to found a Catholic Blind Asylum." But no attempt seems to have been made at such a thing until the Loretto Mission to Homeless and Destitute Children found it necessary, in 1895, to establish a separate branch for the blind of that class.

Has the apathy been because the temporal interests of blind children were fairly well looked after in many large and well-appointed denominational and secular asylums, and it seemed only a question of souls? The numbers of our Catholic children whose eternal interests have been bartered for their secular training in Protestant blind schools on the very methods invented by those devoted sons of the church, Valentin Hauy and Louis Braille, will never be known till the Judgment Day records are made public property. True, those institutions which receive public money are supposed to be non-sectarian; but who does not know that that means "anything but Catholic"! In one such, nearly sixty years old, only two Catholics have ever been known to be employed, and those in very subordinate positions, although nearly half the inmates are Catholics. In many cases parents are tempted to enter their children as Protestants, terrified lest their helpless little ones should be discriminated against in so alien an atmosphere.

"A child has to be of very strong fibre indeed to keep his religion there," says one of its most brilliant graduates. "Nothing is read aloud to the younger ones except Protestant Sunday-school books, and while we were not *compelled* to listen, you can think how hard it is for a little blind child to put aside all its opportunities of being read to. Yet if we did *not*, we were simply steeped in Sunday-school-book theology."

"I am sorry that I cannot retain you as a teacher," said the principal to her, when she graduated. "I know of no pupil I would more gladly keep. There is only one barrier between us—the Pope!"

"May I ask what the Pope has to do with the matter?" she inquired.

"Miss ——," was the deprecatory answer, "some of us are born to influence and some to be influenced. It is impossible that you should have to do with pupils without impressing yourself and your religious views upon them."

It would be interesting to know whether all this gentleman's Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist teachers are totally devoid of what is generally considered the first requisite for a good teacher—the power of influencing other minds.

A blind child cannot be educated at home, save under the most exceptional circumstances. Even its own parents seldom comprehend its limitations on the one side, while on the other they are apt to regard them as far too insurmountable and coddle it into a most unhealthy state of dependence. The cleverest "sighted" teacher, unless especially trained to work among the blind, usually fails to develop their intelligence. Cases might be given where the idolized children of wealthy parents who had provided them with the most expensive governesses at home found themselves, at the age of twenty, inferior in most points of education to the child of ten or twelve trained in a blind school; and yet no such school existed where the faith of a Catholic child could be nurtured and its heart fed, and the inspiration for such work which has been so widespread in France did not seem to have come to American hearts, when Bishop Wigger handed over St. Joseph's Home for Aged Blind in Jersey City to the hard-working little band of sisters who had for several years been caring for emigrant and "living-out girls" and managing an orphanage in his diocese. Although their community had been especially founded for the care of working-girls and the training of domestic servants here and in England, they promptly accepted the charge, and since in all God's growing works one branch has a marvellous faculty for developing out of another, their observations upon the helpless, untrained old souls who came into their hands filled them with a desire to extend their borders, and give such training to blind children as would indeed be profitable "for this world and for that which is to come."

The Home at 78 Grand Street is for the gratuitous care of the aged blind, destitute of means. Its inmates can only pay in prayers, but they do that generously. Few can do much with their stiff old fingers. One energetic little Frenchwoman is a splendid piecer of patchwork quilts. As we stood in her tiny room and studied the workings of her deft hands, the other morning, we longed for a *furore* for patchwork quilts, like the spinning-wheel craze.

Applicants have constantly to be turned from St. Joseph's hospitable door for want of room, although sisters and younger inmates are crowded into the attics. Everything is fresh and airy, but the conventual horror of finger-marks has to give way

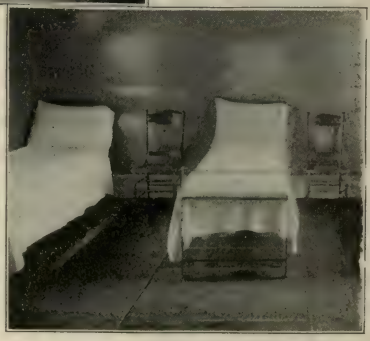
here before the needs of these "Brave Poor Things," who trace their way to the chapel by a hand on the papered wall.

The sun, flickering and flashing through the leaves of the grape-arbor at the foot of the wide, easy steps from the rear of the Home, on the spreading green of the grassy lawn—surely greener than any other in Jersey City!—made so pretty a setting for the quaint old woman and the young girl seated under the shadowing vines that

THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

THE HEART OF THE HOME.

the exclamation broke almost involuntarily from our lips, "What a pity they cannot *see* the loveliness around them!" Yet both were clearly enjoying to the full the soft touch and rare scent of the sweet June air, albeit a shadow lay on the face of the younger which did not lift even at the sound of the cheery voice of the sister at our side.



THE GATE OF DREAMLAND.

"Alice is a little homesick yet," said the sister. "But this *is* her home and she will be all right directly."

"Of course," put in old Bridget, joyously, lifting a face so bright that it made one feel all physiognomists had erred in supposing the expression of the countenance depended largely on the eye. "Why wouldn't we be happy here, with the chapel

and our dear Lord in it, and we making little visits to him all day long?"

Bridget and her companion are two admirable types of the class for which this Home was established. Alice has been a pupil from the age of seven in a large State institution for the blind in the South. Twenty being the age-limit, when she reached it she was homeless, her mother being dead and her father nowhere to be found. She was a girl of only fair abilities for intellectual work, possessed of a decent school education, as much knowledge of the piano as the average girl "entertains" her friends with, and a faculty for making bead baskets. Bead baskets are not exactly a necessity to the market, and poor Alice would have only a life of stagnation and certain deterioration in the poor-house to look forward to, most Homes for the adult blind being severely limited by conditions, but that she had become a Catholic at seventeen, "though a miracle it must have been to do it *there*," she says *naïvely*. The "miracle" brought her friends who had heard of the Jersey City Home, and applied for her admission there. Since she will never see this magazine, we have no scruple in saying that you will easily pick her out in the group illustrated, by an indefinable deadness and inertness of face and figure—the invariable trade-mark, we have found, of large secular "Institutions" for children. The blind child, especially, unless it has patient, conscientious, *individual* instruction at the outset of its education, unless its weaknesses are overcome and its timidities steadily combated and its sense of inferiority lovingly laughed down, seems never to gain mental and moral *verve*. Moreover, the routine generally thought necessary in large barracks makes it impossible to teach their inmates to be useful in small houses.

This defect is not confined to blind asylums. At Dr. Barnardo's huge London Homes, such admirable "modern conveniences" in the way of bathing apparatus, etc., are provided, even the towels being swung within reach of a child's hand by means of machinery, at the right moment, that a boy from one of them would look aghast at a tin basin and bit of yellow soap, and probably decline to wash his face at all. We have stood in mute despair before the problem presented for our solution by an applicant for admission to a Waifs' Home—a lad of seventeen "trained" for five years in a state Industrial School, and then sent out to farm work. During three years of his time he had knit stockings by machinery. The last two years had been passed in sweeping the roads through the

"WHY WOULDN'T WE BE HAPPY ?"

grounds with a broom, the superintendent being very proud of their appearance.

Such a system, in which the individual may be sacrificed to the machinery, is, of course, even more fatal in the case of a blind child. Sisters can generally be trusted to do hand work in education, not machine work. For that, among many other reasons, religious women should be peculiarly fitted for the care of the blind.

Side by side with Alice is a girl brought up in St. Joseph's Home, before the school was established. She is able to make herself more useful about the house in dish-washing, cleaning, etc., than many a girl of her age with wide-open eyes, is a splendid knitter and crocheter, and, above all, has a sort of cheery daring about her which we longed to see assimilated by the listless new-comer, drearily struggling with a scrap of knitting set up for her by an energetic sister who opines that their orphanage on York Street needs stockings more than it does bead baskets.

Old Bridget has been in the home for eight years. Losing her sight late in life, she was, of course, unable to learn to support herself. Nothing lay before the little, energetic, alert woman but the deadly monotony and stigma of the poor-house, till St. Joseph opened the door into a house where the "dear Lord" dwells and Bridget found herself in a Catholic *home*,

with such wonderful opportunities for prayer and praise as she had never dreamed would come into her hard, toiling life. She spends hours of every day in the little chapel. So, indeed, do all the inmates. For the real work of this Home for the Aged Blind is the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Cloistered in darkness, separated from their past activities, these dear old souls are yet made to feel that so far from being useless, a higher work than ever they hoped for is given to them, and that they can win countless blessings for those who help and shelter them. The Blessed Sacrament in their little chapel is never without a worshipper. Half of each hour of adoration is given to the Holy Souls. The rosary is said every hour for the departed friends of the benefactors of the house and all the sisters, with their blind, offer special prayers three times a day for the intentions of those who help them feed and shelter their charges, and for the souls of their departed friends and relatives.

Seven years ago, two blind children needing care and keeping came into the sisters' hands. Just at the same time, a graduate of the New York Institute for the Blind, trained under Mr. William Wait, the perfecter of the Braille system of reading and writing, hearing of St. Joseph's Home, came to see what was being done there. She was a "born teacher," an enthusiast as to the capabilities of the blind, and a devout Catholic. Small wonder that she saw here the same opportunity which the sisters of St. Joseph have recognized, and cast in her lot with them, determining to devote her life to helping them to build up the work Providence seemed to have put into their hands, and whose possibilities are limited but by funds and friends. The present building will only accommodate twenty children, with the requisite number of sisters. Each must have careful individual instruction, especially at first. This building is really too small to accommodate the present number, there being no room for that training in calisthenics and athletics so necessary for these little ones, though, indeed, thanks to the loving good sense which never allows them to feel "afflicted," they romp with the greatest gayety and freedom. "Tag" is their favorite game. They are taught not to mind minor accidents. The wee-est one, *ætat* four, straying down-stairs after a pet sister, found her two fat feet sliding from under her on the wax floor. With laughable *sang-froid*, she put her chubby hand under her head to keep it from being bumped and waited tranquilly to be picked up and set on safe ground!

"HAPPY THESE CHILDREN ARE; USEFUL THEY CAN BE MADE.

This school is also a manual training school. Girls are taught plain and fancy sewing, machine sewing, knitting, crocheting, and fancy work, and the sisters are steadily determined to prove that all the blind who have no other defect can be self-supporting. Teaching will open before some, for the conviction steadily gains ground among educators that at least the primary teaching of the blind is best done by the blind. But the most must live by hand work.

The ordinary school training is very thorough; music, of course, being a specialty. Pupils enter to complete a prescribed course and are graduated on its completion. Two girls are just beginning the regular high-school course. The pupils' facility in arithmetic is remarkable, and the delight with which they hail a "map lesson" a pretty thing to see. Some idea of the expense incurred in a blind school may be gleaned from the fact that a raised map of Europe or America for class-room use costs twenty-five dollars.

Books are very expensive, and the matter of expurgating such school histories, etc., as are prepared for non-Catholic use is a difficulty. An immense amount of labor is entailed upon the teaching sisters from the necessity of incessant oral instruction.

The question of Catholic literature for the blind is, indeed, a burning one. Almost everything for their use is either purely secular or of Protestant bias. It was with the greatest difficulty that a publishing house was lately prevailed on to "risk" the issuing of a small catechism in raised type. Archbishop Ryan has gotten out a small prayer-book, as well.

"One can get as much reading as one likes out of free libraries for the blind," said a blind teacher regretfully to us, "if one will read what no Catholic should."

When shall we see develop among us a congregation like that of the Blind Sisters of St. Paul in Paris? At present they number about sixty-six, half of them being blind. This proportion is always to be preserved. In addition to undertaking the care of blind children, from whom their own ranks are recruited and for whose initial training the blind nuns are much the more useful—they devote themselves to the printing and binding of books for the blind.

"All blind children seem naturally religious," says the instructor at St. Joseph's School reflectively. "I noticed that of all alike in the Institute. You would think it harder to teach a blind child than another, without the help of pictures and statues and *seeing* what is done at the altar. But it does not seem so. Our children simply *love* to go to church, although the lights and the flowers and the things one fancies children care for are not there for them. I do not know how it is. I suppose there are compensations for us blind. We realize all that a Benediction or an Exposition means as distinctly as possible. It is a cruel thing to keep a blind Catholic child starved for its religion!"

Will not all who agree with her help to feed them? "As we take blind children from all over the country," say the sisters, "every one should help. Our object is to secure for the blind, who are in imminent danger of losing their faith, protection, care, and training which will bring happiness to them in this weary life."

The radiant little faces in our illustrations tell their own story. Happy these children are; useful they can be made. And the source of their happiness, merry, unartificial boys and girls as they are, is much the same as that of old Bridget, though they may not realize it as distinctly—that they do not live in a lonely, unpeopled world, but one in which the saints and the angels and our Lord himself are real and present entities.

THE "ESCALADE" OF GENEVA.

BY MRS. BARTLE TEELING.

OUR Protestant fellow-countrymen are sometimes apt to express, and genuinely to feel, surprise at any evidence of fairness in historical research, of open-mindedness in religious controversy, which may be evinced by ourselves. The reception accorded to Father Gerard's late work on the "Gunpowder Plot" is but another instance of this attitude. All that he says may be very true and very right, they remark to one another, but how in the world dare a Catholic touch the subject at all? Is not that unhappy attempt to "blow up" king, Lords, and Commons, in one common *auto-da-fe*, a delicate subject, to be glossed over by Catholic writers in company with the Spanish Inquisition, Pope Joan, the false Decretals, and all the other *cruces* which we are supposed to consign to the graceless oblivion of the would-be forgotten?

Perhaps no deeper, more fruitful lesson can at present be given to the world than that of showing our fellow-countrymen who are in good faith that we Catholics, English or American, Irish or French, fear nothing, either in the past or in the future; that no truth, whether in the page of history or on the platform of politics, under the microscope of science or out of the chair of philosophy, need or can clash with our great Teacher, the Divine and ever-living Voice of the Church.

So, here and there, as one reads or travels or unearths some dusty, half-forgotten relic of traditionary wrongs, the chance may come of covering, not alone with the mantle of Charity but with that of Truth, this or that ugly "skeleton in the closet" which has, in its time, proved a bugbear to spiritual babes; and one such stumbling-block—a tiny pebble, rather—in Calvin's city has lately fallen under our notice and interested us, wanderers in many lands, the more from a certain quaint likeness to another historic point now much under discussion—old England's "Gunpowder Plot."

Some time in mid-December last, we, dwellers for the first time in that modern Geneva which recalls to casual eyes so little of its former gloom and bigotry—bright, lively, irreligious, modern city that it has become!—remarked a curious uniformity

of wares in the very numerous *pâtisseries*, or confectioners' shops, which are to be found in all the principal streets. Rows upon rows of little chocolate pots, fashioned as "marmites," or three-legged soup-boilers, filled every window. Size after size they rose, from tiny dolls' vessels up to big, life-sized saucepans; some in plain brown, but most adorned with devices in white sugar, and with the word "Escalade" and the date, "December 12, 1602," worked upon their sides. "What are they for? What do they mean?" we asked our own special *pâtissière*, as she filled in one of the quaint brown marmites with sweets of every hue, formed in the shape of vegetables—tiny carrots, peas, turnips, potatoes, chestnuts, tomatoes, every possible form and variety in the daintiest of *fondants* and *drageés*. And in some half-dozen words she gave us the popular story of "le 12 Decembre," which we were afterwards to peruse in the more sober pages of history as follows.

The ancient Château de Bonne, which still stands, in time-worn solitude, above the little village of that name, about nine miles west of Geneva, in fair and wood-encompassed Haute-Savoie, was, on the 11th of December, 1602, the scene of a busier and, if less peaceful, at all events more picturesque activity than that of the blaring, shrieking, smoke-dispensing ugliness of to-day's steam-trams, which now constitute the sole movement, life, or interest of that village and district. We may picture to ourselves all the weird shadows and Rembrandt-like groups shown by heaped bonfires and waving torches, that cold winter's night, as a little band of soldiers of various nationalities, perhaps—for accounts differ widely—some four or five thousand strong, Spaniards, Italians, Neapolitans, Savoyards, gathered under the banner of Duke Charles Emanuel, the sovereign of Savoy, who himself, though these his soldiers knew it not, lay waiting at Etrembières, a little further on, for the results of this night's work. They had been gradually massed together from various stations in the vicinity—Bonneville, La Roche, Annecy; for the Spanish thousand, lent by their king to his good brother of Savoy "to help keep his kingdom under right control," as was said at the time, owned to a terrible dread of the Swiss people—that hardy peasant race who, on glacier and pass and Alpine stronghold, had learned to hold their own and make Europe respect them; so that the leaders of this little expedition had waited until the last moment ere divulging to their followers the goal for which they were bound—no other than Geneva the rebellious, once part of Savoy's

appanages, and always hankered after by its later sovereigns. But now the hour had come. The men were summoned for a midnight march, arms and engineering tools ready, not forgetting a certain mysterious set of scaling-ladders, specially manufactured at and sent from Turin, which had already provoked comment.

The governor of the district, and lieutenant-colonel of its regiment, Brunaulieu by name, harangued the expectant multitude and revealed their immediate destination. He told them to behave well, to fight bravely, and to be sure of rich rewards in case of success, declaring that victory rested solely with themselves. "Brave people," he insisted, "to retake Geneva, one hour of hearty good-will suffices." The chaplain attached to the expedition, a Jesuit, by name Père Alexandre Humeus, supplemented these material assurances by spiritual ones, distributing little leaflets as amulets to be borne into battle with them, and giving absolution here and there. Elsewhere, very near to the spot, but ignorant, in all probability, of the attempt to be made that night, the titular bishop of the city and Apostle of Savoy, St. Francis de Sales, who had already reclaimed the Chablais district, was passing twenty days in retreat with his confessor, at his ancestral castle, before his consecration on the 8th of the same month, Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

So they set forth, moving cautiously and noiselessly among the leafless trees and along the snow-laden paths towards the sleeping city. A small detachment had already been despatched, to cut off any chance communication with the surrounding country villages, and they confidently hoped to take it by surprise; Brunaulieu in the van, with three hundred picked men under him, well armed with muskets, halberds or battle-axes, daggers and short swords, while D'Albigny, the commander-in-chief, with his mixed battalions of all nations, brought up the rear. All were clothed in coats of mail, and provided with hatchets, hammers, and other besieging instruments.

At midnight they arrived before one of the city gates, and entered the fosse or ditch of the Corraterie, now widest and most fashionable of the streets of new Geneva. This point the town syndic, Blondel, who was in communication with the besiegers—in other words, a traitor to his town—had arranged to leave as far as possible defenceless, to facilitate their entry, and no sentinel was in sight. The attacking party scaled the unguarded wall without difficulty, landed safely upon the ramparts, and disposed themselves to remain there until break

of day. It is probable that had Brunaulieu followed up this first advantage by penetrating further into the town without delay, this initial success would have been crowned by its easy capture. Unfortunately, however, for himself and his companions, he decided on awaiting daylight, while his too sanguine commander-in-chief, D'Albigny, perceiving that all was tranquil above, sent off an express to Duke Charles, at Etrembières, with an exaggerated account of their first success. He, in his turn, sent off couriers post haste to France and Italy to announce "the taking of Geneva."

Meanwhile, Brunaulieu and his little band upon the ramparts were suddenly startled by the approach of a *ronde de nuit*, or patrol. Concealment was no longer possible; their only chance was to succeed in silencing it. The invaders rushed upon the unsuspicious patrol, and threw them, officers and men together, over the wall, before their victims could have realized their presence; but, as always seems to happen on these occasions, one man, a drummer, managed to escape and spread the alarm. In a few moments all was confusion. The Genevese flew to arms; Brunaulieu and his company advanced, forced one of the gates, and some street-fighting followed, during which the famous incident occurred which originated our chocolate pots. We give it in the words of one of the still popular songs:

"Une vielle, au poing vigoureux,
Prit sa marmite sur le feu,
Sans attendre plus tard
Coiffa un Savoyard.

Ah! la belle Escalade,
Savoyard, Savoyard,
Ah! la belle Escalade,
Savoyard, gard, gard."

Or, as the story runs in sober prose, a certain woman, Madame Royaume by name, was boiling her great "marmite" full of rice or vegetable soup to be ready for the morrow, when she heard a noise, looked from her window set in the city wall, and beheld the Savoyard soldiers creeping noiselessly upward on their scaling-ladders. Without a moment's hesitation she threw her pot and its boiling contents upon the head of the foremost, who fell, scalded and dying, overturning others in his fall, and giving the alarm to the town, while

"Lou Savoyar vito priron la fouita
Quant i viron ranversa la maronita!"

Men, women, almost children, were up in arms and fighting fiercely. They succeeded in repelling their foes, and drove them back to the ramparts, where an unpleasant surprise awaited the invaders; for while the sharp hand-to-hand fighting had been going on in the streets, a cannon, pointed almost at random by the besieged towards the scene of the first attack, had destroyed the Savoyard's scaling-ladders, and they found their means of retreat cut off. Taken thus between their pursuers and a yawning gulf, the panic-stricken soldiers leaped desperately down one after another like a flock of sheep, and were picked up mangled and dying by their horrified comrades of the main body of the army, while a handful of the brave souls, mostly leaders, Brunaulieu and his fellow-officers, faced the foe until, overborne by the force of superior numbers and not a few wounded or dead, they yielded their swords and surrendered as prisoners of war.

Meanwhile D'Albigny, the commander in chief, viewing or guessing at the disaster, was striving vainly from below to lead on his men to their support. The half-hearted Spaniards, who at first had been shouting "Vive l'Espagne! ville gagnée!" now coolly replied to his entreaties that "our dignity does not allow us to enter this town otherwise than by its gate!" And the unhappy commander, covering his face in shame and despair, was finally forced to retreat with the remnant of his army, leaving his brave comrades to their fate. As he and his men rode back in confusion they met the duke, riding gaily forward in expectation of triumphant entry into a capitulated city.

"Back, my lord; back!" shouted D'Albigny as he caught sight of him. "Back! The attempt has failed!"

"Ah, miserable man!" returned the discomfited sovereign, with a somewhat coarse expression of disappointment, as he turned back to retrace his steps and eat his own words in despatches to his fellow-sovereigns as best he might. Meanwhile brave Brunaulieu had fallen, covered with wounds; his companions, less fortunate, had surrendered, hoping to escape with life. They were imprisoned, put through some hasty form of trial, and then, the populace clamoring for their death, they were hanged upon the city wall, near the place where they had scaled it, called the Boulevard de l'Oie:

"Et bientot après dîner
Treize furent attachés
Dans le boulevard de l'Oie
Pour exemple à la Savoie."

Popular songs of the day, some of them dating from a few hours only after the "Escalade," give savagely jeering details of the last moments of these unhappy victims: poor young De Sonas, the first to leap up the scaling-ladder, full of eager daring against those bourgeois renegades who had put his own father to death, and who, maimed and with a broken leg, was carried to the gibbet on a chair; Brunaulieu, whose carefully thought-out plans had met such signal failure, and whose unwieldy person precluded all hope of flight; Picot, De Gresy and others who fell at his side, and Chaffardon, D'Attignac, and the rest—"the thirteen" who, after surrendering under promise of being treated as prisoners of war, were

"Mis au boulevard de l'Oie
Pour apprendre à sauter au vent"—

a violation of the rules of war which Genevese writers can only excuse under plea of yielding to popular excitement.

"What will your Duke of Savoy say?" they laughed. "He will curse the Boulevard de l'Oie and die of grief to see you all hung on a gibbet there:

"Que dera-tai voutron Duc de Savoye
I mendera le béluar de l'oye;
Ze craye bin qu'i mourra de regret
Do vo vi to pandu à on zibet."

And again:

"Nous ne sommes pas étonnés
Si dans la Savoi vous tenez
L'oye pour une male bête:
Certes, vous avez bien raison,
Puisque le sommet de sa tête
Tient tant des votres en prison."

The Savoyards are told to be off and eat their turnips, which, from the frequent allusions to them, appear to have been at that time the staple food of Savoy:

"O Savoyards trop avides
A perdre les Genevois,
Vous avez pris un faux guide
Qui vous mena pendre au bois:
C'est d'Albigni que je vois.
Vous auriez mieux fait de cuire,
Chacun dans vos pots,
Vos raves au barbot."

And they are warned that

"O Savoyards, si l'envie
Vous prend encore une fois
D'avoir Genève la jolie,
Nous vous mettrons aux abois,
Et vous apprendrons
D'une drôle manière
La danse sans violon,
Don, Don."

The story of the "Escalade" went far and near, and Protestant sympathies on all sides raised a storm of indignation against Charles Emanuel. He was laughed at by Henri IV., threatened with reprisals by the violently Protestant government of Berne, and finally found himself forced to abandon all further pretensions to sovereignty over the town, and to sign a treaty of peace, the terms of which were "liberty of commerce, permission to those of the Savoyards who had become Protestants and taken refuge in Geneva to enter Savoy four times yearly to gather in their harvests." The Genevese were "not to be molested in Savoy on account of their religion, on condition that they did not *dogmatize*"; and restrictions were placed on the construction of fortresses by the duke, who was prohibited from assembling his troops within four *lieux* of Geneva.

It was, in effect, the triumph of Protestantism for the time being, and such it was felt to be, by both parties; not so much in tangible result, as from the bitter feeling between Catholic and Protestant which it provoked and encouraged, in much the same fashion as the English "plot" with which we have paralleled this. Protestant spelled patriot and Catholic traitor to town and kingdom in each country for many a long day afterwards, and the name of "Escalade" has scarcely ceased, even at this day, to be a word of hateful meaning between Catholic and Protestant. The latter, of course, the predominant party in Geneva, made its anniversary a kind of national feast, at which commemorative songs were sung round the family table, and religious services of thanksgiving held in the "temples," or desecrated churches; while, on the other hand, the Catholics of that time naturally felt, regretfully, that all hope of converting the town, as the neighboring district of the Chablais had been evangelized by St. Francis, was at an end. Geneva, long halting between two masters, the rigid Calvinistic government of Berne

on the one hand and Catholic Savoy on the other, now definitely threw in her lot with the "Confederation." The giddy roysterers, drinking to "Genève la jolie" at their Escalade commemoration, reminded one another that

> "Si le Duc eût réussi
> Au gré de sa folle envie,
> Le collége d'Annecy
> Serait notre académie.
> Nous aurions un même renom
> Que Moutier, Sallanche, ou Thonon.
> Et pour exercer l'industrie
> Nous posséderions des essaims
> De bénédictins
> Et d'ignorantins,
> De prêtres, d'abbés et de capucins,"

without in the least perceiving, poor souls! how good it might have been had St. Francis's splendid mission to their neighbors in very deed extended to their homes.

"La fête de l'Escalade? Ah, they make it an occasion for speaking ill of our priests, and evil pictures and songs are afloat at this time!" whispered a good old Catholic dame to me, anent the chocolate pots and the flimsy broadsheets of picture and song; so I searched, even among the enemies, for what might be said of that cassocked figure with shovel hat, a sort of "Don Basilio" which figures prominently in every representation of the scene. But I found that his only reproach was the old story,

> "Alexandre, ce vipère,
> Disciple d'iniquité,
> Vous disait en très bon père
> En Paradis monterez."

And in another place

> "Un jésuite très-furieux
> Exhortait les moins valeureux
> Avec des passeports
> A passer chez les morts."

In other words, that the Jesuit chaplain of Duke Charles's army, as Catholic priests will, stood boldly and bravely beneath the walls of the town, cheering and encouraging the soldiers, helping the wounded, absolving the dying, and praying for the

success of Catholic arms, while the Protestant champion, Théodore de Béze, slept the sleep of a deaf old age through all the tumult, and only emerged, when all was over, to express astonishment and sing a psalm. The "passeports" referred to above were certain leaflets found in the pockets of the dead Savoyards and Neapolitans, and supposed by their enemies to be "amulets" distributed by Père Humeus; as they put it,

"Père Alexandre etait là;
Prodiguant les amulettes;
Il prétendait que cela
Parait les coups d'escopettes,
Il encourageait ces bandits,
Leur promettant le Paradis."

We will close these pages with one or two of them, comment on which is needless.

No. 1.—"Ego te deprecor, Angele, mi cui sum commissus in custodia ut me custodias, mihi auxilieris, me visita et defende, ab omni incursione inimici vigilantis salva me. Et ne destituas in die nec in nocte, dormiendo, vigilando, stando vel eundo, sociare me in omni loco, expelle a me per virtutem Dei omnipotentis omnes tentationes satanæ et in omni bona fortuna conserva me in vitam æternam. Amen!"

No. 2.— "Christus mecum istam crucem semper adoro,
Crux certa salus mea,
Crux dividit gladios,
Crux solvit vincula,
Crux est in me,
Crux est immobile signum,
Crux est via, veritas et vita.
Per crucem intrat divina virtus,
Crux Christi fundit omne bonum,
Crux aufert omne malum,
Crux Christi aufert pœnam mortis,
Crux Christi dat vitam æternam.

Crux Christi domina salva me! quam super me et ante me gero, quam antiquus inimicus ab homine in quo te videt fugit."

The Vesper Chimes.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

SWEET is the Angelus,
Orange the sky;
Darkling the waters shine
Glimmering by.
List! there are spirit-wings
Sweeping on high!

Through the bell melody
Angels of peace
Whisper in unison
Sorrow's surcease.
"Thine, the ascendency!
Hail thy release!

"Splendor is gathering,
Life breaks in two!
Flashes God's presence
Like sun-arrows through!
Nearer, the scarlet blaze,
Nearer to you!

"Soft as the shimmering
Waters below,
Closes the shadow-gate
Whence thou shalt go
Out of earth's mistiness
Into His glow!

"Joyous we bend for thee,
Joy-winged, our call!
Learn how divinest
Love can enthrall,
Leaving the limited,
Grasping the All!"

"Angels upholding me,
Fear have I none.
Thou, my Redeemer,
Dost wait for Thine own!
Solace earth's weeping ones,
Kneeling, alone."

QUEEN CAROLINE OF ENGLAND.

UNHAPPY MARRIAGES OF NOTED PERSONS.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

A PREVAILING impression that a marriage is unhappy has usually a basis of fact, for while numbers of persons succeed in keeping their infelicity a secret from the general public, those who are content with their domestic relations never pretend to be dissatisfied, the stress of motive lying entirely on the opposite side.

It was Emerson who said that in the most ill-assorted unions there is ever some characteristic of true marriage. We are reminded of this when we read that the quarrelsome Xantippe lingered in tears for a tender farewell of Socrates, who was about to be martyred by hemlock after undergoing a prolonged daily martyrdom from her tongue and temper. It should be remembered, too, that he was not practical, and that she doubtless remonstrated with him for his own good at times.

In reviewing the chronicles of the famous couples whose woes have become public property, the student of human nature easily discovers that the subtle, scarcely definable agency called *temperament* was at the bottom of a large proportion of their miseries, and that the lofty principle which can surmount temperamental disparity was wanting in one or both parties to the matrimonial contract. The position of the church with regard to that contract is too generally understood to require explanation. This limited paper only aims to present ascertained facts from their social stand-point. The reader will perceive the bearing they have upon the interests of the family, as the corner-stone of civilization accepted by both the civil and the ecclesiastical law. Blame, apology, and justification may then be placed upon the side to which they severally belong by the common consensus of honest opinion.

With all the gain of the modern man and woman over the mediæval and the ancient man and woman, the increase of nervous sensitiveness consequent upon luxurious living and extended culture is not favorable to concord in close relations, unless there is a corresponding increase of charity and of self-control. The most crying need of advancing civilization is ever in the direction of higher ethics. The foes of the highly organized individual are less coarse and violent than those of his undeveloped progenitors; they are not always visible to the naked eye; but along with the knowledge of the bacteria and infusoria that infest his food has come a consciousness that his mental as well as his material comfort may be injuriously affected by a multitude of agencies in the home which were inconceivable to the forefathers and foremothers who plighted their vows in a more limited social sphere and along simpler lines of requirement. The pathos of our time is, that with the widening of opportunity in every direction there has not been a corresponding increase of prudence in the choice of a life partner and of patience in the development of post-nuptial friendship and confidence. Modern men and women are so much under the do-

minion of the transitional, the hasty and phenomenal, that they are in danger of losing sight of the fact that the attribute of permanence in the affectional kingdom constitutes not only the larger part of its sacredness to the individual, but of its value to human society as a reliable factor.

Very small rocks, mere pebbles, have sometimes caused a lamentable shipwreck of the affections. Walter Savage Landor said, in one of his "Imaginary Conversations," that if a man unhappy in the married state were to disclose the manifold causes of his uneasiness they would be found by those who were beyond their influence to be of such a nature as rather to excite diversion than sympathy. Landor must have had his own case in mind. He exiled himself from his charming Italian villa at Fiesole on account of bitter dissensions with his wife, a peculiar feeling of acrimony existing between them. Mrs. Browning, who was afterwards a neighbor of his, soon gained an insight into Landor's eccentricities, and Mr. Browning, her husband, exercised a fraternal care over the impetuous old gentleman, after seeking vainly to reconcile his difficulties at home. He appreciated his generous, affectionate impulses, and felt that in spite of his want of self-control and his continual distrust of those around him, literary artists owed him a debt of gratitude for the formative effect of his genius upon his contemporaries.

Elusive, shifting ideals have too often been the bane of the poetic temperament, but they do not necessarily pertain to it, as the story of the Brownings and others who remained faithful unto death to a worthy affection goes to prove. In fact, we are beginning to expect men and women of genius to behave themselves and to obey the laws, or to be excused only on the ground of "non compos mentis." A few years ago "Ouida" announced to the reading world, in a magazine article, her opinion that it made very little difference how many commonplace women were sacrificed to a Shelley. Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), firm in the conviction that Shelley's duties as husband and father were the same as those of ordinary prose-writing and prose-talking citizens, expressed in another review his sympathy for the unfortunate Harriet Westbrook, the discarded wife of Shelley. It must be admitted that it was constitutionally difficult for Shelley to behave himself in accordance with any code save his own, for with an exquisite perception of the beautiful, a rare poetic faculty, a theoretic love for moral grandeur, there was a fatal want of balance in his component parts, and a lack of fixed principle prevented his naturally tender heart from

realizing the deep unkindness of some of his actions. The endless ebb and flow of opinion about the life and motives of this famous lyrical poet show that at a century from the date of his birth he still holds an extraordinary place in men's minds. An impartial critic needs to demagnetize himself from the lustre of Shelley's genius and renown. If he can succeed in doing this, he will presently be surprised, even amused, at the reverent judgment often pronounced by sane and law-abiding men upon the wild schemes and dreams of the expelled Oxford student of nineteen who, despising caste distinctions and marriage vows, thought he could substitute better customs by making the individual interpretation of Love the sole moral law governing society. Harriet Westbrook, a bright, attractive girl of sixteen, was easily converted to his theories and persuaded to elope with him. They took the precaution to have their marriage legally solemnized, fearing that Sir Bysshe Shelley, Percy's father, might at some future day bring forward a claim of illegitimacy. The young poet wrote to his friend Hogg at this time that he was as happy with his wife as continual pecuniary difficulties would allow. She was perfectly congenial to him until the limitations of small means and the increasing cares of maternity had an effect upon her disposition that lessened her charm; then his ideal took other shapes, with a certain delicacy of purely platonic affinity, to be sure, but hardly pleasing to Harriet. The recorded facts of the case are, that several "souls of his soul," one after another, became common clay women in his eyes. Harriet, overburdened with care, naturally had "fits of coldness and insensibility," under these trying circumstances, and she finally took her departure. He soon wanted her back, and wrote her some pathetic lines inspired by his loneliness.. There is every reason to believe that she would have returned after this sign of increased appreciation, if just at this telling crisis he had not met another "soul of his soul" in Mary Godwin. From that moment a hallucination set in that his wife had wronged him, and he broke the news to her in person, gently but definitely, that the time had come for him to put his and her views into practice and dissolve their marriage. The world remembers well the sadness, the pity of the subsequent story: that their youngest child was born after the separation; that Shelley provided for their material wants and called occasionally to express his good wishes, making it evident, however, that his heart was estranged from Harriet for ever, until finally that deserted, maddened wife lost her moral

Lord Byron.

strength, and, after serious vagaries of conduct, committed suicide. Mary Godwin retained the loyalty of the inconstant poet during the brief period of their life together only by making frequent concessions; she smiled with tact and *finesse* upon the platonic goddesses that he set up by turns on pedestals. Had he legalized her claim upon him, would she have succeeded in keeping him by her side? The tempest, the sea-change which soon after swept away all that was mortal of Shelley leaves the answer

a mystery. More and more, as the years go by, the personality of this man of genius, the circumstances of his individual career, become merged in the Shelley myth. As he really was, and given his way, he would have destroyed society; but his myth is accorded a place of its own, a figure distinct as the Faust and the Prometheus Bound, and typifying the conflict of the young aspiring soul with the world, its revolt against hypocrisy, its fidelity to the inner voice against the outer. This duality is somewhat confusing.

Shelley's friend and companion, Lord Byron, affords another melancholy instance of an altered bent given to a life by the rupture of a marriage. Cut adrift from home-moorings by the decisive, ever-unexplained fiat of Lady Byron, his wife of a year, the poet went into exile, and tossed without a rudder on the dark, stormy seas of a dissolute career. Flashes of a higher instinct, longings for better things, at times illumined his track, until finally, an imperative need of a loftier purpose than self-indulgence asserting itself in his struggling soul, he espoused the cause of down-trodden Greece, and, fever-stricken, yielded up his life in its prime at Missolonghi. So great has been the glamour of Byron's verse that his marital difficulties have furnished one of the fascinating riddles of the century. According to his own statement, they were too simple ever to be found out. His harassing debts and his effort to keep Newstead rendered it impossible for him to seek a penniless bride, but Miss Milbanke's modest fortune was by no means her sole attraction in his eyes; he was proud of the virtues attributed to her by public opinion. He said in a letter to a friend at the time of their betrothal, "She is so good a person that I wish I were a better," declaring also that it was an old and, although he had not suspected it, a mutual attachment. She was dazzled by the rising splendor of his fame, and inspired by a zeal for making a notable domestic man out of the wayward young poet. His pre-nuptial letters to Tom Moore attest his desire to settle down to a wholesome life and his trust in the lady's power to help him to act out his higher impulses and to evolve from the chaotic hereditary elements in his nature that calm and judgment which make the useful citizen and the wise paterfamilias. The pair began well, but the beautiful structure reared in advance by their hopeful imaginations fell into ruins all too soon. Lady Byron's cool, sustained temperament had in it no toleration for the caprices of a spoiled child and the vagaries of a jaundiced liver. There is no

proof that during the year of their ill-starred union there were graver offences. No doubt she was sorely tried by his moods and tenses, yet one cannot help wishing that the wife had loved him to the extent of ignoring his explosive temper, that she could have entered more fully into the spirit of her marriage vow to take him for better for worse, and have kept her eyes resolutely fixed on what was noble and admirable in the author of "Childe Harold." Working along these lines the result might have been different. Byron sued several times for a reconciliation, to be met always with the hard, severe silence of a marble statue. His faithful valet, Fletcher, threw a little light on the mystery of the separation when he said: "Any woman could get along with my lord, *but* my lady." She held with a deathless grip to an impression received, and in her later years this characteristic may have become accentuated until it took the form of a hallucination, so extraordinary were the accusations she brought against her husband long years after his body was mouldering in the desolate shades of Hucknall Abbey, voiceless to defend his motives.

Madame Aurore Dudevant, known in literature as George Sand, is another conspicuous example of a changed bias in consequence of marital dissatisfaction. Her husband seems to have had no fault save that of tastes diverging more and more from her own; as they each matured, he became distinctly agricultural and she distinctly Bohemian. The poverty and the stress of her life in Paris, after she left him on the farm at Nohant, inspired her with the spirit of warfare against law and authority so apparent in her novels, and which has drawn upon them the censure of the church. There were marked religious tendencies in George Sand's nature, however, hard as it was for her to submit to authority. She said of herself that she was "half poet, half mystic," and eventually she passed out of her tempestuous period of rebellion; her old age was peaceful; the questions of her ever-yearning soul found their solution in the neglected religion of her childhood, and, surrounded by her grandchildren, her last days were her happiest.

Coleridge was another high-strung genius whose peculiarities, increasing with his growth, unfitted him for the fireside. He was an unpractical dreamer, selfish in his schemes, and Mrs. Coleridge, a proud, sensitive woman, resented his lazy indifference to taking a position with a regular salary for the support of his family. Finally he left them without a word of apology, and never saw wife or children again.

Dryden married a title, Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, a young woman impatient of restraint and as ill-content with him as he was with her. One can imagine what his splendid power of satire, tinged as it was with

Madame Dudevant (George Sand).

coarseness, may have been when turned full sweep into narrow domestic channels.

Milton tried wedlock three times, and only once with even partial satisfaction. It was his second wife whose memory he celebrated in a beautiful sonnet, and she only lived fifteen months after their marriage. He was a student of secluded and dreary habits. In fact, John Milton, sublime poet that he was, suffered from the blight of the Puritan temperament, the psychical result of the theories respecting God and man which were entertained by that sect. Joy was not a feature of the Puritan home.

As for Dante, the other great epical poet, he went into

exile apparently resigned to never seeing Gemma, the mother of his seven children, again. He had married her as a convenient nonentity after the death of his ideal Beatrice, and there is every reason to believe that she was a faithful wife to him. "I was pierced with sadness," he said, "when I lost the first delight of my soul, so that no comfort availed me anything." The sorrows of Dante are immortalized, but there has been a profound silence throughout the centuries concerning the sorrows of the Signora Dante.

Bacon, the philosopher, left to the imagination of posterity the "grave reasons" he vaguely alleged for his disapproval of his partner.

Addison, the elegant essayist upon whose sentences so many literary aspirants have been advised to model their own, married a titled widow. She gave up her jointure for the sake of sharing his name at the summit of his success, but she lacked the grandeur of soul to ignore the sacrifice she had made and continually reminded him of the honor she had conferred upon a husband of lower rank than her own. In advancing years the continual friction weakened his powers of resistance.

Some husbands have been comforted by satirizing their shrewish wives in print. Cervantes drew a picture of his in the "Mistress Housekeeper for the Devil," whom Sancho Panza was perpetually abusing.

Boswell's *Uxoriana* is a collection of his wife's sayings to him, showing that she possessed a first-class talent for scolding epigrammatically.

Ben Jonson's wife also was able to hold her own, for when he stayed too late and got too merry over his potations at the inn, she called there for him and rated him soundly all the way home.

Sir Thomas More's wife actually had the heart to scold him on the eve of his execution.

Hazlitt was kept in hot water at home by the temper of Mrs. Hazlitt.

Molière at forty years of age wedded an actress of nineteen, who soon left him in the lurch.

The artist Albrecht Dürer was afflicted with a stingy wife who kept him at work night and day for fear they would starve, and his biographer says she tormented him "until he dried up like a bundle of straw."

If the Carlyles were not happily mated, it must be conceded

that there was enough of true marriage in their relations to make it wrong to class them among those who have entertained mutual feelings of hatred and bitterness. Probably, if Jane Welsh had kept the patrimony which she relinquished to satisfy Thomas Carlyle's pride and independence when he took her for his wife, their whole story would have read differently. It was the consequent poverty which made a domestic drudge out of the young lady who had been accustomed to affluence. Scarcely inferior in talent to her distinguished husband, ever the magnet for his literary friends, she was better fitted to be his brain-helper and soul companion than the scrub-woman of his floors and the cook of his dinners. "Tammas was gey ill to live wi'," his mother said of her son, and he could not change his disposition nor his digestion to please his wife; and yet what a touching picture he made in his long years of mourning after she was gone from him! His repeated cry was, "O Jeanie! if ye only could come back to me!"

Some of the celebrated English novelists painted their pictures of happy interiors by sad and desolate firesides of their own.

Thackeray, pitiless to shams, but tender in his touch upon genuine affection, had the briefest experience of wedded bliss for himself. His young wife soon became insane and had to be sent to an asylum, where she died only recently. There is a world of pathos in one of his lately published letters: "We are most of us very lonely in this world; you who have any who love you, cling to them and thank God!"

Dickens electrified his circle by a separation from his wife for incompatibility, after they had lived long enough together to rear a family and were supposed to be dwelling in amity. When the break came, he said no one knew the misery of being bound to a woman incapable of sharing or even of comprehending his pursuits, and she said no one knew what it was to be married to a genius.

Sometimes two persons of superior ability come together having the mental equipment for appreciating each other's gifts, but with a fatal something in their chemistry which establishes antagonism and forbids assimilation. "Then comes the tug of war," for the talent possessed on both sides only furnishes an additional weapon. This was the case with the Bulwer-Lyttons. Miss Rosina Wheeler was a spoiled, high-spirited beauty, ready with wit and pen. Edward Bulwer was a pampered worldling, with more temper and more talent than this girl of his choice.

Nothing can exceed the imbecility of his love letters to her, however; those copied in his recent biography seem to be aiming to prove the height of his devotion by extinguishing every trace of intellectuality, even of common sense. "Poodle" was his pet name for the young lady. "Pug" was the cognomen he bestowed upon himself. Only a few of her letters survive. Quarrels set in soon after marriage. Finally Bulwer banished his young wife upon an annuity that was beggarly in proportion to his means. She confronted him with his injustice at the hustings during an election, thinking to obtain redress by shaming him in public. He forced her into an insane asylum, from which she was only released by the intercession of the queen. Separated from her children, she led a wretched and poverty-stricken existence, dying at the age of seventy-five. In the effort to add to her limited income and to acquaint the world with her wrongs, she wrote several novels, *Cheverley*, *The Peer's Daughter*, and *The Bubble Family*, all satirizing her husband, but his name in the fiction of the period drowned hers. While she was struggling to hold him up to public detestation, he stood on the pinnacle of his popularity as the author of *Zanoni* and a long series of fascinating romances, some of which appeal powerfully to the lower nature under cover of beautiful English, fervid rhetoric, and sentimental incident. Only now, when the attraction of those books has waned and the unhappy pair have gone into the world of silence, those critics who take the trouble to sift the evidence will decide that in the beginning both were to blame for their dissensions, but that in the end the husband had all the power and used it most ungenerously.

It would be impossible to follow up the scores of unhappy royal marriages. Among these a distinct fatality seems attached to the name of Jane. Probably it will never be bestowed upon a princess again. Lady Jane Grey, without personal ambition or worldliness, was unduly persuaded to claim a crown, and wearing it for nine days, brought death on herself and her young husband. Jane Seymour was one of Henry VIII.'s victims. Jane Beaufort, wife of James II. of Scotland, was savagely murdered. Jeanne de Valois, wife of Louis XI., was repudiated for what she could least help—her want of beauty. Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry IV., was poisoned by Catharine de' Medici. Jane of Castile lost her reason through the neglect of her husband, Philip the Handsome, Archduke of Austria. Jane I. of Naples caused her husband to be murdered

and married his assassin, and Jane II. of Naples was one of the most abandoned of women.

Three marriages related to the reigning house in England are especially pathetic to us because they come near enough to our time for the plaint of the sad princesses to reach our ears, and because nineteenth century readers feel a great sympathy for a loss of personal liberty. The beautiful, sprightly Sophia Dorothea of Celle was chosen as a bride for the dull, coarse George Louis, electoral prince of Hanover, who afterwards became King George I. of England. The unfortunate Sophia, the wife, also the mother of a king of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and with a daughter on the throne of Prussia, lived thirty-two years a wretched prisoner in the dismal castle of Ahlden on the Aller. Sentenced to this punishment on the testimony of unprincipled enemies, she was immured there at the age of twenty-eight, and inexorably separated from her two children until the day of her death. Her supposed lover, Von Konigsmark, was assassinated, beseeching his murderers with his dying breath to "spare the innocent princess." In vain did the miserable lady swear that she was guiltless every Sunday, for all those years, after receiving the Sacrament; only from the heavenly court could she expect mercy. George I. was called before that tribunal a year after her summons.

Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV. of England, was refused admission at the doors of Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the coronation of her husband. Loved by the people, her recent trial had not wholly cleared her name.

Another royal Caroline, a near relative of George IV., suffered for many years from an unjust suspicion. She was the wife of one of the kings of Denmark, and her imprisonment was even closer than that of Sophia Dorothea. Even more appealing than the weekly protestation of innocence was the one aspiration of Caroline's, the crowning prayer of her life. It may be seen written by her own hand on the wall of the room she occupied in a Danish fortress—"Oh! keep me innocent; make others great!"

Who says the world is not growing better? Not a sovereign in Christendom would be permitted to imprison his consort for life.

CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH WORKING-PEOPLE LIVE.

BY H. M. BEADLE.

THE March (1898) number of the Bulletin of the Department of Labor of the United States Government contains an admirable paper on "Boarding-houses and Clubs for Working-women," prepared by Mary S. Ferguson. Those who are studying the labor question will do well to read it attentively. I have read no paper of so great interest to labor-people, or which gives so practical a view of the evils working-people are suffering from.

It is worthy of notice that a large number of good people take such an interest in the welfare of working-women that they are spending large sums of money each year to make life easier and better for them. And the thought at once occurs that these same good people will take an interest in the welfare of all workers if the evil conditions surrounding them are brought to their notice, and especially if the remedy for the evils is pointed out to them. Individual action, however widespread, sincere, and energetic it may be, cannot check the deterioration of the working-people under the conditions which prevail. A sufficient and continuous income is needed to enable working-people to live respectably and decently, and deterioration of character must ensue if the standard of life is lowered by enforced idleness from any cause, or from wages being insufficient to meet necessary expenses. When the money of the charitable must be added to the income of working-people to enable them to live respectably and decently, free from conditions which tend to viciousness, something is seriously wrong in society. The good people who have so generously contributed of their means and time to give working-women proper food, lodging, and raiment, and shield them from temptations that would otherwise environ them, will certainly unite with others for the amelioration of the evils affecting all classes of working-people.

The paper also shows that large numbers of girls and young women are seeking to earn their living away from home and

friends at employments which men formerly filled, and that the great majority of these do not earn sufficient money to pay their expenses in good homes, where they may have good food and comfortable lodging and have enough money left to buy suitable clothing. When it is seen how far short of a support working-women's wages fall, it can also be seen how impossible it is for working-people to advance amid the conditions that now environ them, how much they must suffer from insufficient wages and lack of labor, and how they must deteriorate more and more so long as these conditions continue.

The paper referred to has been made up from reports submitted by ninety institutions for sheltering and boarding working-girls and women, located in the larger cities of the Union, for the year ending June 30, 1897. These institutions had sheltered and fed 29,418 working-girls and women during that time. At the time of making the reports, presumably June 30, 1898, there were in these institutions 3,440 working-women and girls, and this number is probably a fair average of the number sheltered and lodged each week during the year, and the expenses of these institutions, not counting rent, interest, or cost of management, exceeded the income from the boarders and lodgers $181,948.53, a deficiency of about one dollar a week for each boarder and lodger. Many of these were charged nothing until they found employment, others paid as low as $1 a week, while a few paid as high as $7 a week. In the paper the fact stands out, written too plainly to be misunderstood or covered up or erased, that other people, besides employers, paid out as charity in one year $181,948 to assure 3,440 working-women and girls decent lodging and boarding places during the year. This sum should have been paid by the employers of these women and girls, but they permitted charitably disposed people to pay a part, the whole of which they should have paid themselves. There is something very wrong in our social industrial machinery when working-girls and women do not earn sufficient money to feed, lodge, and clothe themselves decently, and this fact is acknowledged by so many good people that they contribute large sums of money to meet the deficiency. Is it not time these persons contributing this money were inquiring into the causes of the deficiency they so charitably meet?

The women and girls who patronize these institutions are only a small portion of the women wage-earners of the country. The greater number of these live at home; many occupy cheap boarding and lodging houses, their wages being too small to

enable them to live at any or but few of these ninety institutions, and these far outnumber those which the ninety institutions could accommodate. The average cost of boarding and lodging one of the patrons of these institutions is not less than $3 a week. Such persons cannot clothe themselves for less than $1 a week each, but many women and girls, working in cotton and woollen mills, as well as in shops and factories of various kinds, do not earn enough to enable them to pay even this small sum.

From this report it may be ascertained what sum of money is required to keep a family decently lodged, fed, and clothed in the larger cities of this country. These ninety institutions furnish homes for large numbers of women. Their purchases are made for cash in large quantities, and the goods they use are obtained at much less cost than if purchased in smaller quantities by families. Besides, no estimate is made for rent, interest, or cost of management, and these items do not appear in the expenses. Yet the actual cost to each patron of the institutions is from $2.50 to $3.50 a week. The patrons are comfortably lodged and well cared-for, but no better than any worker, man or women, should be. The average cost of living at these institutions is not less than $3 a week, to which should be added $1 a week for clothes. If it costs $4 a week for patrons of these institutions to live comfortably and decently, it should not cost less than that for workers living in families. If it costs $4 a week for each worker in a family (and the housemother should be considered as a worker), to live comfortably and decently, few families receive what they should. It will cost the non-workers of a family half as much to keep them as it will the workers, and therefore a family of five persons should receive $14 a week to enable it to meet expenses. But few families of working people earn more than $9 a week, and may earn less. It is, therefore, impossible for families of working-people to earn, at present wages, what the reports from these institutions show is necessary for food, lodging, and clothing, and it follows, as surely as night follows day, that where families, year in and year out, are unable to earn sufficient money to feed, lodge, and clothe the members decently and respectably, they must deteriorate. At least one-third, and probably one-half, of the families in the cities where these ninety institutions are located are unable to earn such a sum of money weekly as these reports show is necessary for their support.

The fact that a large proportion of our people are not earning sufficient money to support them decently, and that therefore they are deteriorating, stares our people full in the face. We may build churches and school-houses, we may enlarge our alms-giving to the utmost limit, but a large number of our people must deteriorate notwithstanding because they are not earning sufficient money to feed, lodge, and clothe themselves properly. Like the blood of Duncan on the hand of the guilty Macbeth, this fact cannot be concealed or put out of sight. It faces us as the handwriting on the wall faced the guilty Baltassar. This great wrong must be righted, or a terrible revenge will be exacted of this people.

Jefferson thought of slavery, and trembled for his people when he thought of the justice of God. We know why he trembled and what the justice of God demanded of us for keeping our fellow-men in bondage. And we may tremble now if we heed not the cry of the workers for justice.

What is being done to remedy this condition? A few laboring people—few in comparison with the whole number—are doing their best to provide a remedy, but the great majority, repeating, with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" go on unheeding, or if they heed at all, it is to resist the efforts of working-people to better their conditions.

THE STEWARDSHIP OF BOOKS AND GOOD READING.*

BY REV. M. W. HOLLAND.

HEN Queen Candace ruled Ethiopia she allowed her Jewish servants to go up to Jerusalem to worship God according to the law of Moses. A certain eunuch, a man of great authority under the queen, returning at one time from the sacred city, satisfied his devotion, or beguiled the tediousness of the homeward journey, with good reading. While he sat in his moving chariot and perused the pages of Isaias, Philip, one of the Apostles, approached him and said, "Thinkest thou to understand what thou readest?" And he said, "How can I unless some one show me?" And he desired Philip to go up and sit with him. Though he was a man wise enough to be in great authority, still he did not consider himself able to read everything with profit or to understand all without a helper. He found in Philip, as events proved, a faithful steward of the treasures of sacred writings, and a helper in their good and profitable reading.

To-day, however, there are those who teach that there is no stewardship of the riches of books and of good reading. By the stewardship of books and of good reading I mean the charge, duty, or office of judging books, of selecting what is good, of preserving, encouraging, and spreading them; of condemning bad books, of labelling them with their proper signs of danger, as a druggist marks poisonous potions with the skull and cross bones. There are some who declare there is no need of any such stewardship, but they err greatly, for everything precious, perishable in itself and destined for the use of many, is placed in the hands of some steward. Shall books, mighty powers for the instruction of mankind, be the only exception?

It may, however, be objected that in reading every one should be his own judge of what he reads, his own guide in reading. It has been said, by those who mistake license for liberty, that since the mind craves to know all, it should be allowed to pursue the knowledge of good and evil alike. As of old, in the garden of Eden, to the knowledge of good and evil is attached the seductive promise, "Ye shall be like unto

* Delivered before the Reading Circle Convention of the Diocese of Ogdensburg.

God, knowing good and evil!" They who are enticed by that seductive promise come, like our first parents, to sorrow. They are made not like unto God but like unto demons. "Let a man read for himself," say they, "and let a child do the same. Then let them decide whether what they have read is good for them or not. It is the only way."

THE POISON TEST.

Why not let a man, or a child either for that matter, see for himself whether the vials on the shelves of the pharmacy contain what is good for him or what is poison? If he drinks it and lives, it is good; if he dies, it is poison. Let them try for themselves. It is the only way. Don't listen to what the druggist says. He is a tyrant and will not let you do as you please. So it is with books and all reading; they must be in the hands of some wise and competent judge, some faithful steward, or they will do more harm than good. For one young mind perverted, depraved by a bad book, is a greater loss than is gained by the amusement or information of an endless multitude. Who shall that steward be? Shall it be the state? In a certain degree, for it becomes her office and responsibility to promote good literature, to repress what is depraved. But the state is not always a competent judge, and may not, because of the want of confidence of the people, be a successful steward. She may be the handmaid of the steward.

The stewardship of books and of good reading is, and of right ought to be, entrusted to a teacher of morals, for many books touch on subjects relative to the morals of the people. Then it is to a judge, accredited and approved, of morals that the criticism of such books ought to be entrusted. Who would put the judgment of books treating of law in the hands of one ignorant of law, or who would make one ignorant of mathematics judge of books teaching mathematics? Who will make one save a competent and duly appointed teacher of morals a judge of books? It matters not whether the reading touch morals directly or indirectly.

A STEWARD MUST BE WORTHY.

Moreover, the stewardship of books ought to be in the hands of some one worthy the trust of the best book, the Sacred Scripture. God, from whom comes every good and perfect gift, has appointed his steward of the law, the prophets, and the gospels. He in his wisdom and bounty has deigned to reveal them to men. The two-leaved book of stone on which the law was written was entrusted to the stewardship of Moses.

After the time of Moses the stewardship descended to his successors in office. Christ, our Blessed Lord, during the forty days he spent with his apostles after his resurrection, opened their minds that they might understand the Scripture—that they might be its intelligent stewards. Philip fulfilled his duty when he sat by the side of the eunuch and expounded the sacred page. The apostles were the authors of the books of the New Testament, the recipients of them from their fellow-apostles, or, like Philip, the interpreters of the same. So it has been since then.

In every age the intelligent reader has answered the query, "Thinkest thou to understand what thou readest?" "How can I unless some one show me." There must have been a steward to preserve as well as to explain Holy Writ. Holy Writ is the book of books, the good reading of good reading, and what is true of it is in a lesser degree true of all books that touch the faith or morals of the people, *i. e.*, all ought to have a worthy steward; that steward ought to be as free as possible from the changes of time, equal to the task of distinguishing intellectual or spiritual food from poison; of such worth and dignity as to insure the confidence of all those who wish to profit by her direction! "Of making many books there is no end." The activity and patience of the steward should be without end. If the watchfulness of the steward need be great, the courage required for such a stewardship must be dauntless. Just as a mother, worthy the name, finding a vile book in the midst of her children, rises up with honest indignation aroused in her virtuous bosom and consigns the vile thing to its proper place—the flames; so, too, must the steward of good reading, on finding that which is vile and depraved, rise up and warn all of the danger, and if possible destroy it. Let no man say that is an infringement on the liberty of the reader. The faculty of pursuing evil is no part of true liberty.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST THE STEWARD OF BOOKS BY DIVINE RIGHT.

To whom does that stewardship by right belong? There is but one to whom we may all turn and say, "Thou alone art worthy of the office." Who is that? I need not tell you—you have known it from the beginning, or divined it from what has been said. Who is the teacher of morals, the guardian of the Sacred Scriptures; who alone tireless in combating evil, brave enough in condemning wrong, enjoying the confidence of all because of a higher office; equal to the task be-

cause co-equal with civilization and alone deathless amid all else that passes away? Your hearts make answer: it is the Church of Christ. By every title is she the guardian, the steward of books and of good reading. Not only is the church of God the steward of books and good reading by virtue of her office and dignity, but also by right of service rendered. What grander record does the world afford than that of the work of this faithful steward in her battle for her sacred trust. I have turned the pages of history, following her course and action in the cause of learning from the day of her nativity on Pentecost till our own, and I have nothing found in the records kept by men so worthy of admiration and approbation. To be sure, the element of interest, of traditions without a reason for their being, have sometimes interfered with the official action of the church in the judgment of books, and to err is human. The action of the church is here advisory, not infallible. But the aim, the efforts, the success of the stewardship were born of a higher than human inspiration, and have been in the main free from human ambition.

THE CHURCH'S RECORD OF STEWARDSHIP.

I have delighted to follow the record of the past till my eyes, closing in sleep, fell upon the open page of the church's history, and opening beheld the same glorious record. I saw the church, faithful steward in the days when she hid her children away in the catacombs from the sword of the pagan persecutor and from his more deadly moral corruption, and I saw her putting the Bible in the hands of her children to inspire them to holiness. I saw her proscribing the heretical book that might poison the mind, and the lascivious book that might seduce the hearts of her faithful. I saw her when the civilization of ancient Rome lay in ruins after the fire and sword of the barbarian invader—I saw her coming to gather up and preserve the classic letters of departed Greece and perishing Rome, to guard them as imperishable pillars in the midst of ruins they were powerless to support. I saw her saving all that was good, true, and beautiful, condemning all that was false, evil, and degrading. I saw her again when, rising like a queen out of the ruins of that ancient civilization, she set her monks to till the fields deserted by men given up to war till they forgot the peaceful ways of industry. For every monk she set to till the fields I saw her set two at work at letters. With the rising sun some went out to toil in the fields, to teach

the world the dignity of labor as Christ had taught it, but the pride of her intellect went to their cloisters to transcribe the sacred books of God and to save and to hand down to us the best books of men. I saw the youthful monk enter the gates of the monastery, his form erect in the strength and freshness of youthful manhood. I saw him laying down his quill because his hand, from age, refused its wonted labor. What did he bring to the world as the fruit of his labors? A copy of a book—the Scriptures. I saw him bring that fruit of a life's toil into the church, to a place prepared for it by some pillar, and open it to the world that all might drink from its waters of consolation.

I saw the chain of brass with which he bound his treasure to the pillar, lest the world might rob him of all he loved. I heard the universal applause that the world of scholarship involuntarily paid to such superhuman devotion to learning. But the hoarse hiss of a handful of incompetents in history has been directed against the church and the monk because of the chain, forsooth. Do you condemn the pharmacist who chains his village directory to his counter and lays it open for your use? When the Catholic John of Gutenberg invented the art of printing by means of movable type, with which work he revolutionized the world of letters, I saw the Eternal City, where the chief steward dwells, opening her gates to the conquering hero and bidding him come and dwell within her walls. I have counted the one hundred and ninety printing-presses that her people, devoted to the church and to learning alike, set up from the year 1456—the discovery of printing—to the close of that century, and I asked, as every scholar asked when the cry was raised that the steward was faithless to her stewardship, "Where is there another like instance of enthusiasm and sacrifice for the cause of letters in the records of the world?" The first book from every press was the book of books—the Word of God. After it came books chosen by a careful steward for their intrinsic worth, not for the filthy lucre they might bring because of their pandering to the evil inclination of the hearts of vulgar men.

THE TRUE PICTURE OF THE "INDEX."

There became, in truth, of making books no end. I saw the Church of God asking her most gifted sons to do what you would be loath to do—spend their lives reading, examining the pages of the endless issue of books, to discover if there were evil aganist faith or morals in them. I saw her making with a mother's care an index of what was dangerous, that her chil-

dren might be protected from the serpent's temptation. Many a time the poison was too subtle to be discovered by the young or inexperienced, but her wise and learned specialists were equal to the task. Turning from that historic picture, I found in the effusions of men who never made a sacrifice for good reading, the accusation made that the church in all this had been the enemy, not the friend, of books and reading. I thought of Isaias, "I have raised up children and exalted them, and they have despised me." There is not a grander or more consoling spectacle in the world than the passage at arms between the self-interest and base passions of men, and the justice and fidelity of the church, between brute force and gentleness. Let me repeat a comparison long since made familiar by one of the world's greatest scholars. "If a man," said he, "were to be condemned to fight with a lady, and if she were not the least respectable of creatures, she might present a fearless brow to him and say, Strike if you will; strike, but you only dishonor yourself; you cannot conquer me." Ah well! the church is not a lady. She is more. Yes, she is a mother. She is the mother of modern civilization. She is the mother of letters and good reading. "At last there will come a time when the parricidal onslaught against her will become unbearable to the human race, and they who have entered upon it must fall conquered, overcome either by defeat or by the universal reprobation of mankind."

Go into whatever corner of the world you will, knock at the priest's door, ask him for a good book, and he will give it to you. You can say "The priest gave me the book; and he read it before the king—it was fit to be read before the king." In the house of every bishop were opened a school and a library. To the world the church has said for nineteen centuries, "Receive this book and devour it," and the world received the book as from the hands of an angel. Entering for the first time the splendid library of my Alma Mater, and glancing with delight on her literary treasures, I came upon a closed cupboard and was surprised to find it locked. I asked what was in it. The answer was, "What ought to be in it." "What is this place?" I asked again. "Hell!" "What is in it?" "Bad books." Why should men ask that hell be opened and its poison spread among the children of men?

That which the church has done in the past she does to-day. Organization, union, co-operation are the watchwords of the hour, and hold the secrets of success.

LAND of commerce and of romance, field for the activity of the trader as for the poet's wandering fancy, Mexico is known and beloved by disciples of the dollar and by dreamers of visions. In justice to such a theme as Mexico of to-day none but a skilful writer could be assigned the task that Mr. Lummis has now so successfully accomplished.* He has lived many years in Latin America, he has conceived his subject in sympathy, as he has handled it with dexterous touch, and we have to thank him for the result. He is a model for the dashing journalist, even to exaggeration sometimes, but he is a picturesque stylist, and between them the wording and the illustrating of this new volume will solace long hours for many a soul with artistic taste.

If Mr. Lummis is not a Catholic, he has keen and sympathetic vision, and can write for Catholics. Only let us mention chidingly that his comment on the miracle of Guadalupe is as wanton as it is unreasonable. This is no place for an essay on Miracles, we are conscious—too bad that the author did not understand that flippancy of language is ungenerous and unfair, when there is question of a delicate matter so dear to the Catholic heart, and certainly never yet thrown out of court by fair and competent judges.

In general the author, although touching frequently on religious matters, has maintained a gentle reserve. He hopes for the mitigation of many a repressive law, but he laughs at the idea of an un-Catholic Mexico. And telling the truth, as he does of course, no word of his justifies doubt as to the healthy condition of religion in Mexico—always remembering its people are not of the same type as ourselves.

To-day no nation can lay claim to any sort of greatness unless commercial prosperity is throbbing in its veins, like the blood of life. The fact that the business outlook is so favora-

* *The Awakening of a Nation: Mexico of To-day.* By Charles F. Lummis. Profusely illustrated. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

ble in our sister country is, perhaps, the surest indication that she is safely and steadily pursuing her way to greater heights in art, education, and literature. And we lay down this volume with a lively feeling of satisfaction that the Spanish race—its grandeur and vigor now decadent in Europe—bids fair in our western hemisphere to renew its youth again, like the eagle's.

By the way, no one can help noting how timely is this volume, coming as it does from one thoroughly adapted to teach us more about the Spanish and their nearest of kin. Now that Anglo-American federation and extension of American domination are subjects for so much shallow and hasty declamation, it is both significant and interesting to note, with Mr. Lummis, that the Saxon, masterful as he is, has never, like the Spaniard, stamped his racial characteristics upon a subject nation. Language, religion, and features have perished in the one instance, as surely and infallibly as they have survived in the other.

Even though at times extravagant in his laudation of Porfirio Dîaz, "the handsomest man in the world," the author has wisely and truly bestowed the highest praise on the greatest man that Spanish blood has produced for three hundred years and more, the second Cortez, the glorious *conquistador* of turbulent rebels, effecting and maintaining so secure a despotism that life and property are even more secure under his kindly tyranny than within the boundary of these United States.

Lovely, thrilling, Catholic is the tribute to woman wherewith the book closes. Strong faith and beauty, Madonna features and unequalled purity—such are the causes that make one read these countenances and proclaim again, *Es mucha cara, la cara de ella.*

Only the infallible arbiters of fame can foretell if *The Sundering Flood** is going to make a stir in the world. The issue, of course, is dependent upon the tone and frequency of *their* utterances. In itself the book is interesting enough to float along the current of popular favor once it is launched with sounding of drum and clashing of cymbal and spilling of wine. If assured that to peruse Mr. Morris's last production is "quite the thing," maiden and youth and hoary-headed veteran will find their task easy and pleasant—and even boys and girls who fall to reading the book on sister's table or papa's desk will be thrilled again by the stories of hard-fought fields and daring 'scapes.

* *The Sundering Flood.* By William Morris. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

The prettiest thing in the volume—and its actual tone-centre, so to speak—is the communing of young Osborne and his little friend across the torrent of the Sundering Flood. That notion might have been "worked up" a bit more with profit. Sketches of developing youth and simultaneously expanding conscious love give inspiration for thought of the finest and reflections of the deepest, for delicate suggestion and philosophic theorizing that harmonize with chords deep and sweet as any that our nature knows. Mr. Morris had a fair field and a good start, and methinks he could and should have brought his art to bear more heavily. The scene, the motive, might well stand more wording. He could have far and away distanced what is good in the similar study of *L'homme Qui Rit*. But one confesses to a sense of disappointment at having to fall back upon Arthurian legends and Round-Table jousts when appetite has been whetted for lines that would make us read between, and help us think.

The adventures are all good enough, though. If we were a boy again, we should go to bed happy and content after having turned page upon page alive with action; but as it is, we wanted to learn more of Mr. Morris's views of life on a particular point of vital interest. Are we unreasonable when we know Mr. Morris has studied human nature, weighed facts, analyzed and synthetized theories, fraught with significance and lasting value, and powerful to alter the general make-up of the terrestrial sphere? As to any appearance of "definite idealizing"—if that will go with critics—about social constitution, we noticed nothing. Perhaps it is there—Mr. Morris's position makes the thing *a priori* probable—but we were put out by our disappointment and we won't reflect any further.

The book is a charming English epic, and we hope the scholars will pass favorably upon the style; for though in the first few chapters you do wish the language was plain 1898 English, still its glamour wins you and you conclude by thinking it just right, and perhaps—perhaps, even more taking than English with but a quaint dash of the antique, like *Lorna Doone's*.

For those who have read *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* there may be too strong a resemblance in the conception and execution of this present work. After all, Mr. Morris's genius ran to lyrical rather than the dramatic fields—if we accept that classical though inadequate and confusing name as classifying poetry. The book before us, like its predecessor, is of the dra-

matic order; that is to say, it aims at portraying individuals rather than humanity or common characteristics that are common. Hence we never must expect to find in them any of those sparks of real genius that have marked some of his lyrics.

It is remarkable to note what the last score of years has done for the good old twelfth-century poet, Omar Khayyám. In 1859, when Mr. Fitzgerald's translation first appeared—if "translation" it can appropriately be called—the edition had to be sold out at two cents a copy. Only after long years, when the poem appeared in company with those weird illustrations of Elihu Vedder, did it gain any great prominence, and then—nothing greater than Omar and his poem! Omar Khayyám clubs and Rubáiyát coteries spread over the land, and one was no longer an interesting conversationalist unless he could discourse on the new cult and quote largely from some or other edition of the poem.

Lately Mr. Justin McCarthy has given us a new prose translation and Mr. Le Gallienne a metrical one, and now we receive the "New Rubáiyát," * a sort of antithesis to the theme of Omar's verses.

Presumably that class of penmen whose quills still drip with the ink of their valedictories and commencement essays will have a bit of quiet fun at the New Rubáiyát's expense. Two things heaven and earth abhor—first, they who gush and rhapsodize over lines the meaning of which has been dimly refracted to them through medium of maturer minds; and second, those who gravely sit in judgment and voice solemn words of criticism anent writers whose veriest commonplaces are beyond the ken even of certain college graduates. Both these monstrous, yet seemingly normal, products of contemporary education have had a word, kind or unkind, for the Persian poet whose work has taken rank among the English classics of translation. The natural outcome of his vogue was that poor mortals with a taste for literature and a weakness for thoughtful conversation have been ever and again paired off in company with rambling idiots who were bent upon lauding or exposing the Poet-Astronomer, in accord with the dictates not of their own enlightened judgment, but of the last presumably intelligent person who had commented on him in their hearing.

I suppose Dr. Pallen will go through something of the same sort of experience among the necessarily narrower world where-

* *New Rubáiyát.* By Condé Benoist Pallen. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

in his book will circle about. But he brought gifts of thought, learning, and expression to the task attempted, and his work is worthy the closest study; and is, or should be, beyond the cavil of the undergraduate, the young teacher, and the rapid-reading "hack."

It is the pondered comment of the Christian muse on those grave topics which have lent themselves so readily to the creation of difficulty, doubt, and malign criticism. Do not bother with the reading of it, unless you have time to spare for thinking out little problems and weighing the solutions advanced. One regret we feel in looking over the volume is that it must appear without an accompaniment of illustrations equal, or at least similar, to those wonderfully beautiful, dreamy wraiths and shadows that bend over margins and seem to peep between the lines of the original *Rubáiyát* in its Vedder edition. Some man of deep faith may find his inspiration for immortal work in the new one, if he is blest in possessing soul to perceive and pencil to tell the incomparable glories of the Word of Life.

Mr. Fitzgerald's *Rubáiyát* is published in the back of this volume to assist the thoughtful reader's insight. The fact justifies a word of comparison from us as to the relative standing of Mr. Fitzgerald's work and the *Rubáiyát* just issued by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Omar Khayyám's verses, you will recall, have been translated by a number of hands, but Mr. Fitzgerald's is not strictly speaking a translation, being rather a poem based and built up upon the disjointed verses that have come down to us in Persian, presumably of the twelfth century. Mr. Le Gallienne's work results from careful study of all the English translations, and he very prettily suggests as a comparison between his own and Mr. Fitzgerald's productions, that as the latter constructed a glorious and shapely red rose out of Omar's heap of wine-stained petals, so Mr. Le Gallienne has now arranged a similar blossom, a shy little yellow rose. Mr. Le Gallienne's work really constitutes a beautiful new poem worthy of high place in English letters; it cannot fairly be compared with Mr. Fitzgerald's lines, and yet they do say that in some lines it has surpassed them.

The *Rhyme of the Friar Stephen* * is a pretty little tale done into verse by Miss Donnelly with no great attempt at sublime

* *The Rhyme of the Friar Stephen: A Legend.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. *Christian Carols of Love and Life.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

or startling effects, and containing some very happy lines withal. Its twin volume of *Christian Carols* comprises some sixteen or seventeen pieces, all of a religious character, and of a flavor appropriate to Paschal-tide. We notice nothing in either volume very different from the writer's general run of work, a number of the carols, indeed, being reprints of previous publications. The Catholic reader is supposed to be fairly well acquainted with the author's style, so we pass on with this bare mention of these two new offerings.

Among the *Songs and Sonnets** that Mr. Egan offers us in his latest publication we doubt if any will give greater satisfaction than "The Country Priest's Week." A great deal, in fact most, of its humor and cleverness will be appreciated only by those in holy orders; but it is clever enough to catch the fancy of any intelligent person at all posted on matters clerical or religious. There is a good, wholesome relish of fervent Catholicity about it—although we would suggest some of the lines present contrasts too sharp and sudden—and we are well pleased that it was judged worth republishing. "Faded Leaves" is suggestively good, and the sonnets, of course, are the sonnets that Mr. Egan can write. Presumably the one on St. Francis was sprung of the inspiration that produced that very interesting lecture on the same saint. The "Anxious Lover" is a poem of that sort that makes you wish to appropriate its sentiment, but leaves you reluctant so to do until you have learned who J. K. E. is. Those monograms and initials are such tantalizing things until an author has died, and thereafter foot-notes impart all desirable information.

It happens, not infrequently, that the very greatness of a splendid character helps to obscure it from the world's vision. Often we find that a man's humility or shy self-repression is responsible for his lacking that meed of fame to which extraordinary merits have fairly entitled him. Such has been the case with Cardinal Wiseman, the predecessor of the late Cardinal Manning in the See of Westminster—or, at least, if it cannot be said the result is attributable to his shyness, certainly it has been plain that the most of us have not sufficiently extolled or appreciated him.

Many a reader thrilled with a lively interest in the Oxford movement and all its details has overlooked what was always

* *Songs and Sonnets, and Other Poems.* By Maurice Francis Egan. New, enlarged edition. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

one of its most striking features—the sight of Wiseman, lying in wait on the other side of the line, watching with lynx-eye every stir in the Tractarian camp, every now and again sending out an *envoi*, time after time dealing some mighty blow from an unexpected quarter, following, guiding, correcting every move of those whom he knew to be honestly picking their way out of the labyrinthine intricacies of hereditary and disciplined errors.

Wiseman's character, like his history, is a thing of powerful and varied interest. His first return from Rome brought him into the centre of an activity that was thought likely at the worst to do much harm, and at the best to work very little good. English Catholics were suspicious of the Tractarians and kept the cold shoulder turned toward Oxford; even among the Catholic clergy sympathy and co-operation were at low ebb. Wiseman, quick to perceive and instant to act, dashed to work with an impetuosity of zeal and a depth of wise and sympathetic charity that revolutionized matters at once. Two years after the inauguration of the Oxford movement the Catholic Revival was under way, general interest in the religious situation awakened, and the *Dublin Review* began the campaign destined so powerfully to reinforce the good influences that were stirring the wiser and truer souls in the Establishment, and rendering them every moment more and more dissatisfied with their position.

The book before us,* containing, as it does, extracts from the voluminous and miscellaneous publications of the first Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, will be interesting and useful to those who have newly awakened to a sense of Wiseman's greatness. Doctrine, polemics, morals, devotion are the four divisions, wherein the varied extracts give us a faint glimpse of the writer's many-sided genius. The volume is most timely. Coming in the wake of that splendid publication of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's, and in the dawning of a rising cult of Wiseman, it is sure of a hearty reception at the hands of many very different from one another in race, sympathy, and religion.

After over four centuries of comparative obscurity, the complete works of the Venerable Denys the Carthusian † are to be at last brought out in a manner not out of keeping with their abiding value. The Carthusian monks of Montreuil have charge

* *Characteristics from the Writings of Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman.* Selected by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *Doctoris Ecstatici D. Dionysii Cartusiani.* Opera omnia. Vol. i.: In Genesim.

of the edition, and it seems not too much to say that if their labor is brought to the issue outlined in the prospectus, it will be one of the book-making events of the century. Forty-eight large quartos, each of approximately eight hundred double-column pages, are to be published at the rate of three or four a year—all carefully edited and indexed and of such an appearance as the finest printer's work can give. At first sight it would seem that the cost of such a set must place it at a quite impossible figure for the ordinary bibliophile ever to hope reaching; for apart from the immense expenditure of labor and time, the mere cost of publication, together with accessory outlays, will be one hundred thousand dollars. Yet, wonderful to say, the price of each volume is the astonishing trifle of eight francs. Not gain, say the devout editors, but desire that the genius and piety of a great monk and doctor be brought to the knowledge of mankind, is the motive inspiring us to undertake this task. Surely they are sincere. The works of this solitary of the fifteenth century may be divided into Scriptural, comprising commentaries, exegetical and mystical, on the whole Bible; Theological, including a treatise on the Sentences, general and particular dogmatic dissertations, and a polemic against Mohammedanism; Philosophical, chiefly in exposition of Boëthius' famous *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, and Devotional, in which scarcely any aspect of the spiritual life is left unconsidered. To all these departments of sacred science few men have brought a vaster erudition, and fewer still a more deep and attractive piety, than this son of St. Bruno. In the Fathers he is profoundly read, with the unequalled theologians of the Middle Age he is intimately and accurately acquainted, and as to Scriptural thought and language, they had been pondered until they became his own. The characteristic most prominent in the venerable author's style is that of freshness and unction, qualities which have made him known as the Ecstatic Doctor. From even this rapid estimate, it is evident enough that this monument of monastic sanctity and science ought to be welcomed cordially. It is one of the last as well as one of the worthiest representatives of what has been styled "the sublime efflorescence of the Catholic Middle Age"—and as such, Catholic students and scholars, following Bellarmine, à Lapide, St. Alphonsus, and St. Francis de Sales, all of whom admired and praised the Venerable Denys, should not allow themselves to be without interest in its success.

In his present volume of *Songs of Two Peoples** Mr. James Riley, who has already appeared before the American people, treats of life in New England and Ireland, giving us besides many miscellaneous poems. The songs of both countries are for the most part written in dialect. Those of New England present a picture of country life, of the farm, the house, the county fair, etc., but we cannot say that Mr. Riley has succeeded in producing anything like true poetry. The matter treated of is often childish; endings are employed which are needless except for the purpose of supplying rhyme, and here and there the rules of metre are grossly violated.

The songs of Ireland reach a somewhat higher level, and give evidence of more vigor and better thought, but they also are sadly lacking in the essentials of good poetry. Instead of giving us the pure Irish dialect, Mr. Riley often employs the erroneous exaggerations of the stage comedian. The miscellaneous poems are quite varied—religious, patriotic, narrative; among them is one termed "Aspiration," which might be mentioned as among the best in the whole volume. All of the poems are short. The book itself gives evidence of taste and care on the part of the publishers.

It is a rather ingenious method of familiarizing the young with the works of some of our well-known writers to print their faces and publish their thoughts on playing-cards,† but we wonder whether the writers themselves have given their cordial consent to the scheme. We did appreciate and respect the retiring modesty of some few who some time ago were loath to give to the public the salient facts of their life and positively refused to have their portraits published. Now their faces are printed on playing-cards, where we usually find actresses and *id omne genus*, to be mauled over by unrespecting hands and to be joked about in the frame of mind which one carries to the gaming-table. It seems to us that we may very well trust to the writers' own talent and forceful way of saying good things to make their names and sayings familiar to Catholic households.

* *Songs of Two Peoples.* By James Riley. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

† *Game of Quotations from Catholic American Authors. Pictorial Game of Catholic American Authors.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

I.—FATHER DOMINIC, C.P., AND THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.*

On the evening of October 9, 1845, at Littlemore, to which place Newman and some of his closest companions had retired for serious thinking and prayer, Father Dominic accepted their profession of faith, heard their confession, and the next morning gave them Holy Communion. "The conversion of Newman," said Disraeli, "dealt a blow to the Establishment from which it still reels." That Newman should have chosen Father Dominic for his spiritual father is entirely singular. There were far more learned churchmen in England than the humble Passionist. There were priests of native stock, anyhow men who could speak English. Dominic was an Italian, could hardly muster enough English to preach a fluent sermon. But the reason, Newman avers in a letter written the evening before his reception, was the fact that Father Dominic "from his youth has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts—first about countries of the North and then of England. . . . He is a simple, holy man; and withal gifted with remarkable powers."

Twenty-five years before, God put it into the heart of the rude Italian peasant lad to desire the conversion of England. He knew little of Protestantism and probably less of England's heresy, but the desire to restore to Christian unity the races of the North, acquired in some way, probably from traditionary folk-lore about St. Paul of the Cross, with whom it had been a life-thought, seemed to possess his soul until it led him to accept the habit of a Passionist, and, by another strange coincidence, the obedience to found the Passionists in Belgium, and by a still more remarkable providence, to plant the offshoot of his community in English soil. For a short decade of years he gave missions and preached retreats, and in whatever way possible participated in the religious awakening in England. Everywhere he went he left behind him a reputation for sanctity. Newman caught a glimpse of him in passing, was impressed by his simplicity and his holiness, and what perchance tracts could not do, or theological lore could not do, or the learning of the university could not do, Father Dominic's sanctity of soul did. It brought Newman and a host of others to their knees in confession and to their home in their Father's house.

* *Life of the Very Rev. Father Dominic of the Mother of God (Barberi), Passionist, Founder of the Congregation of the Passion, or Passionists, in Belgium and England.* By the Rev. Pius Devine, Passionist, Author of *The Life of Father Ignatius Spencer.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

The publication of Father Dominic's life just now will give an added interest to the conversion of England. It will have the effect of widening and deepening that spirit of prayer for the return of the Anglo-Saxon to the unity of faith. The Holy Father counts as much on a work that Father Ignatius Spencer did as he does on the work Cardinal Wiseman did. He places as much confidence in the results accruing from such associations as the Confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion as he does on the discussion of polemical questions or the dissemination of controversial literature. We think over here that there is far too much controversy in the Apostolate in England now. English Catholic polemics reek with it, and often in a spirit of bitter antagonism. The great mass of the English middle class is hardly touched yet. We know in its dissent and the setting up of private judgment it is filled with pride and in danger of drifting off into the exterior darkness of rationalism. It needs to be attracted by the establishment of common sympathies, it must be warmed up by an expression of the deepest love, and it must be drawn to the church by the Apostolate of prayer. More Father Dominics will beget other Newmans.

What is true of England is true as well of America. Men of saintly lives, of a spirit of devotion and prayer, of a spirit differing "a whole heaven's measure" from that worldly spirit of ease, affluence, respectability, and withal slumbering and apathetic nonchalance, which is called by the name of Episcopalianism—men of this calibre are wanted to bring the Ritualists to a sense of duty to God and their own souls. Ritualism is one of the most cunningly devised pieces of Satan's craftsmanship the religious world has known. A few select souls see through its jugglery and its mimicry, but the greater number are satisfied with the "Apistry" and are caught in the meshes of the net it spreads about them, where they are held with wearying and unsatisfied longings their whole life long.

2.—MRS. WARD'S LATEST BOOK.*

Helbeck of Bannisdale is a sad story, vibrant with the tragedies of life and love and death. The plot is nothing; the superficial or sated novel-reader scans it over and finds a simple tale of love and suicide, and fastens upon these facts as the

* *Helbeck of Bannisdale.* By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Company.

bone and sinew of the story. But it would be unjust, prejudiced, bigoted to so classify a book which has been written with a far deeper purpose than the creation of a new and striking novel. Mrs. Ward has tried to sound the whole height and depth and breadth of the difference which lies between a Catholic and a non-Catholic, and the intensity and earnestness of her purpose in trying flashes out at times with an irresistible appeal. Mrs. Ward thinks that she has defined who are not Catholics in some of the passages of her book, and we agree that she has done it with wonderful skill, with singular and astonishing penetration into the differences in habits of thought and states of soul which distinguish the Catholic from all other believers and unbelievers. Her information of Catholic things, Catholic ideas, traditions, even those unwritten, indefinable traditions which Catholics transmit to one another, as national traits are perpetuated, is apparently almost flawless. She has not merely touched upon such things here and there, and, as so often happens with the clever novelist, by a merely happy chance hit upon the right word or definition; she has written a Catholic story, professedly to define Catholic character and the effect of Catholic faith on the lives of the men and women of her book.

Has she done it truthfully? Yes, with a most astonishing truthfulness for one who has not for a single instant grasped or realized the essence of the faith; for one who has never *believed*. Therein only lies the Sesame to the knowledge of the faith—*believing*. And that comes not by prying but by praying; not by fretful questioning, or through the querulous searchings of the sceptic who is constantly casting stones in the pathway before him, while at the same time he finds fault with a patient Providence for not picking them up, nor least of all through the proud challenge of the rationalist and the man of science; but faith is a gift of God, his best, most precious gift, the pearl without price, in search of which a life-time is not too much to throw away if we possess it not.

It is the only link that can hold together the forces of existence, those strong, terrific passions below the surface of the soul which when they are summoned from their depths will heed no human voice, speaking with mere human authority, bidding them subside. Alas! the wreck, the chaos, the despair, the black nothingness that lies before a soul without eyes to see or ears to hear such a voice when the tempest breaks at last upon it and it is confronted with the awful question, God or

no God? Mrs. Ward has depicted it all. The infinite pathos of this combat being wrought out in the soul of one frail, orphaned girl, with a spirit like an eagle's and a being intoxicated with the wine of joy and love and life, going down to her death because *she could not believe* when she desired to, prayed to, longed to with every faculty of her soul, strikes argument dumb. But this is an hypothesis as impossible as to accuse the Creator of damning one of his creatures against his will, and it is an hypothesis conceivable only by an unbeliever.

What power of persuasion is there left, however, to convince those outside the church—to make them believe it once and for all!—that faith is not a matter of medals, images, and pious pictures; that these things are but a handful of symbols that Mother Church would quickly take away from us as toys we had disfigured and broken wantonly if we made them the objects and essentials of our religion, and would send us out without sign or symbol, destitute of all these things, if by such poverty we might win our brethren to the simplicity of the faith? And would we not go and willingly, our only staff His cross, our only food His Manna from Heaven?

It does not seem that a book just like this one of Mrs. Ward's could have been possible had the writer sought her material among the religious conditions of Americans, both outside and inside the Catholic Church. The situations she defines would be inconceivable in other environment than that in which she has placed them. An American Catholic, not to speak of an American non-Catholic, would involuntarily shudder at the aspect of his religion under the shadow of these old-world traditions. In some places the author seems to have dipped her pen in the blackest of black inks with which the "Dark Ages" are generally described by Protestants, and through the lips of her heroine loosens her own tongue in revilings against a religion which if it were in deed and truth the religion she describes would deserve such revilings, while, again, she flashes forth into an appreciation of the church which seems more than intuitive—rather inspired.

3.—POLITICAL CRIME.*

Portions of M. Proal's treatise on *Political Crime* read astonishingly like a papal encyclical on the best methods of

* *Political Crime.* By Louis Proal. With an Introduction by Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

government. Coming from a French jurisconsult and fathered by Columbia's eminent professor, that it is thoroughly permeated with an exceedingly healthy religious tone is not a little surprising. Besides being still another evidence of the way in which the spirit of religion is crowding aside the agnosticism of Spencer in the approved text-books and higher studies of the secular universities, it is salutary and uncompromising in its statement of the fundamental ethics which should inspire the official acts of governments if they would live and confer the greatest blessing on the people over which they rule. The key-note of the book is found in its last paragraph: "Science without conscience, Rabelais has said, is the ruin of the soul. Politics without morality are the ruin of society." The ethics of the mere politician have no basis in the absolute principles of morality. For him the end will always justify the means, and that is right which conserves his immediate purposes. A Machiavellian policy which secures present success and perpetuates the leasehold of power and authority, is a law unto itself. The ideals it sets up are not coterminous either with philosophical truth or the standards of higher morality. It lives by craft and violence, it thrives on cunning, lies, and duplicity. For the time being it may enjoy the sense of triumph, but in the long run it plunges headlong into the mire of disaster and revolution. "If society is to be saved from the corruption by which it is invaded and from the revolutionary barbarism by which it is threatened, spiritual teachings must be restored to the place they formerly occupied in men's minds and in politics. The sentiment of duty and of personal responsibility must be re-established in the public mind and in the education of the young," says M. Proal, and constructively says Franklin Giddings of Columbia. An unsophisticated man would think that there is plea being made for the establishment of a parochial school. "Hostility to religion is contrary to sound politics. Merely from a utilitarian point of view, the blindness and perversity are incomparable of those incredulous fanatics who would rob their fellows of the beliefs in which they find consolation. Who can deny that religious sentiment conduces to morality? The more religious citizens there are in a state, the fewer are the restless spirits, the socialists and the anarchists," says M. Proal. Logically, then, the public professor of agnosticism is a public criminal. The policy which persistently refuses to acknowledge in a practical way the necessity of conjoining religious and secular education is a senseless one, and the advocates

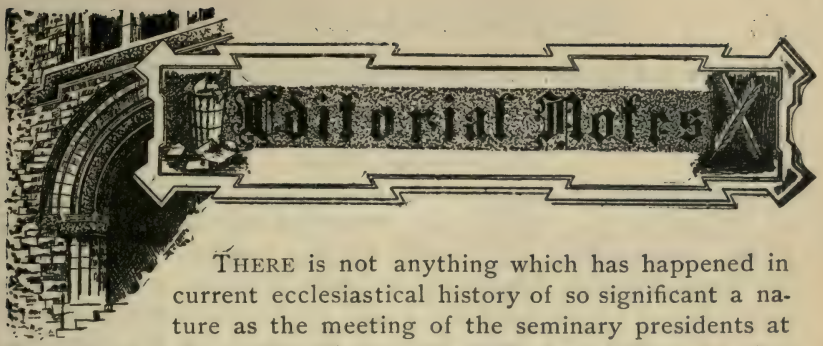
of systems of instruction who stand at the door of the school-room and will have "no God in their knowledge" are equally as guilty of political crimes as any of the sponsors of electoral corruption or the doers of political spoliation, or the begetters of political hypocrisies against whom M. Proal hurls his strongest invective.

4.—THOUGHTS OF A RECLUSE.*

It is a joy for ever, because it is a thing of unfading beauty, to take a casket of precious jewels and look into their depths and wonder where such treasures of light and color are stored, and marvel still the more that with every turn such iridescence can be created. Professor O'Malley has filled a casket with most exquisite gem-thoughts, which gleam and sparkle like precious stones. Jewels are said to have souls. Imprisoned within hard and confining walls, dreaming of a wider life, aching for release, they flash their anger. Be this as it may, these *Thoughts of a Recluse* have souls, every one of them. They are full of life. They warm the heart, they elevate the soul, they lift the veil now and then and give the reader a glimpse into the inner realm of being.

The book is one to be carried in one's pocket, to be read at intervals; one of those "five-minute books" which Cardinal Manning says every cultivated thinker should have at hand and delve into at odd moments.

* *Thoughts of a Recluse.* By Austin O'Malley, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. Chicago, Akron, and New York: D. H. McBride & Co.



THERE is not anything which has happened in current ecclesiastical history of so significant a nature as the meeting of the seminary presidents at Dunwoodie last month. The chief significance of this gathering lay not in what was done, as it was and is in the affirmation of the need of correlating the educational forces of the country and of so organizing these energies that all may pull together and in the same direction.

Professor O'Malley's article printed in our last issue caused a profound sensation in the educational world. It made many of the leaders realize that if they would stem the movement towards the secular universities which to-day locates fifteen hundred Catholic students in only six per cent. of the non-Catholic institutions, they must work together with more united purposes and with constantly improving methods.

The meeting at Dunwoodie was significant, too, in the universality of its representation. Not one of the educational factors was estranged from the purpose of the meeting. Sulpician and Jesuit, Vincentian and secular—all had their places at the conference, and they seemed to concur with perfect unanimity in the methods suggested to attain the end proposed.

There is a perfect din of rapid-fire talk among ministers and Anglo-maniacs about the Anglo-Saxon and his conquest of the world, and the same rattle is made about the evangelization of the Philippines. Now for the first time is "pure religion" to be ministered unto the native. We wonder if the "pure religion" administered by so-called missionaries, to send whom to the Philippines collections are now being taken up in Protestant churches, will have the same fatal results there as it had in the Sandwich Islands.

About the worst that can be said against the paternal administration of the "Padres" in the Philippines is that the natives have a passion for the cockpit, and that they love their *gallos* as an Arabian loves his horse. It is admitted that they are virtuous, thrifty as one needs to be in a warm climate,

religious and honest. Anyhow cock-fighting is a trifle less harmful to national life and morals than the Anglo-Saxon fire-water given to the American Indian.

John Morley is accounted to be a man of a very level head as well as of a farsighted and statesman-like view of international relationships. His words on the treaties, offensive and defensive, between England and America, which are so loudly called for in some quarters, ought to be seriously pondered over. He says: "I know tens of thousands of the best and wisest men in America who believe that hardly any more inexpressible calamity can befall mankind than that a community, as Lincoln nobly said, conceived in freedom and dedicated to the happiness of free and equal men, should entangle itself in the unrest and intrigue of militarism, which are the torment and scourge of the old world." America has usually been very shrewd in her political affinities, and this traditional shrewdness will lead her to keep her hands far away from the seething witches' cauldron which keeps the peace of Europe in a perpetual ferment.

The celebrations of '98 in Wexford have passed. The spirit that breathed through them all was one of implacable antagonism to English rule. We are enemies, we cannot forget the storied wrongs of a hundred years; we but bide our opportunity to strike the blow at English domination. We submit now because we are compelled to by superior physical force, but we submit only as long as we must. These things were said over and over again at the great gathering of forty thousand stalwart Wexford men, on Vinegar Hill, on Whitsunday last. In the light of it all there is a deep meaning in Chamberlain's speech, when he said that before many moons there may be arrayed against the military supremacy of England a powerful European coalition, and the only quarter that we may turn to for friendly help is America.

If the same spirit animates the Irish race abroad as was voiced on Vinegar Hill, and it undoubtedly does, before there can be the twining of the Stars and Stripes with the English flag, it may be deemed a useful thing to grant the fullest measure of political freedom to down-trodden Ireland.

"There never yet was human power
That could withstand, if unforgiven,
The patient watch and vigil long
Of those who treasure up a wrong."

LIVING CATHOLIC MEN OF SCIENCE.

It is somewhat the fashion to look on the specialist as a man of one idea. It is forgotten that the true specialist must first be a man of culture. If this, even in some of our American universities which imitate the German plan, be overlooked, it is a misfortune. The position of Dr. Weir Mitchell as a medical specialist is not injured by the fact that he has become a successful novelist, or that of Dr. Edward Lee Greene, the subject of this sketch, by his having delivered some of the most serious and successful lectures on philosophical and theological subjects that have of late been presented to the Brooklyn Institute.

Edward Lee Greene, LL.D., one of the eminent botanists of the world, and without doubt the acknowledged master of botanical nomenclature in the world, is, first of all, a man of culture, and, after that, a specialist. Dr. Greene, who is at present professor of botany in the Catholic University at Washington, was born at Hopkinton, R. I., on August 20, 1843. He comes of old Puritan stock, and the line of his ancestors goes back to the very founding of New England. Of this he is not specially proud, preferring rather to be of the Father's family, where he has found those angel faces whose smiles he had, like Newman, lost so long. In 1866 he received the degree of Ph.B. from Albion College; his degree of LL.D. was conferred by the University of Notre Dame; he was made a member of the Anglican clergy in September, 1871. Dr. Greene was Ritualist—in fact, he seems always to have been Catholic in spirit; he rather avoided Catholics themselves, but he was fond of frequenting Catholic churches and he loved the Real Presence. It is not easy to get him to talk about the *minutiæ* of his conversion, but it is evident that he was not influenced by any person; he came to the church as steel comes to a magnet, and he was received at old St. Mary's Church, San Francisco, by the Very Rev. Father Prendergast, February 5, 1885. While rector of the Anglican church at Berkley he had pursued botanical studies under the shadow of the University of California, in which he was professor from 1885 to 1895. In September, 1895, he entered the Faculty of Philosophy of the Catholic University, as head of the botanical department. The principal botanical writings of Dr. Greene are: *New Species of Plants from New Mexico; New Plants of California, Arizona, and Mexico*; *Studies in the Botany of California and Parts*

Adjacent; Bibliographical Notes on Well-Known Plants; Pittonia, a series of eighty-seven papers, in two volumes; *Illustrations of West American Oaks; Flora Franciscana:* An attempt to classify and describe the Vascular Plants of Middle California; *Manual of the Botany of the Region of San Francisco Bay:* A Systematic Arrangement of the Higher Plants growing spontaneously in the Counties of Marin, Sonoma, Napa, Solano, Contra

Edward Lee Greene, LL.D.

Costa, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Mateo, and San Francisco, in the State of California; and *Erythea:* A Journal of Botany.

Dr. Greene has a habit of saying to his intimate friends (and in this they pretend to discover a trait of the Puritanism of ancestors) that he will be punished in the next world for the pleasure he has had in devotion to his favorite study in this. He seems to echo the words of Coventry Patmore, in his famous "Ode to the Body"—

> "Oh, if the pleasures I have known in thee
> But my poor faith's poor first-fruits be,
> What quintessential, keen, ethereal bliss
> Then shall be mine"—

when he speaks of his absorbing love of the subject to which he devotes his life. He certainly has not lacked appreciation or praise. Brinton, of Philadelphia, and Britton, of Columbia, and every botanical expert from Leland Stanford to Harvard, have acknowledged the value of his work; his study in the university is a place of pilgrimage for botanists from all parts of the world, and, whenever the facetious at the university observe a man of a foreign appearance in the corridors, with a box of specimens, they dub him "pilgrim to the shrine of Edward the Botanist."

Although Dr. Greene does not always handle his brother specialists with entire gentleness, and his opinions on the subject of violets have been expressed in a way that sent him into the ranks of the scientists of opposite views. He has a most attractive personality. His interest in young persons and his sympathy with struggling students are qualities that show themselves on every occasion. Children are devoted to him, and the small children of one of his colleagues take him into their confidence on every occasion and kindly overlook any difference in his years and theirs—a difference which he seems to forget as completely as they. Dr. Greene is a living example of the beautiful synthesis of deep knowledge and Christian belief and simplicity,—a living example of the union of faith and science.

At the International Congress of Botanists convened at Genoa, Italy, in 1892, on occasion of the celebration there of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America, the subject of botanical nomenclature received full discussion, and a permanent International Commission on Botanical Nomenclature was appointed, consisting of eminent botanists from each nation. Dr. Greene was elected to serve on that commission from the United States, and this while yet personally unknown to the botanists of Europe, yet better known than most others for extensive writings on the vexed subject of botanical nomenclature.

At the International Congress of Botanists held at Madison, Wis., in 1893, in connection with the International Exposition at Chicago, Dr. Greene was unanimously chosen president.

Ontario

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE RELATION OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY TO THE SEMINARIES.

(By Monsignor Thomas Conaty, Rector.)

I MAY be permitted to state here what appears to the University to be the relations which it holds towards the seminaries. No clearer statement can be made than that which appears in the words of our Holy Father Leo XIII., in his Apostolic letter of March 7, 1889, to the episcopate of the United States. He said: "We exhort you to endeavor to have your seminaries, colleges, and other Catholic institutions of learning affiliated to the University, as is suggested in its statutes, leaving, nevertheless, a perfect freedom of action; omnium tamen libertate salva et incolumi." We see clearly the mind of the Holy Father, that all the different parts of our educational system should be affiliated with and lead to the University. This is expressed in the general constitutions of the University, chapter 8, number 4: "Colleges or seminaries, without losing their independence, may be affiliated to the University by the authority of the board of trustees, in which case the diplomas granted by these institutions will entitle the holders of them to admission to the University."

Established as the University has been for the higher education of the clergy and laity, it stands to-day prepared to do university work in the true sense of the word. It is neither a seminary nor a college—in this sense at least: That it does not aim to, nor is it prepared to, do the work for which the seminary and the college exist. In the true university sense, it aims to begin where both college and seminary leave off. Unfortunately for good work, the University is often obliged to supply for the defects of both seminary and of college, and thus waste valuable time both of teacher and of scholar. The reason of these defects, in my judgment, may often be found in the imperfect understanding of the relations which the different institutions hold to one another. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the work of the University is not a repetition, even in a more scholarly way or on a broader scale, of the work done in the seminary or in the college. A leading idea of the University is specialization, and this has rather to do with the development and specializing of certain branches and the giving of superior training in them. Not all the students of the University are called to be specialists. Only the very few can ever hope to realize that ambition. For the most part, all that the University can be expected to do is to incline men to serious study, and thus fit them for practical work in their dioceses. We cannot hope to find in the many a taste for special research, but we can and do hope that all will be taught to be accurate in what they know, and thus acquire a certain perfect formation, while a few will be attracted to specialize, and thus become specialists. The University aims to broaden and develop the spirit of scholarship—in fact, to make scholars—men of research, capable of distinguishing the true from the false, no matter in what disguise falsehood may appear, knowing how to reach the source of information and make accurate every statement. Hence appears the necessity of good, general theological culture on the part of those who enter as students of the faculty of theology. This general culture is a necessary basis for serious and successful special studies, whether in the field of theology, history, or of Sacred Scripture. It is important to have the spirit of scholarship developed in college and seminary training, the love of learning for learning's sake, that taste which goes far toward forming the scholar.

A COMMENDABLE WORK.

A VERY important but comparatively unknown charity is being carried on by a few devoted women among the poor of the East Side who are suffering from incurable cancer.

Only those who have had personal knowledge of this dreadful disease can conceive of the anguish, both mental and physical, which it produces even under the most favorable conditions of comfortable surroundings and unremitting care and nursing. For those victims who live in tenement-houses, without the means of being cared for and without the knowledge or the power to obtain any relief, the situation becomes one of indescribable horror to themselves and to all who are about them. Up to a certain period of the disease relief can be obtained at hospitals; but when all that the surgeon's knife can do has been done, and the stage has been reached when only death can be looked forward to as a release from suffering, then there is no place where the sufferer can go except to his or her poor home, where in many cases it is utterly impossible to provide those things which are necessary even for decent cleanliness.

In pity for the hopeless wretchedness of this class of people, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop and three or four other ladies who are trained in the care of this disease established themselves some time ago in a little wooden tenement-house at 668 Water Street. They went there to live, to make it their home, and to give their lives and all that they have to the relief primarily of persons who are dying of cancer, and who have no place where they can be decently cared for while they are obliged to linger in life. These good women take the poor people into their house, and by loving care and trained skill make them as comfortable as they can be made until they die. In addition to this they go daily into the homes of persons who live in the neighborhood, and give such care and relief as may be needed by those for whom there is not room in their house, or who can be made comfortable in their own homes. There are no salaries paid to those who are doing this work; it is purely a labor of love; but there are, of course, expenses connected with it for the rent, medicines, clothing, food, medical and surgical treatment, etc., which have amounted to about $150 a week, and which have been defrayed partly by the slender means of these ladies and partly by contributions from friends who have known of their self-denying work.

The demands for the relief which they afford have outgrown the capacity of the little house which they now have; it is stretched to its utmost to accommodate those who are seeking refuge there, and Mrs. Lathrop and her associates have frequently slept on the floor in such unoccupied corners as they could find, to make room for those who needed their cots. They wish to move into a larger house. They have found one at 426 Cherry Street, immediately back of the house now occupied, which can be purchased for about $16,000, and which is just what they want, and they hope that the generosity of charitable persons who approve of their work may enable them to make this move. Two persons have already each offered to give $1,000 towards the purchase of this house, and to contribute thereafter at least $150 a year towards the support of the work. There are undoubtedly enough others to whom this charity will appeal to contribute the remaining sum that is necessary, and an earnest appeal is now made for their help.

Any contributions or subscriptions for this purpose may be sent to either of the undersigned: John D. Crimmins, 621 Broadway, New York City; James R. Taylor, 268 Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. Warren Greene (Drexel Bldg.), N. Y. City; Theodore B. Starr, 206 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE American Library Association will hold its twenty-first meeting at Lakewood-on-Chautauqua, New York, from July 2 to 16. The leading subjects to be discussed are the training for librarianship and home education. An important feature is to be short, pithy speeches, rather than formal papers, each person indicating one or two salient ideas instead of undertaking an exhaustive dissertation. Some of the speakers have had the choice of their own subjects, so as to permit each one to keep within the limits of his own practical observation. This plan has many advantages in getting short statements of opinion from busy men, who dread to be brought within hearing distance of the orator who talks long and loud, and is quite sure that his verbosity is a proof of superior wisdom. From the outline of programme sent with an invitation to the director of the Columbian Reading Union, there is good reason to predict a most successful meeting, which will be largely due to the personal efforts of the Hon. Melvil Dewey, librarian of New York State.

* * *

The problem of fiction, its influence for good or evil, in relation to public libraries, was presented to the Nineteenth Century Club of New York City not long ago by Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of the Boston Public Library. Mr. Putnam discussed the inconsistencies involved in having works of fiction of all kinds on the shelves of public libraries, the chief argument for which is based on their educational value, and reduced the problem to a dilemma. Can the public library, he asked, be educational without being censorious? On the topic of the evening, "The Relation of Free Public Libraries to the Community," Mr. Putnam spoke in substance as follows:

Of the value of books or the influence of literature upon contemporary life there can be no question. Books may be safely taken for granted, the reading habit considered not necessarily pernicious, and libraries assumed. Libraries have existed since before the day of Ptolemy Philadelphus. But about fifty years ago a new kind of library was started, having a particular purpose, different from that of all those that had existed before—the free public library. This new kind of library resulted from the idea that it is one of the functions of government to furnish to the people proper facilities to educate themselves by reading and study. There are now in this country 8,000 libraries, containing aggregately 35,000,000 volumes, with buildings valued at $34,000,000, with endowments of $36,000,000 and an annual income of $6,000,000. Of these one-fourth are public libraries. Such libraries are provided for by legislation, of which there are three stages: first, the enabling act; second, the act encouraging the foundation of public libraries by means of bounties; and third, the mandatory act, a stage which has been reached only in New Hampshire, compelling the foundation of them. By the last free libraries are put upon the same plane as public schools. All the various kinds of public libraries, from the hamlet library with its hundred volumes, kept in some farm-house, to the great Public Library of Boston, with its 700,000 books and the annual burden of $450,000 for its support, are the result of the feeling that books cannot be made too accessible to the people. The public library was designed to supplement the public school. The public school, it was argued, made people able to read and then stopped. The arguments for the public

school and the public library were, therefore, the same. With us there are two definite aims: first, to furnish to graduates of public schools an opportunity to continue their education through reading and study; and second, to instruct those on whom the civic duties of the community will fall in the proper way to perform those duties. The majority of readers of a public library are not public-school graduates, nor are they of that sex upon whom civic duties devolve.

To the vast majority the public library is a substitute for the university. The persistent curiosity of the people for special literature is one of the most encouraging signs of the future intellectual welfare of our people. A great many libraries are contributing more to diversion than to the dissemination of knowledge. This has aroused especial criticism, and there has been strong protest against purely recreative books in the public libraries. The defence of such books has been the defence of inferior books. Of these latter it was said that they would entice persons of inferior taste to use the libraries, and ultimately lead them to read something better. But I have little faith in the efficacy of mere printed matter. I am certain that a bad book debases taste. But even if the premises be granted, the conclusion does not follow. We do not spend the public funds to put up bad statues because a portion of the public has inferior taste in art. The best of art is not too good for the least of men, provided he can be influenced at all. So the best of books are not too good for the least of men, provided he can be influenced at all. But the books must not be concealed behind catalogues. They must be free to be examined. The books themselves will draw the man out of his limitations. The modern library tries to entice not by inferior books, but by books of the best quality freely accessible. But the general question remains.

In considering the proportion of serious reading to novel reading, reference use must be borne in mind. The serious book is generally out three or four times as long as the novel. Fiction is the small coin of literature and must circulate more rapidly than the large to do the same amount of work. Fiction has its part, however. The influence of the novel on genial culture and broader humanity cannot be gainsaid.

Current fiction presents a problem in itself. It is a social necessity to read the latest novel by Mr. X——, simply because it is the latest novel and every one is talking about it. The necessity of furnishing the latest scientific works is evident. Since fiction is the literature of form, to say that good fiction can grow stale is to say that the beauty of form can grow stale. But most modern novels are works of art to disseminate doctrine. This makes them to all intents and purposes tracts, and worthy, therefore, of more serious consideration from an educational institution. The expense connected with buying and issuing the latest novels is one hundred times as great as that for ordinary books. With the newspapers and cheap magazines furnishing the best of the latest light literature, why should the library struggle to furnish to its readers all the latest works of fiction.

Another difficulty is that the library has no choice concerning the morality of books. Each reader, it is said, must judge for himself whether a book is good or bad. The library must not dictate to the people what they must or must not read. But is the library dictating when it declares that a book is out of its province? If the dictum is right that the library should merely respond to the popular demand, it substitutes for an educational system devised by experts one fluctuating with every change of popular taste.

The public library is supposed to have a duty to perform to the opinion that

is struggling for recognition. It is not its function to act as censor. A stream of waste steam may be of no particular value to the air into which it escapes, but it may be a great relief to the engine. The other course offers the incongruity of a municipality paying for the dispersion of opinions that are subversive of social order. Some authority must be exerted, and this can be properly exerted only by the library, supported by public opinion.

Here is an indication that a prominent librarian by his own observations has reached the conclusion that everybody should not be allowed to read everything that Tom, Dick, or Harry may write subversive of social order, or attacking the foundations of religious belief. The same line of thought will lead Mr. Herbert Putnam to approve the action of the Catholic Church in authorizing the bishop of each diocese to appoint a censor librorum.

* * *

The Ottawa *Evening Journal* has published a letter in praise of the study of Ozanam's Dante, which is here given:

EDITOR JOURNAL: With your kind permission I may, in the midst of the strife of contending parties and in all the bustle and the noise of our multitudinous modern life, do an acceptable and, perhaps, no unuseful service to your more studious readers by calling their attention to a brilliant and scholarly review of a great book. The book is a translation into our English tongue of Frederic Ozanam's great work on Dante, recently published by the Cathedral Library Association, New York City. The review is published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and is from the pen of the witty and learned "S. M. C.," of Ottawa, known as a personality to a favored few, and not anxious to be known beyond that charmed circle.

To any one desirous of reading Ozanam's book the present scribe ventures to respectfully commend as a preparatory mental tonic the sparkling piece of writing which "S. M. C." has contributed to the Dantean question.

In the great range of Ozanam's book "S. M. C.'s" review leaves nothing untouched: Dante's politics; the twisted and torn threads of Italian factions in the thirteenth century; the multitudinous scandals of the fourteenth—Papal, Florentine, German; Dante's exile, so stern and bitter, in which he had to learn "how salt is the bread of strangers, how hard are the stairs of other men"—all are touched on. And, indeed, it may be said of "S. M. C.," *Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. There is one notable passage which the present writer cannot forbear quoting in full. "We cannot," says the essayist, "for a moment hesitate as to the propriety of alluding to Shakspere in connection with Dante, for both are poets of all times; though we cannot conceive Shakspere's attitude towards the stage of this world as exactly the same as Dante's—'other times, other morals'—but it is always the same humanity. Shakspere in his 'brief abstracts and chronicles of time' is the calmer looker-on. We don't go to him for philosophical nor theological answers as such, but who is ready to deny that Shakspere has done as much if not more than Dante to educate the world? And the more we come to know Dante, the surer we feel he would have owned to Shakspere's greater hold on the world as a teacher."

"S. M. C." shows that two minds so great as those of Farrar and of Ozanam recognize, as, indeed, do all lovers of Dante who are students as well as lovers, that the *Divina Commedia* embodies the story of a life that shows in its repentance for a past, a past now loathed and spurned, the elements of true religion. And these elements are necessarily eternal. "Go in peace and sin no more" is the divine message to the poor soul that thought it was lost, but that is found;

that is saved from sin and shame, that is no longer dazzled by the brightness of evil lusts, that is emancipated from the thraldom of avarice and of rage, that is re-clothed in its right mind, and filled with that blessed peace which, indeed, "passeth all understanding." This recognition of the religious value of the Dantean masterpiece is one of the greatest services that both Ozanam and "S. M. C." do the lovers of Dante, for most of the noblest commentators on the *Commedia* have treated it too much on the æsthetic side.

But "S. M. C." goes further than this, claiming that while the chief value of the *Divina Commedia* lies in its containing the eternal elements of all true religion, it has a secondary worth in being, as it were, a stately dirge, a noble "In Memoriam." In this it transcends Petrarch's "Sonnets to Laura," Milton's "Lycidas," Shelley's "Adonais," and even Tennyson's noble lament for Arthur Henry Hallam. In the expressions of love for his friend loved and lost, Tennyson's poem is immeasurably more beautiful as a dirge than is the *Commedia*, but this latter excels even "In Memoriam" in its splendid power of symbolism, which is kept on a sustained level of excellence.

To conclude, the lesson to be learned from Frederic Ozanam's book is practically the lesson that love, rightly understood, is the "greatest thing in the world," and that, if it be clung to, it brings peace, if not here, then hereafter. And in the light of such knowledge we ask ourselves, in the words of the reviewer: "Is disaster, then, what it seems—something malign, the crash of fate, or but a specially magnificent scene in that great, ever-renewed world tragedy which it is our human business to play out within the eager cognizance of the spheres? We are, indeed, given in spectacle to God and his angels, aye, and to one another!"

Ottawa, March, 1898. J. F. W.

* * *

The salons inaugurated last March under the auspices of the New York Catholic Club's library committee have been very interesting. At the first Mr. Henry J. Heidenis read a paper on "The Press in the United States." It proved to be a veritable encyclopædia of information on the subject, and when discussion was reached no exception was taken to anything the learned reader had stated. Dr. Condé B. Pallen, of St. Louis, who was present as a guest, spoke interestingly of Catholic journalism, a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar from experience. The second salon introduced a paper read by Mr. Thomas M. Mulry on "Co-operation of United Charities." Mr. Mulry is considered to be the best informed man on such subjects in New York City, and his service to the cause of Catholic charity is inestimable. The programme for the third salon included a paper on "Architecture," read by Mr. Joseph H. McGuire and illustrated by stereopticon views. Mr. McGuire is a member of the library committee and a well-known architect. Since the first appeal—made last October—for donations of books, or money to purchase them, over three hundred books, representing popular and approved modern authors, have been added to the library, and the circulation of books has largely increased.

* * *

The Rev. Thomas S. Gasson, S.J., in a recent address to the sodality of which he has charge, devoted himself to the mission of the Child of Mary in regard to literature. Books, he said, may be divided into the distinctly religious, the indifferent, and the bad. A Child of Mary should cultivate a taste for devout reading, suitable to her state in life. Ascetical literature, written with a view to the special needs of English-speaking people, as Father Faber's books are, is increasing, and we have good translations of such works as Rodriguez's *Chris-*

tian Perfection, of permanent interest and universal application. A pious woman should devote a quarter of an hour every day to such books—more in Lent.

Nor should she be content to remain semi-educated on the history of the church, the lives of the saints, etc. Here Father Gasson praised the good which is being accomplished among the women of Boston by the Studies in Church History of the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle. Then, on the subject of literature, pure and simple, the Children of Mary are not Trappists, he said. They have a right to a wide variety in biography, history, poetry, and fiction.

Of bad or very dangerous literature it is sufficient to state that a good woman will rejoice to be ignorant of such, no matter how fashionable it is to assume or actually have a familiarity with it. But he would say a word for Catholic literature. By this he did not mean the goody-goody and unnatural stuff too often parading in that name, whose only claim was that it is well-intentioned. He wished to praise the work of authors of the Catholic faith who write in the Catholic spirit, and are praiseworthy from the purely literary stand-point too. If such writers are not encouraged by their own, to whom can they look for support?

Non-Catholics, especially the Episcopalians, set an example which should not be lost on Catholics in their appreciation of their own journals and magazines, and the writers of their own belief. In too many Catholic homes one may look in vain for a Catholic journal or a Catholic book. You may find *Ben Hur*, but not *Dion and the Sibyls*, a book which, had it been put forward under Protestant patronage, would probably have had a greater success than the first named. In the choice of reading the Child of Mary should always have one idea in mind—her books should be soul-strengthening. She needs strength to bear the trials of her state of life, to overcome the temptations of the world—to fulfil her great mission.

* * *

The Hon. Thomas J. Gargan has given an Illustrated Talk on the Catholic Summer-School for the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle and the friends of the Summer-School movement. Through the courtesy of the Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S.J., the talk was given in Boston College Hall, and despite the inclement weather there was a large attendance, including many people from out of town. Father Brosnahan presented the lecturer.

Mr. Gargan spoke at the outset of the increasing popular ambition for a more liberal education, and of the various methods taken within recent years to satisfy it. The trial session, so to speak, of the Catholic Summer-School, was held at New London, Conn., in August, 1892. Then came the generous offer of the site at Cliff Haven, N. Y., and the next year the Summer-School had its own territory on Lake Champlain.

Mr. Gargan eloquently described the religious and historical associations which cluster about this beautiful lake—the memories of the great French explorer who gave it its name; of the Jesuit missionaries and martyrs; of the colonial wars and the early years of the young American Republic, including the War of 1812. He was enthusiastic on the natural beauties of the place; described minutely the buildings on the Summer-School grounds, chapel, auditorium, club-house, cottages, and gave a graphic idea of the intellectual and social life during the session. Religion, philosophy, history, science, literature, all have had their famous exponents; and memory is refreshed and interest stimulated for the reading of the splendidly selected volumes mentioned every year in the Syllabus as an enlargement of the various courses.

A great advantage of the Summer-School is that it brings together representative Catholics from nearly all the cities of the Union, and puts them on a friendly footing, in the interest of the highest and best things which they have in common. Should some great occasion arise for united Catholic action during any other time of the year, the regular attendant of the Summer-School knows just whom to call upon.

Speaking of the cottages, Mr. Gargan reminded his hearers that the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle was the first to propose the idea of Reading-Circle cottages, and the first to buy a cottage lot at the Summer-School. The Circles of New York and Philadelphia promptly followed its example in securing building sites, but have left Boston behind in the matter of building. The Philadelphia cottage was ready for occupancy two years ago; the New York cottage last summer. Both have proved excellent investments, and have been filled all through the session.

The Circles in Philadelphia and New York, however, have had most generous help from the clergy and laity; while the raising of money for the Boston cottage has been left entirely to the Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle. The Most Rev. Archbishop Williams has, it is true, manifested his approval of the work by the generous gift of $100; and Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick has donated to the Circle a most eligible site, far better than their original investment.

The lecturer then showed about forty beautiful views of the Summer-School life. Some of these were made from the excellent snap-shot photographs taken at the last session by Master Basil Gavin, of Boston. The pictures descriptive of President McKinley's visit to the School, and the delightful showing of the outdoor advantages—the boating, the bicycling parties, the soldiers at the garrison, the Summer-School buildings, excited much enthusiasm. In the groups many familiar faces were greeted, the Right Rev. Monsignor Conaty, so closely identified with the growth into popular favor of the Summer-School movement; Mr. Mosher; the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, the present esteemed president; Father Morgan Sheedy, Major John Byrne, and not a few well-known Bostonians. Somebody had added to the collection a charming picture of Master Basil and his little sister standing on the shores of Lake Champlain. It was introduced under the appropriate title, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?"

The audience was deeply interested, and the effects of this illustrated talk will undoubtedly be greatly to increase the attendance of Bostonians at the next session, which begins July 10 and extends for seven weeks.

* * *

Beginning July 6, the fourth annual session of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School will be held at Madison, Wis., because of the ample accommodations there provided, the beauty and healthfulness of the city, the attractions of the surrounding country, and the interest and pride taken in the school by the citizens.

The different lecture courses for the coming session will be systematically arranged under these heads: Ethics, Christian Apologetics, Psychology, Christian Art, Literature, History, Philosophy of the Middle Ages.

The following is the list of lectures for the session of 1898, so far as determined. Other lectures will be announced later:

"The Church in History"—the Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D.D., Bishop of Sioux Falls. Five lectures.

"Psychology"—the Rev. T. E. Shields, Ph.D. Five lectures.

"Applied Ethics"—the Rev. W. F. Poland, S.J. Five lectures.

"Christian Apologetics"—the Rev. H. M. Calmer, S.J. Five lectures.

"Christian Art"—Miss Eliza Allen Starr. Four lectures.

"St. Thomas and the Philosophy of the Middle Ages"—the Very Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O.P. Four lectures.

"The Church and the Times"—Henry Austin Adams, M.A. Four lectures.

"The Great English Poets"—Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D. Four lectures.

The Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill. Subject to be announced later.

The Right Rev. Camillus P. Maes. Subject to be announced later.

The Hon. M. J. Wade. Subject to be announced later.

The Rev. John W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C. Subject to be announced later.

The Hon. Graham Frost. Subject to be announced later.

"Solar Physics"—the Rev. Martin S. Brennan. Illustrated lectures.

"The Bible before the Reformation"—the Rev. P. Danehy.

"The Spanish Pioneers"—the Rev. W. J. Dalton.

"America's Catholic Heritage"—Dr. Thomas P. Hart. M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

SILVER, BURDETT & CO., Boston:

Stepping-Stones to Literature: A Reader for Seventh Grade. By Sarah Louise Arnold and Charles B. Gilbert.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

Political Crime. By Louis Proal. *Arachne.* By Georg Ebers. 2 vols. Translated by Mary J. Safford. *An American Girl in London.* By Sara Jeannette Duncan. *Don Quixote de la Mancha.* By Cervantes. Translated by Henry Edward Watts. World's Great Books Series.

D. H. MCBRIDE & CO., Chicago:

Thoughts of a Recluse. By Austin O'Malley, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:

Cicero's Lælius de Amicitia. Edited by John K. Lord.

AMERICAN SCHOOL BOOK CO., New York:

Stories of Ohio. By W. D. Howells. *Manual of Hebrew Grammar.* By Rev. J. D. Wynkoop.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

A Manual of Catholic Theology. By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., Ph.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D. Vol. II. *Characteristics from the Writings of Cardinal Wiseman.* By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. *Notes on St. Paul.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. *Flowers from the Franciscan Crown; Short Lives of Franciscan Saints.*

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London (CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, New York):

The Catholic Church of England: Her Glories, Trials, and Hope. By his Eminence Cardinal Perraud. *The Slatterys.* By James Britten, K.S.G. *The "Iron Virgin" of Nuremberg.* By Rev. H. Lucas, S.J. *Talks about Our Lady; Carpenter Lynes; or, The Mother and Son.* By Rev. G. Bampfield.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESS, Barnet, England:

St. Thomas Aquinas: A Mediæval Study. By M. A. Gallagher.

FRANCIS P. HARPER, New York:

Facts about Bookworms. By Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J.

HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN, Boston:

Little Month of the Sacred Heart.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

From the Land of St. Laurence. By Maurice Francis Egan. *Girlhood's Hand-book of Woman.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. *What the Fight was About, and Other Stories.* By L. W. Reilly.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI. (*See page 603.*)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE ASSUMPTION.

Not caught to Heaven in splendor like thy Son,
Amidst a blaze of glory and of light
Ineffable, which vanquished every sight,
And seemed to show the joys of Heaven begun
On earth. Thy fair Assumption was when none
Might see the manner of thy heavenward flight:
Within the solemn, still Judean night
Thy spirit broke its bonds, and glory won.
Weeping, they left thy stainless body in
The solemn tomb, but at the morrow's birth
Empty it lay and desolate. There pure
And fair the lilies bloomed. No stain of sin
Bound thy frail body to return to earth.
In Heaven thy prayers for ever will endure.

MARY F. NIXON.

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FATHER FALCONER'S VICTORY.

BY CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

THE schooner from Charleston came tacking up the river to make the plantation landing.

Beyond the pale yellow-green willows of the canal rose the tall chimney of the rice-barn, solitary and conspicuous in the intense flatness of the landscape.

A negro, carrying a small trunk, went ashore as the schooner made fast, followed by another black shouldering a large box, in his turn succeeded by a young white man wearing the glasses of a myopic student and a most indifferent suit of home-made clothes. The captain of the little craft cast a reflective smile in their direction; himself hailing from Eastport, he had been the cynical recipient of the young man's confidence.

As the three went in Indian file up the green lane, through the rice-fields, and past the stable to the house, the owner of the trunk and box looked eagerly about him, stopping every now and then on a canal embankment to observe the slaves at work in the ditches. The sun was hot and the work was heavy, so they wore dull-colored cotton breeches rolled above the knee. Above their waists — nothing. But the stranger discovered that the black or brown man does not look naked when uncovered. His color is a garment.

"I should think it was pretty hard work," he said to one of the ditchers. The man pulled a woolly forelock, glanced over his sweating shoulder, grinned, and answered:

"Oh, no, mossa"; then fell to digging again. The driver sauntered by and glanced with conscious disdain at the puny figure overlooking the field. He himself was a superb West-Indian, black as soot, fine as ebony, his plaited rawhide lash coiled snakewise around his arm. The white man sighed and went on, catching up directly with the luggage-bearers, who were waiting for him, dripping in the sunglare.

"I am sorry I kept you standing in the heat," he said.

They looked at each other under their brows, showing their teeth.

"Oh, no, mossa!" they murmured, taking up the line of march again.

On a slight rise of ground they entered the park of live-oaks and magnolias, whose festoons of Spanish moss swung in the sea-wind. The young man lingered a little over the scarlet-lacquered footbridge spanning a canal filled from lip to lip with nymphæa, pink and blue and white.

It might have been a bit of foreground near Hikone. The azaleas were in blossom, dazzling alleys of flamboyants under the hoary oaks. Through the bridal bouquets of the camellia-japonicas adorning the path glinted the silver sheet of the fish-pond, set like a jewel in its bezel of pierced marble brought from France two hundred years before. The distant levels of land were emerald with the vivid green of young oats, where sheep were feeding in white and purple patches of light and shade. Overhead a glorious sky, blue as a dream of paradise. Beyond the park lifted a tower of fantastic proportions, its Chinese roof crescented, its vane a golden dragon, its panelled sides picked out in vermilion, blue, and green. The house stretched away from the tower to the left; a curious, crawling array of rooms one story high, uneven of roof, with unexpected doors and casements; a confusion united only by the endless piazza.

There was something so bizarre in this conjunction the approaching visitor took off his glasses, rubbed them vigorously, put them on again, and was apparently surprised to behold again the vision. The mansion was solid if grotesque. A negro woman, wearing the inevitable Madras, met the men at the piazza steps.

"Go 'roun' to de back," she said in a sweet, subdued voice to the negroes; then drew forward a bamboo chair.

"Ef you'll set heah, sah," she continued softly to the young man, "Cunnel Chester be out in a minute."

She curtsied profoundly and went away noiselessly.

The doorway suddenly filled with the overflowing bulk of a man six feet four inches in height, and but a little under three hundred pounds in weight. His face was featured clearly and of a wholesome ruddiness, yet not exactly good-natured, for there was too much self-satisfaction in it. His hazel eyes were shallow and set too close together; his mouth concealed by a red mustache that hung in heavy points far below his shaven chin and cheeks. He wore a loose black velvet coat beautifully embroidered. His manner was self-sufficient and pompous to an overpowering degree.

He stood for a moment only, regarding the new-comer, one hand in a pocket, the other holding an end of his mustache.

"Mr. Butterworth?" he inquired affably in the clear English of the Carolinas. "I suppose you came up on the *Rice-Bird?*"

The pale young man rose most awkwardly.

"Yes; I came from Charleston on the schooner. I—"

He paused, abashed, for Colonel Chester was scrutinizing him with speculative amusement.

"Ah! you doubtless prefer the sea? I believe the New-Englanders generally do."

He took a seat on the joggling board facing his visitor, his weight making it sag and creak ominously. A little girl slipped like a shadow from a corner of the gallery and nestled under his arm, peering at the young man with immense dark eyes.

"The sea, yes," murmured Butterworth; "but—but—"

"But not the Ashley River?" supplied the colonel, smiling genially. "I dare say you would not like the coach any better, sir. I prefer the schooner, myself. But then—" he glanced down at his huge bulk and then at Butterworth, who colored like a school-girl. His undersize was a sore point with him. Perhaps Chester suspected it.

"This is one of your pupils, sir," the colonel continued, putting the little girl on his knee. She hid her face in her auburn curls.

"I thought," the young man began hurriedly, "that there were boys?"

"So there are. Two of the most rampageous rascals, sir, you ever saw. Two boys and a girl, and Latin and Greek for all of them, sir." He pinched the hidden cheek. "What do you say to that, p'tite?"

A portly colored woman came softly up to them.

"Well, Pavilion, what is it?"

"Miss Isabel say that if the young gentleman would like to go to his room, sir—?"

She curtsied again and cast an interrogative glance at the young gentleman.

"Yes, thank you," said Butterworth, springing to his feet. "I—I am rather unpresentable, I fear. I—" he stopped confused, as he usually did.

"Then, sir, if you will come with me?"

He followed her into the hall, and the colonel pushed away his little daughter's screening curls and whispered at her ear. She put a delicate cheek against his and they laughed together.

Pavilion opened the door of a room in the third floor of the

tower and curtsied low as Butterworth passed her to enter. Her eyes travelled comprehensively around. She paused with her hand on the door-knob to say:

"I think, sir, you will find everything you desire, sir. But if *not*, there is a bell-rope, and one of the servants or I will be at hand."

"Thank you," replied Butterworth, astonished at her correct language.

A faint smile, instantly suppressed, flittered across her serene face. He took an impulsive step toward her.

"You look well cared for, and apparently you have had certain advantages in education. But—are you happy? Tell me truly—are you happy?"

Pavilion put one foot beyond the threshold.

"Berry happy, sir," she said hurriedly, forgetting her English. "Is—is dat all, mossa?"

She did not wait for a reply, but closed the door in a jiffy and went quickly down stairs. Butterworth took a seat by a window overlooking the park and distant rice-fields and fell to musing.

"What can I do for these people?" he thought; "how can I help them? how can I get at them?"

His eyes fell on his box of books in a corner of the room.

There was no customs official at the plantation landing, otherwise the box would have been contraband.

Toward evening a spruce mulatto came to offer his services as valet, but Butterworth was already dressed for dinner. The mulatto smiled to himself as he scrutinized the tutor's toilet.

"De ladies, sah," he observed insinuatingly, "are in ebenin' attiah. De cunnel—" he waved a hand with a white palm airily, words failing him.

But the tutor was not concerned about his clothes or the lack of them. It was enough that his black stock was neat and his pale brown hair carefully puffed over his ears. He settled his glasses, cleared his throat, and said nervously:

"Won't you sit down a moment?"

The mulatto started visibly and stared.

"Me, sah?—Set down, sah?"

"Yes; I would like to talk to you."

Felix glanced over his shoulder at the door.

"Oh, no, mossa. I couldn' t'ink ob settin' down in yo' presence, sah, ef yah kindly excuse me, sah. I been brung up to know bettah dan dat, sah."

"Don't be afraid, man," said Butterworth, a little contemptuously; "be a man for once. For God's sake, forget for awhile that you are a slave."

The mulatto actually grew pale. He mechanically sat down on the box of books and stared fixedly at the white man, who began to talk. It was the one subject on which the little tutor could be eloquent. He shut his eyes and conjured up the memorable scene at the Park Street Church two years before.

Words inspired by that recollection sprung to his lips and found utterance in a burning torrent. The colored man listened as children listen to ghost stories in the dark. A tap at the door made him jump to his feet like a marionette.

"Come in," said Butterworth, who had forgotten the time.

A colored woman opened the door.

"Dinnah gwine be sarved d'rectly, sah."

As the tutor went out she glanced at the mulatto.

"Whar you a-been, Felix, all dis time?" she asked, under her breath, with a certain significance. "De cunnel been a-ring fuh yuh fuh de las' ha'f hour."

"I been a-he'pin' Mistah Buttahworth," stammered Felix; but his manner betrayed him.

"A-he'pin' him tek out he clo'es an' knock open he box?" she retorted meaningly, looking into the room.

Felix said nothing.

"I reck'n yuh been a-he'p him git ready fuh dinnah," she continued.

They looked at the figure descending the stairs ahead of them, and burst into an agony of suppressed laughter. The woman from sheer deviltry, the man from nervousness and apprehension.

A black boy in Turkish trousers and turban opened the door of the drawing-room as Butterworth paused in the hall, persuading himself to go in. A subdued sound of voices and low laughter increased his timidity. At first glance the long, handsome room seemed full of people, and after the anguish of introduction, pompously performed by the colonel, he shrank into the shadow of a dark curtain and wiped the mist from his eye-glasses.

The colonel, in semi-military "attiah," was by far the most imposing figure in the room, but what his wife, Mistress Chester, lacked in height, she made up for in breadth. Just above her sweet and rosy face, where her hair was parted, was set a pink japonica fastened with a fillet of pink ribbon to the chignon,

whence fell a Niagara of auburn curls, "natural" and otherwise. Her costume was nothing but a flounced and figured muslin, but what with the light of the prismed chandelier falling upon her dimpled bare arms and bosom, her voluminous spread of petticoats and profuse adornments of pink japonicas, the little tutor would have sworn she was in ball-dress and covered with diamonds. Besides these two and their three children, the boys on each side their mother in velvet suits, the girl on a stool near her father, there were others in the room to whom Butterworth now turned his attention. One, a man, was seated before Mistress Chester, making her laugh heartily, though quietly, over some amusing story. The other, a woman, sat in a deep chair by the fireplace, glancing up occasionally at the colonel, who leaned on the mantel-piece, drawing together the ends of his mandarin mustache below his chin with a conspicuous white hand.

The tutor poked his head out like a turtle from the curtain, to get a better view of them. The woman's face was illumined by the red flare of burning fragrant pine-cones. The little girl, adoring her from the hassock, was her diminished *replica*, a faithful miniature of line and color, except for the auburn curls.

Miss Ferrol's blue-black hair was so smooth it might have been a satin cap on her graceful head, but for a faint ripple in the outline on either side her low forehead. Its great length was plaited and pinned close behind her ears, the tips only of which could be seen. The young lady rightly judged that its beauty needed no adornment. Like her sister, she wore a much-beflounced muslin, tamboured, but with the addition of a rich lace bertha and a set of rose-colored cameos, exquisitely carved, that became her wonderfully. She half reclined in the deep velvet chair, one porcelain-like hand hanging over its broad arm, a cameo bracelet fitting her wrist closely. Presently she lifted a rice-paper handscreen between her complexion and the leaping blaze, turned her long neck slowly and shot a dark glance in the direction of the window curtain. The little tutor shrank back again, but she caught the gleam of his owlish glasses and smiled to herself.

He sat opposite her at the dinner-table with a child on each side of him; and what with her occasional attention, the startling questions at intervals from right and left, the strange unusual cookery, and the presence of the negro butler and serving-men, the young man's appetite vanished.

He finally escaped, he scarcely knew how, into the drawing-room again; but later on there came a rustle behind him—she wore thirteen petticoats and all were starched—and Miss Ferrol sank down upon the sofa beside him, looking like a huge lace-papered bouquet.

"I believe Brother Archibald said that you were from Massachusetts?" she said in her soft, laughing voice.

"Yes, ma'am," he murmured desperately. "I was—I am—that is to say, I was graduated from Harvard in—in—"

"So we understood," she replied sweetly; "and I hope you will have an easier time teaching the children than I had."

"You!" he exclaimed, surprised.

She turned her face slowly, giving him the benefit of every phase of her beauty, from new moon to full.

"Yes; would you not take me for a school-ma'am? I undertook to lead them in the pleasant paths of wisdom for a short while only. They were three to one, each desired a different road, so I surrendered at discretion."

"Then," said the little tutor with a heartfelt sigh that amused her intensely, "I do not see how I can hope to succeed where you have failed."

Miss Ferrol leaned back carefully and laughed.

"I did not intend to discourage you. I failed because I was unfit for success, I daresay. . . . I believe I would like to go to school with the children myself."

"Oh! would you?" he exclaimed boyishly; "that would be—"

Stopping short in confusion at his own audacity.

"Yes, that would be—?" inquired Miss Ferrol slyly.

"Very pleasant," he concluded lamely—"for me, that is," he added after taking thought.

She put her rosy finger-tips to her lips and laughed like a child. The young man had imagined her haughty; in reality, and at nearer range, she was charming.

Just at this critical point, in his opinion, Mr. Gillon, who had entertained Mistress Chester before dinner, now held forth to the company, which had been augmented by the arrival of the family doctor and a neighboring planter. This last, handsome and imperious, had cast many an impatient look in the direction of the sofa where the tutor was innocently admiring the face beside him.

"Yes, sir," Gillon was saying oratorically, as if rehearsing a speech, "in reply to men like Garrison and his ilk, all *I* have

to say is, God Almighty made it so, sir. He made the white man and he made Africa and he put the black man there, and then he said to the white men, 'Gentlemen, help yourselves!'" He waved his hand presumably in the direction of Africa. A smile and a murmur of acquiescence ran round the room.

Butterworth's lip curled. He was indeed young, and it did not seem possible that a reasonable human being could be guilty of such utterance. Puritan New England had used substantially the same reasoning in other and far different regard, but it is not given even to a Harvard graduate to be always necessarily logical.

"Do you believe that?" he said in a low voice to Miss Ferrol.

Like most timid, impulsive people, he took her superficial charm for sympathy.

"Believe what, Mr. Butterworth?"

"Do you agree with what Mr. Gillon has just said?"

"About the negroes?"

"Yes, of course."

"I don't know—I daresay," she said indifferently, but with much amusement in her beautiful dark eyes.

She opened a tiny spangled fan and held its edge to her lips.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you do not really mean that, do you?"

"Why not?"

"You must believe that they are human beings, at least."

"Oh, no," she said to provoke him, amused by his intensity; "if I believed that I would have to believe too many other things. Besides," changing her voice and expression, "we do not talk about it. I cannot imagine what has started Mr. Gillon off. Evidently something has happened."

She paused, for the doctor was now saying in his metallic, penetrating tenor:

"I tell you, sir, it is high time that we took a definite stand, sir, on this question. We are subjected to the insolence of these Northern abolitionists much too often, to my thinking. I, for one, would propose drastic measures."

He was interrupted by the planter, Rafe Lonsdale, whose language was as imperious as his appearance.

Miss Ferrol glanced at Butterworth.

"*You* are an abolitionist," she said softly and suddenly.

"I am," he answered curtly.

"Then," she continued gravely, "I would advise you either to keep your sentiments religiously to yourself, or go back North just as soon as possible."

"I can and will do neither," he said quickly; "this is a free country."

"Oh, is it?" she asked, gibing at him; "but you will find out."

"I am not a coward," he said hotly.

"Well, I don't know. That remains to be seen. You certainly came here under false colors."

"What?"

"Did you take pains to explain to Colonel Chester your peculiar political convictions?"

He colored and was silent.

"I saw your letters to him. You wrote as a student merely, with no hint of politics. You write," she said mercilessly, "better than you talk. Your pen disguises your thought better than your tongue—or your face. You think if you had been honest with Colonel Chester you would not have had the cherished opportunity of your life. But you know very well that that is what you Puritans are so fond of calling Jesuitical."

The little tutor looked down in much embarrassment.

"What do you hope to do here, Mr. Butterworth? Will you incite the negroes to rebellion?"

"God forbid!"

"Then do you hope to convert Colonel Chester and Doctor Preston and Mr. Lonsdale to your views?"

"It would be a forlorn hope."

"So I think. If you talk to the slaves," she went on softly, "you run two risks: first, of being the cause of serious trouble between master and servant, with what result may be foreseen; and second, between the master and yourself."

"I do not care for that, I am afraid," he said coolly.

"But I am afraid we do," she replied, "and you had better give the matter a second thought."

"My convictions are not like my clothes—" he began.

She rose, shook out her flounces, and looked him over with a dazzling smile.

"Neither are ours," she retorted, and womanlike moved away as she spoke, to join the others. The men all sprang to their feet. They would have done so, however, had she been three score instead of one, and a witch in any sense of the word.

"Perhaps 'Livia will sing for us," said Mrs. Chester, who was anxious to end the discussion, in which she had taken no part.

The wish was immediately seconded by Lonsdale, who placed a chair beside her harp and whispered at her ear.

Gillon applauded softly, the doctor murmuring, to the sly amusement of the other men:

"Oh, would I were a tuneful lyre!"

The servants clustered behind the door-hangings of hall and dining-room. Pavilion, coming in to carry the children off to bed, stopped behind Mistress Chester's chair. Olivia stretched a lovely arm across the strings, plucked an æolian chord, and began in a clear, joyous voice:

"Oh, tell me not the woods are fair."

II.

The next morning the little tutor and his three pupils took a walk over the plantation with a view to mutual discoveries of temperamental differences—the preliminary skirmish before the inevitable engagement. As they made their way through the park, they came upon a space of ground about a mile from the house, a few rods from the river's bank. It was shaded by weeping willows, green fountains tossing spray-like foliage high in air. An avenue of unclipped hemlocks led up to it, and so dense was their shade the walk was dark even in daytime. Two Lombardy poplars stood like exclamation points on either side a gate set in a brick wall enclosing a hollow square. The boys scampered ahead, but little Cecilia clung to the tutor's hand, not from sudden affection but from fear, as he pushed open the rusty iron door and went in. Immediately facing him, stark white against the dense greenery of the background, in the airest of airy attitudes, deftly poised on one toe, with flying scarf and floating hair, with curving arms and scantest drapery, gleamed the Genius of the Dance. Beneath her merry feet the marble tablet bore this inscription, which the near-sighted man bent down to decipher:

"Sacred to the memory of
The Reverend Jasper Chester,
for twenty years beloved pastor of
the first Baptist church,
saint lucia's parish, indigo."

His finger paused here, as he tilted up his head to interrogate the monument and the smiling Terpsichore.

"My grandpapa," murmured Cecilia, folding her hands together pensively.

"This is the Chester burying-ground," Butterworth gasped. His myopic eyes fell upon the figures defining the square of family graves. Marble images, perched on granite pedestals in the several corners, naked and not ashamed, originally belonging to the Ferrols and a part of Mistress Chester's marriage dower; rare pieces of sculpture by masters of the art, that would, with Terpsichore, have graced a palace, and certainly never intended by their original purchasers for monumental decoration. But the weight of public disapproval had been too much even for Colonel Chester, who felt that he had overstepped his line when he married a Roman Catholic. Luckily for his wife, his father and mother slept with their forbears in the "Chester burying-ground," but the offending statues had been banished from hall to billiard-room and thence to the park. Pursued by the rigid, unrelenting criticism of the parish even to that retreat, the colonel had at last yielded. Each corner Grace and Sylph was invested with an iron hoop-skirt, through the parallels of which her delicate legs displayed themselves at intervals only.

Ignorance of her name and history did not blind the public to the significance of Terpsichore's attitude. Many were the strictures on a taste that placed her above the last resting-place of the Reverend Jasper, but the disposition of her scarf saved her from destruction. She was ultimately regarded as an angel without wings by the scandalized members of the sect that wrote the art of which she was the personification foremost on its list of cardinal sins.

The tutor sank down upon a convenient rusty seat, and rubbed his glasses and then his eyes.

He did not feel like laughing, though many a laugh had echoed and still echoes in that curious spot. He felt dazed. Life among the Chinese—the tower suggesting the simile—could not have appeared more topsy-turvy to him. The very landscape mocked him. He could have written, as a Catholic priest was then writing, of the country: "'Tis a land of horror, and without hope," a decision rebuked by his bishop as to the last expression, and fortunately retracted years later. But the tutor went back to the house, avoiding the rice-fields, for he could not endure the sight of the slaves in the ditches, with the magnified figure of the driver silhouetted against the rosy

sky from the green lift of the embankment. A figure that inspired a sudden memory—

> "On the other side, Satan . . . dilated stood;
> His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
> Sat horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp. . . ."

He passed through the slave quarters to reach the house. Some of the women were pounding coarse rice in primitive mortars made of hollowed-out stumps. One yellow girl, tall and comely, her homespun gown roped into a huge puff above her knees, stood winnowing the grain in a shallow basket held above her head by fine, strong arms, a Tuccia of the rice-country. No vestal, however, for a brown imp plucked at her skirt and brought down a shower of rice and slaps on his bare back.

Toward evening, after a lunch with the children, the tutor sat down by his tower window overlooking the fields. Not heeding the strange beauty of the scene, he bent a spiritual ear to the voice of the swamp-land, the cry of the rice-ditch, dropped his head on his hands and said aloud, "O Lord! how long, how long?"

As he sat a slave came to the door with the information that the colonel would like to see Mr. Butterworth in the drawing-room. He went down immediately, and found not only the colonel but a number of "gentlemen of property and standing," in grave groups, talking in excited if subdued tones. A seductive odor of fine old whisky, judiciously mingled with mint, diffused itself throughout the room.

The men were, most of them, in riding trim, and emphasized their remarks with the handle of a crop struck on an argumentative palm.

"Gentlemen," said Colonel Chester, as Felix ushered in the tutor, "this is Mr. Butterworth."

All eyes instantly focussed themselves upon the new-comer.

"Ah, Mr. Butterworth," said the spokesman of the gathering, "from Massachusetts, from Boston, I believe? Perhaps, then, you will not object to stating your opinion of this publication?"

A copy of the *Liberator* was spread before him upon a table. He picked it up with such lively surprise exhibited in his face that Lonsdale added:

"Probably you did not expect to find a copy of it in this part of the world? But, sir, if we are not in Boston we are

near Charleston, and not so very far from Baltimore, and we have a curious fancy to keep ourselves informed upon matters of national interest. You may possibly be acquainted with the editor of this sheet?"

Butterworth's color rose, more at the speaker's tone than at his words.

"I have the honor to know him well," was his quiet reply.

Lonsdale glanced at Chester.

"You may, then, sympathize with his views?" insinuated the planter.

"I adopt his motto, at all events," replied Butterworth, who was no longer nervous.

"Ah? Very praiseworthy, certainly—in another section of the country. It is our desire that you return to Massachusetts at your earliest convenience, and say to your friend that the Legislature of Georgia has passed an act offering a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who shall arrest, bring to trial, and prosecute to conviction, under the laws of the State, either the editor or the publisher of this scurrilous journal."

"No!" exclaimed the tutor amazed. "It cannot possibly be true."

"You mean to say, sir, that I lie?" exclaimed Lonsdale fiercely.

"For God's sake, Rafe, let the matter drop," said a man near him. Then to Butterworth briefly:

"We know from your own admission, sir, that you entertain views both dangerous and seditious. We warned Colonel Chester from the outset that your position here as tutor was simply to be a cloak for the dissemination of these views. High as is our regard for the colonel, we cannot in justice to the community allow him a free hand in this matter. We are here, in consequence, to tell you that the schooner that brought you from Charleston is still at the landing. You will go aboard at once, as the vessel for the North leaves Charleston to-morrow."

"I am sorry," said Colonel Chester, with literally towering pride, "to seem inhospitable. For my part, sir, the bare suggestion of fear of you or of any other abolitionist is to me, sir, very amusing. The height of absurdity, sir! I feel personally capable of coping with the whole of New England, upon my own ground. But in a case like this, sir, I yield to the wishes of the majority. I hardly suppose you have had time to unpack your boxes?"

"No," said Butterworth. Then he turned impulsively to the company, the pamphlet in his hand, "Will you not allow me to say—"

"Not a word," interrupted Lonsdale, whose proud face was flushed with something besides pride and passion; "we have all *read* what you have to say."

Felix opened the door. The tutor turned away without a word and went back to his room, followed by the mulatto. As he locked and strapped his own trunk, the slave sat on the box of books and listened to his subdued yet eloquent passion of words. Denied utterance by the white man, he addressed himself to the black, forgetting that his auditor was not a negro. Knowing that his time was short, he came to the conclusion of the matter, ignoring prudence in enthusiasm.

Before he left the room he took Felix by the hand earnestly:

"Do not be afraid to show yourself a man. Talk cautiously to your friends and tell them what I have said, and when the time is ripe—then act! If your country will not help you, if man will not, God will."

A month later the young man sat in the office of the *Liberator*, a miserable hole where the editor, so formidable a figure in the slaveholding imagination, ate, slept, and worked his heart out. He had listened attentively to Butterworth's recital.

"Right, right!" he said, smiting his desk softly with his palm, "we can only sow a little seed here and there. The blacks must take a moral interest themselves in the question of their enslavement before any definite result can be reached."

He paused, and it did not occur to Butterworth to inquire in what way this moral interest was to be roused, since the blacks got their religion, as they did their corn-meal and bacon, from their owners. However, this question would have struck the editor as being caviare to the subject. He continued musingly:

"Did not the Southern provinces despair of all attempts to make slaves of the Indians? Ah, that is the spirit the blacks must show."

"I am sure they will, as individuals, here and there," said the young man meditatively, "but as a race I fear they have not the moral stamina."

After a little further conversation he took his leave. As he walked through the icy streets he seemed to feel again the warm breath of the rice-country, and a vision of Olivia Ferrol at her harp rose vividly before his mental vision.

III.

It was in the heart of the business season in the rice-country. The majority of the planters had gone to the city, leaving the plantations in charge of the overseers. The patrol of the roads, brutally ridden by the Lonsdales, somewhat relaxed in their absence.

The mistresses of the places wrote the required passes with much less inquisition than the masters were wont to, for slaves desiring to visit other plantations or to trade at the infrequent country stores.

The Chester place was bounded on the north by an arm of a great swamp, thrust down like a long wedge from the upper part of the parish to the sea. The rice-fields skirted its angle on both sides, narrowing to the salt, the canals nibbling at the edges; but its dismal interior was unexplored save by runaway negroes. It was whispered that its black and formidable morass was the home of fugitives who had grown from boyhood to advanced old age with no knowledge beyond its prismatic pools, its mysterious islands, its strange and hideous shapes of flesh and flower. The slaves were almost as much afraid of its *gens lucifuga* as the whites were, and many a gruesome tale was whispered over cabin fires beyond the dark. The white men gave small credence to the swamp-lore of the rice-ditches, yet had no desire to penetrate its mysteries. Nevertheless, there were those among the slaves who stole at nightfall to its reeking fern coverts, casting a wary eye askance for the driver and his dogs, disappearing for a space of time to return lighter of hand but not of heart, and creep to "blanket" under the moonless sky.

Among these was Felix, the colonel's body-servant; half white, half black, ambitious, servile, fiercely hating his servitude, cowardly and cruel. His black brother, Mingo, many years his senior, had been a former driver, but to escape his master's whip for some misdeed he had taken to the swamp, and had not seen the unobstructed light of day for ten years.

His latent savagery woke afresh in the poisonous breath of the cypress morass. He had carried off by stealth the wife of the West-Indian—one of the Ferrol servants—and her fate was the horror of the fairer slave-women; though there were not wanting those to say she preferred the Senegambian to the Jamaican, for the latter consoled himself.

But again and again was Mingo urged by Felix to risk a

passage with Victoria on one of the river schooners under cover of night, and escape to the North. These boats were invariably owned by Yankee captains, but Mingo knew them not and wisely distrusted them, as he did all white men, entirely. The long-delayed revenge of the West-Indian made him contemptuous.

"De swamp good 'nough fuh me," he would reply to Felix's importunities.

After the meteor-like visitation of the tutor the burden of these exhortations materially changed, and to these variations Mingo and the swamp-dwellers lent eager ears. Felix had from the beginning realized the impossibility of a successful insurrection without the co-operation of the Jamaican. He broached the subject very cautiously. The driver, naturally taciturn, listened without comment. Being slow of speech, he was superficially regarded by the subtle-witted mulatto as also slow of mind.

One day, however, he himself smarted under the lash of the overseer, or rather under his own weapon in the energetic hand of that official. It was seldom indeed that punishment fell to his share, and in this instance it was unmerited. Therefore, as he passed Felix in the yard after dark, he said without stopping:

"Come see me this evening."

Felix, on fire, went to the cabin as soon as he could get away from the house.

The driver spoke the *Gullah* of the low country, a barbarous tortuous lingo incomprehensible to any except the plantation born and raised. Felix, being in the house, spoke fairly good English.

The West-Indian sat on his doorstep, the light of the full moon in his face.

"Tell Mingo," he said suddenly, "to send me back my wife."

"Huccome you t'ink Mingo got your wife?" retorted Felix.

"This no time for fool," responded the driver quietly, "you go tell Mingo I say send me back Victoria, my wife."

"Then what you a-goin' to do, black man?" said Felix nervously.

The driver thought a moment.

"After the overseer and women and children done kill, what then?" he counter-questioned.

Felix observed him narrowly.

"We a-goin' to stay right here, of co'se, 'twell Colonel Chester an' dat debble Lonsdale return."

His sarcasm was wasted.

"How we get away?" interrogated the black giant, running

his hand along the great muscles of his right arm meditatively and eying Felix with some inward calculation.

"There is a Yankee boat in the canal. We gag the captain, kill the crew, if we has to, and make for one of the West Islands. You know the way, you a Krooman."

"Yes," assented the driver, "that's a good plan. I make fine captain of a boat. You tell Mingo to send back Victoria, my wife, and I go with you."

"You swear dat?" questioned Felix uneasily.

"Yes; swear like white man."

"No," said the mulatto in a low voice, "in the Voodoo to-night."

The driver hesitated a second.

"All right," he said, "tell the swamp-men to be there, and tell Mingo to bring my wife, Victoria, with him."

They shook hands, and Felix glided away; but the West-Indian sat on his doorstep till the moon sank, revolving many dark things in his mind.

IV.

Daddy Florio was dying. He had been the Chester butler and confidential servant for many years, and becoming much attached to the young mistress and her beautiful sister, he had become Catholic also, first from admiration of the ladies and then from conviction. For, old as he was even at the time of the colonel's marriage, he was a man of no small mental force, a profound reader of character, and, after his conversion, a humble and devout Christian, if enthusiastic after the manner of his kind. As Felix's grandfather, he had often argued earnestly with the mulatto, but without effect. The only other Catholics among the slaves were the women who personally attended Mistress Chester and Miss Ferrol, and the children's *Da*. These had been a part of Mistress Chester's marriage dower.

Florio was nearly eighty, yet had been an efficient servant up to the time of a sudden attack of fever followed by partial paralysis, confining him to his bed for many months. Felix's wife, Zilpah, waited on him, but without affection. She was a mulattress of voluptuous appearance and violent temper, kept in hand only by a well-grounded fear of her husband.

The owners of the vast plantations that constituted the seaboard parish of Santa Lucia, Indigo, were either evangelical bigots of Huguenot ancestry or indifferent Episcopalians. The Ferrols, therefore, were obliged to go to the city, a two days' journey by the highway, to attend church. But there

was a chapel in the Chinese tower, and four times a year a priest came and remained on the plantation for a day or so. It was now time for his early spring visit, and the English carriage with black footmen hanging to the straps behind, and postilions and outriders in the brilliant scarlet Chester livery, was sent to the city to the bishop's house. Father Falconer, a worked-to-death, fever-ridden ascetic, laughed to himself as he drew his patched and rusty soutane over his knees and settled back upon Mistress Chester's blue satin cushions for the long drive, then sighed; for to his generous spirit the contrasts of life in the slave-country struck his sensitive soul like a lash.

Like the little tutor, he gazed from the carriage windows over the paddy-fields, whose ditches were filled with sweating blacks, and whose fringing pine forests were starry with the ghostly dogwood, the bridal hedge-rose, and the golden jasmine, and tears rose in his heart and gathered in his eyes in looking over those doomed fields and stately domains. A visit to the plantations was always a sore trial to him. In the city he could wring the neck of torture by desperate work in the bishop's school, and by his unremitting missions among the lower caste whites and slaves. But on the plantations—the Chester and one other—where he was compelled to see and hear, he held his peace; but it was pain and grief to him, and he was acutely miserable. His heart often failed him as he sat in the chapel facing the rows of dark eyes, all filled with the melancholy of servitude. He pointed out with consoling comments the beauty of submission, the pleasure of cheerfully performed duties, the sweet reward of Christian love, the fact that before the Tabernacle mistress and maid, master and man, were of one race in the eyes of heaven.

Fortunately, Mistress Chester was a devout woman, and desired nothing so much as the happiness and salvation of those about her. She had long realized the inexpediency of freeing her slaves, and so she devoted herself to the duty of making their condition endurable. Olivia, less spiritual, was nevertheless too sweet-natured to be anything but considerate; but she was not so confident of the power of religion either to console or to reform a slave.

Being told upon arrival that Florio was dying, Father Falconer went at once to his cabin. He administered extreme unction to the patient sufferer and talked and prayed with him for an hour or more. When he left the cabin, Olivia bade Zilpah make a fire upon the hearth as the night grew chilly, and herself lighted several blessed candles upon the table be-

side the bed to increase the soft illumination of the poor room; then gave the old slave his rosary and left him with a prayer for his peace. He lay gazing at the crucifix hanging upon the opposite wall, beneath which was a Madonna copied in water-color by Mrs. Chester for him.

Zilpah, who was warming the soles of her feet at the fire, gazed fixedly at him. She had "got religion" several years before, but Florio's variety only excited her cupidity. She thought she would take his beads for a necklace as soon as he died. She stood leaning against the chimney-face for nearly an hour, glancing from time to time at the door, her wide nostrils expanding as if she were governed as much by scent as by sight.

Florio fell asleep, his beads tightly grasped in his wasted hands as if he read her thoughts, his old face looking drawn and gray against the coarse unbleached pillow. Presently a man's head appeared for a second at the window, taking in the scene with a flash of fiery eyes. Then the door opened and Felix entered catlike.

"Everything ready?" Zilpah inquired coolly.

"Yes; the driver say the night going to be just light enough to see good."

He went to the bed. His fierce gaze seemed to disturb the dying man, for he opened his eyes suddenly.

"Dat you, Felix, my son?"

"Yes, daddy."

"You got on de blue shirt?"

"Yes, daddy."

"And the leather belt?"

"Yes, daddy."

"You is barefoot, Felix? I didn't hear you come in."

"Yes, my foot bare."

"What for?"

"So you don't hear me."

The old man paused a moment.

"Is dat your knife, Felix?"

"Yes, daddy."

"What you got it on for to-night, my son? What you wear de ditch-clothes for, Felix? You de colonel's body-servant!"

Felix glanced over his shoulder at Zilpah. Then he bent down over the old man.

"Daddy—you a-going to die. You a-dying now, ain't you?"

"Yes, thank the Blessed Mother of God, I'm going home."

"Maybe somebody else a-going home with you, daddy. Maybe you ain't a-going the lonely way."

He straightened up, seized the cane-knife and shook it aloft.

"The day of the Lord is at hand. Woe to the 'Gyptians! Woe to the house of bondage! The shackle of the slave done a-struck off! Glory, glory! Daddy—we a-going to be free! Free men! Free!"

Florio lay quite still, looking up at him with sudden comprehension and horror. Then his jaw fell, his eyes rolled.

"Come on," said Felix hurriedly to Zilpah; "he done dead. They waiting for us by the driver's cabin. Soon as Mingo and the swamp-men creep out we a-going to the house."

They went out hastily. By degrees life returned to the old slave, but he lay utterly unable to move, gazing upon the crucifix. Then he began to pray in a whisper. After awhile, by a supreme act of faith, he raised himself in bed. He perceived that he was alone. He held out his skeleton hands to the cross, he prayed aloud. He implored the intercession of the gracious Mother of Perpetual Help.

Then turning back the bed-clothes from his paralyzed legs he deliberately put them out of bed. As soon as his feet touched the floor he stood up. Then wrapped the sheet about him, blew out the candles, walked firmly to the door and stepped out into the yard.

A figure stealing by threw up its hands with a wailing cry and disappeared in the shadows of the Trees of Paradise.

A light was burning in the tower. Olivia had taken for her own the room that had been given to Butterworth. She was seated at her desk, reading with some amusement a letter before her. The pages were covered with Lonsdale's passionate hieroglyphics. Her hair hung in two long plaits from each side her delicate head to the floor. The tower-clock struck twelve, a long-sustained silvery chime. Admonished of the hour, she murmured an Ave, holding up her charming face, which changed suddenly as a knock came upon the door with the ceasing of the bell. She hesitated, then drew her scarlet dressing-gown about her and went to the door. As she opened it Florio fell upon his knees and caught at her robe.

She drew back in a ferment of fear and astonishment.

"Florio! You here? But you cannot walk. You have not been out of bed for months. You were dying!"

She fixed her great frightened eyes upon him. A horror of the supernatural seized her, dampened her hair, chilled her blood.

"Wait, missy," gasped the old slave; "dis is me. You is young, you is quick in de min'. You mus' sabe yo'se'f an' Miss Is'bell an' de lil chillun an' Father Fawkner. *De slabes done arise!*"

"Now?" she whispered, terror-struck. She almost screamed aloud as a voice came at her ear and she sprang back to see her maid, wide-eyed, pointing to Florio.

"O my God!—O Miss 'Livia! who dat? Who dat?"

"Sh—h!" said Olivia sibilantly, seizing her by the arm and looking piercingly at her. "Why are you not with the others?"

"What odders, Miss 'Livia?"

Florio groaned: "She ent know nuttin', missy. Tek her along. Dey kill her too. Hurry, missy, for God's sake!"

The maid stepped back quickly and blew out the candle.

They groped their way down stairs.

"Run for Father Falconer, Lucy," whispered Olivia to the trembling girl, "while I go to Mrs. Chester."

The maid scurried away.

"Isabella!" whispered Olivia imperatively at the sleeping woman's ear. The negress sleeping at the foot of the bed heard and woke also; sat up and listened.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Chester. "Are you ill? What has happened?"

"Sh—h! Get the children and come with me."

As they went into the nursery, Pavilion, the *Da*, sprang up, her rosary around her neck, her sleek black head unturbaned, her eyes shining.

"Mother of God! Miss Isabel, what is the matter?"

Olivia gripped her arm and stared her in the face.

"You do not know?"

"Before heaven, Miss 'Livia, as I hope in God!"

"Then get the boys up and come with us."

The other negress had Cecilia in her arms.

They met Father Falconer at the door, and all went out upon the piazza, following Florio. Cecilia began to whimper. Her mother clapped a hand over her mouth in an ecstasy of nervous terror.

"Lemme tote um, missy," whispered the old butler, gathering up the child in his arms. She had loved him from her babyhood, so coiled herself about his neck and fell asleep again. The negress put a strong arm about the old man, who crept down the steps mercifully shaded by the Pride of India trees. The little company kept in the dense shadows by the fence, slipped through a side gate, and followed a path leading to the river-bank.

The shade grew darker and the boys huddled close to their mother, whose straining eyes endeavored to penetrate the gloom.

She walked as in a nightmare, her loose auburn curls hanging about her white face. She had on nothing but a thin night-gown and her bedroom slippers. One of these came off. She stopped automatically to thrust again the bare foot into it, realizing the danger of leaving it in the path. They reached the graveyard with its Dancing Girls. No slave had ever entered the enclosure. The gate opened with a harsh screech.

Each one stopped and drew in a breath of fear, but Cecilia slept peacefully, holding tight to the old man's neck.

They crawled behind and beneath the hoop-skirt of a flying Daphne and there crouched, scarce breathing, the women's eyes staring into the chilly darkness over the dank graves.

Olivia took off her dressing-gown and wrapped it about her sister, who was shaking as with a mortal chill.

"Where is Father Falconer?" whispered Mistress Chester piercingly.

A sob came out of the darkness where Lucy cowered.

"Did you not tell him?" whispered Olivia, turning like a tigress on her and sinking sharp fingers into her shoulder. "If you did not—"

"I did—I did!" panted Lucy, "but he went back to the house when we all reached this gate."

"O Mother of God!" exclaimed Mrs. Chester aloud, "he is lost."

A horrible sickness seized the women.

Lucy grovelled on the ground.

"I'll get him, missy," whispered Florio. He put the sleeping Cecilia into her *Da's* lap and crept out of the enclosure.

When Felix left the cabin he did not go at once to the Jamaican, but to the edge of the swamp. The driver had other business on hand. He went to the overseer's house midway the manor and the "quarters," and at his call the white man looked from an upper window.

"Who's that?"

"De driber."

The overseer laughed.

"Come for another lashing?"

"Dis no time fuh joke," replied the driver coolly, "de slabes gwine ter rise to-night. Better come down an' he'p me sabe de women an' chillun, less yuh gwine tek to de swamp."

"What's that?" exclaimed the overseer.

"Better not holler so loud," said the Jamaican. "I couldn't come befo'. Hab to tink ob my own skin some time."

"Wait," said the overseer, closing the window and thrusting a revolver into his belt.

The Jamaican waited.

In a moment the door opened. The overseer, half-dressed, stepped upon the piazza. The West-Indian caught him by the throat and lifted his whip-handle.

"Tek dat fuh de lashin' yuh gib me," he said grimly, and struck. Once was enough. A woman called from the stair-landing. He spurned the body where it fell, and leaped panther-like into the house and up the stairs. Presently he reappeared and set off toward the house.

By this time Mingo and the swamp-men had come upon Felix. They met the Jamaican in the house-yard and stole silently up to the house. Zilpah had purloined the keys and they entered without difficulty; then rushed from one empty room to another. "Dey in de chapel," whispered Zilpah. But at that door they hesitated; Zilpah pushed it open. The chapel adjoined the drawing-room, and between the two was an immense door that folded many times upon itself, converting the two apartments into one. The savage troop crowded into the first room. The great door was wide open. The altar was covered with flowers and ablaze with candles. The prismed chandeliers pendent from the painted ceiling and the silver sconces on either side the mirrored wall-panels were alight. The golden monstrance before the Tabernacle, glittering with diamonds as with fire, shone with glory, the heart of the brilliance.

It was the first time that the majority of the slaves had ever been in the house, or had ever seen the altar. They stopped transfixed. They clung together like bees, their rolling eyes fastened upon the figure at the altar's foot, and following with fascination the ascent of incense-smoke from the censer in his hand.

A voice rose strong and clear: Lord, have mercy on us.

A woman's voice instantly replied: *Lord, have mercy on us.*

Christ, have mercy on us.

Again the voice: *Christ, have mercy on us.*

Lord, have mercy on us.

A second voice joined itself to the first: *Lord, have mercy on us.*

Christ, hear us.

Christ, hear us.

God the Father of Heaven.

Have mercy on us!

God the Son, Redeemer of the World.

Now many voices swelled the refrain: *Have mercy on us!*
God the Holy Ghost.
Have mercy on us!
Holy Trinity, one God.
Have mercy on us!
Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Have mercy on us!
Father of glory and Lord of Heaven and Earth.
Have mercy on us!
Father of mercies and God of all comfort.
Have mercy on us!
Who hast made us to thine own image.
Have mercy on us!
Who hast redeemed us by thine only Son.
Have mercy on us!
Who hast adopted us thy children.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Who hast given thine angels charge over us.
Have mercy on us!
Who hast prepared for us an eternal kingdom.
Have mercy on us!
Who hast called us into the fellowship of thy saints.
Have mercy on us!
Who givest a good spirit to those that ask it.
O Lord, have mercy on us!
Who showest mercy to those that seek it.
O Lord, have mercy on us!
Who art blest on thy throne of glory.
O Lord, have mercy on us!
Who art adored by all the blessed.
O Lord, have mercy on us!
Who art the happiness of the elect.
O Lord, have mercy on us!
Who art served by all thy creatures.
O Lord, have mercy on us!
Who permittest us, wretched sinners, to praise thy Name.
O Lord, have mercy on us!

A loud sobbing interrupted the litany. Immediately the whole company fell upon their knees, put their faces to the floor, cried and beat upon their breasts.

One woman crept toward the altar and put her face on the lowest step.

Have mercy on us, O Lord!

The priest arose, held out his hands over the sobbing

grovelling slaves. One alone stood defiantly erect, his gleaming eyes fixed upon the woman before the altar, who ceased not to cry: *Have mercy on us, O Lord!*

The priest met that fierce glance with eyes as bright. He turned to the altar, grasped the fiery monstrance, turned again and lifted it.

The Jamaican dropped his knife, sank upon his knees and hid his face in his bloody hands.

"My children," said the priest in a clear, even voice, "you are in the presence of our Blessed Lord, Jesus Christ, who has saved you from your sins, who died upon the cross for you."

Have mercy on us, O Lord!

"He has mercifully stopped you in your dreadful way, and even now he waits to bless you."

Have mercy on us!

"Go back to your cabins—or to the swamp. Those who wish to stay on the plantation shall not be punished. I promise you in the name of God. I pardon you, your master pardons you, your dear mistress pardons you, in the name of our Blessed Lord and of his Blessed Mother. Return to your cabins. Go in peace."

One by one they rose from the floor; as they did so the door at the side of the chapel near the altar opened, and Florio staggered in. Twice had he fallen on the way, twice had he cried out in prayer and risen again. But his delay was of Heaven. As he entered, apparently wrapped in his shroud, one long skeleton arm stretched out, the negroes shrieked and fled. Felix, who had left him for dead and knew him paralytic, leaped into the air with a howl of terror and rushed away, followed by the Jamaican and the swamp-men, leaving Victoria before the altar. They fled down the road as if pursued of devils. Through the park, past the rice-fields, and beyond the rice-barn.

A schooner lay with flapping sail at the landing. The three men rushed upon deck. One cast off while another throttled the captain, who staggered up half awake from his berth. The crew fled into the fields. The early breeze of morning blew from the faintly reddening east. They swept through the canal before its steady breath; they gained the salt, gleaming under the dawn-rays; the deep voice of ocean called from the islands southward. They spread all sail and stood away from shore, shaping their course seaward, and soon became a mere dancing speck upon the illimitable blue.

AMERIGO VESPUCCI AND THE ITALIAN NAVIGATORS.

BY E. McAULIFFE.

FLORENCE the beautiful (*Firenze la bella*) has been busy this year celebrating the centenary of several of her illustrious sons. We associate the name of Florence with all that is great and beautiful in art; we look at her splendid monuments, her *Divina Commedia*, her palaces, her churches, but the more splendid virtues of her people we are too apt to overlook. Speaking of her great artists Ruskin says: "These men were great because they believed." And in descanting on the beauties of Santa Croce, fresh from the master-hand of Arnolfo, he extends his admiration to the people who prayed beneath its roof: "Strong in abiding, and pure in life, as their rocks and olive forests." Again: "The skill of Cimabue cannot be extolled too highly; but no Madonna by his hand could ever have rejoiced the soul of Italy, unless for a thousand years before many a nameless Greek and nameless Goth had adorned the traditions, and lived in the love of the Virgin." Of the man himself he says: "First of Florentines, first of the European men—he attained in thought, and saw with spiritual eyes, exercised to discern good from evil, the face of her who was blessed among women, and with his following hand made visible the *Magnificat* of his heart. He magnified the maid, and Florence rejoiced in her queen."

To-day, however, the men we celebrate are not those who covered the walls of churches with their heavenly visions, nor "the man descended to the doomed and dead for our instruction," but those brave adventurers who, strong in faith and hope, and love of God and man, dared to traverse the pathless ocean in search of new lands where they might shed the light of Catholic doctrine on those who languished in spiritual darkness.

Amerigo Vespucci, Paolo Toscanelli, and eight of lesser fame, received memorial honors this year in Florence. During ten days of April the whole city was *en fête*, the days were all too short, and the festivities were carried far into the night. Since the times of her ancient splendor nothing on so grand a scale has been seen in the ducal city. First was the inaugura-

tion of the monument in Santa Croce. After the religious ceremony followed regattas on the Arno; classical and historical representations in the public squares, horticultural exhibitions in the centre of the town, races in the Cascine, concerts and dramatic representations in the theatres, a revival of old national games, and in conclusion a nocturnal display of fireworks on the river, which was extended through the whole city and the surrounding hills. The monument in Santa Croce is a mural tablet of elaborate design and finished execution, worthy

MEMBERS OF THE VESPUCCI FAMILY.

of the temple in which it is placed. The design is a rich sarcophagus; on the front are three large medallions encircled with sculptured foliage. On the centre medallion is a ship with all sails set, her prow turned eastward. Around it the sculptor has carved this verse of Dante:

"L'acqua ch'io prendo giammai non si corse,"
(The way I pass ne'er yet was run.)

The medallions on either side give us the portraits of Vespucci and Toscanelli. Underneath is a row of eight shields, elaborately sculptured, having the names and armorial bearings of the

other navigators; also the dates of their voyages. We may study with profit the lives and deeds of those men of a past age, and ask ourselves if any invention or scientific discovery of modern times has been as important in its results as have been their discoveries?

Amerigo Vespucci was the son of a Florentine lawyer. His father wisely left the care of the boy's education to his brother, a Dominican monk and friend of Savonarola. We may imagine what that education was. He probably learned his first lessons

FROM A PAINTING BY DOMENICO GHIRLANDAIO.

in class with those youths of whom Savonarola, in his letters, speaks of as "our angels." In his time Saint Antoninus was Archbishop of Florence, and Fra Angelico had already gained renown as a painter. The Florence of that period had cast off the slough of worldliness, had made a public holocaust of her vanities, and chosen Christ for King. She had clothed herself once more with virtue and simplicity, as in the time of Cacciaguida, that ancestor of Dante whom he met in Paradise, and who thus recalls it (Paradise, xv. 106):

"I saw Bellincion Berti walk abroad
In leathern girdle and a clasp of bone;

And, with no artful coloring on her cheeks,
His lady leave the glass. The sons I saw
Of Nerli and of Vecchio well content
With unrob'd jerkin; and their good dames handling
The spindle and the flax: . . .

"One wak'd to tend the cradle, hushing it
With sounds that lull'd the parent's infancy;
Another, with her maidens, drawing off
The tresses from the distaff, lectur'd them
Old tales of Troy and Fesole and Rome."

The young Vespucci, when grown to manhood, was placed in the counting-house of Lorenzo di Pier Francesco de' Medici, and his first voyages were undertaken for the business of the house. Happening to be in Seville when Columbus made his triumphal entry into Spain, and being somewhat weary of mercantile pursuits, he resolved to try his chances as a discoverer. The king gave him a commission to follow up the discoveries of Columbus, and accordingly, on May 10, 1497, he sailed from Cadiz, and had a most successful and pleasant voyage, touching land at the expiration of thirty-seven days. It was near the mouth of the Orinoco that the mainland of the continent was first reached, and as Columbus did not strike it until the following year, the honor of the discovery undoubtedly belongs to Vespucci. Both Humboldt and Robertson favor his claim. On his return he was sent by the king on a second expedition, in the course of which he continued his explorations from Cape St. Roque to Orellana, returning at the end of a year. After his second voyage he was invited by the King of Portugal to enter his service, which, after some hesitation, he decided to do. In 1501 he sailed for the third time, coasting Africa as far as Cape Verde; then striking across the Atlantic (all the way beset by storms), he at length reached land. The voyage was of ninety-seven days' duration. He explored the coast of South America for almost its whole length, touching at Brazil.

He made a fourth voyage with six ships, under the charge of an admiral; but the latter, relying too much on his own untried skill, separated himself from Vespucci, and was never heard from. He was lost with the four ships that accompanied him; Vespucci returned with two ships. This voyage was not productive of any remarkable results or fresh discoveries. Soon after, he left the service of Portugal and was gladly welcomed by the King of Spain, who gave him an important office with a large salary. Not long after receiving this appointment

he died; his son inherited his talents as a navigator, and the king settled a liberal pension on the widow.

Paolo Toscanelli was born in Florence in 1397. From his earliest youth he devoted himself to study. Geography and astronomy were his favorite sciences; he was well read in Greek and Latin classics, and master of all the ancients had to teach on the above subjects. On one occasion, sitting at supper with several men of genius, and hearing Brunelleschi discourse learnedly on the science of geometry, he begged to be received into the number of his disciples, and from thence gave himself up with renewed ardor to the study of mathematics. An Italian writer describes him as "*un uomo di santa vita e matematico eccellentissimo*" (a man of holy life and an excellent mathematician). A distinguished Florentine writer of the present day says that his character presented an "admirable example of the harmony which exists between literature, science, and piety." He held the same opinions as Columbus regarding the formation of the earth, and sent him a map, with many instructions, which greatly encouraged him, coming from so learned a man.

Reading of Marco Polo's voyages inflamed him with the desire of travel, and comparing these accounts with those of the Chinese and Tartar merchants who came in great numbers to Florence, he dreamed incessantly of finding an easier communication between Europe and Asia. Among others whom he interviewed on the subject was Nicolas di Conti, who after an absence of twenty-five years came back from India to implore pardon of Pope Eugenius IV. for his apostasy. Numberless obstacles presented themselves to all his plans; the mariners would not consent to trust themselves to the perils of unknown seas, notwithstanding the invention of the compass and the use of the astrolabe. The most experienced pilots shrunk from the attempt.

Toscanelli constructed, in 1468, the old observatory (gnomone) on the summit of the dome of the cathedral, which was considered the greatest work of astronomical science in the world. Although so ardent an astronomer he was untainted by astrology, and used to say to his friends, when spoken to on the subject, that he was a living witness of its falsity; as, according to the stars, he should have died young, and he was then of a great age.

The heads of Toscanelli and Vespucci are carved in stone on the *façade* of Santa Maria del Fiore, together with those of Galileo, Ficino, and Columbus.

Francesco Balducci Pegolotti was a clerk in a famous Florentine banking house, that of the Bardi. He made many voyages for the business of the house from 1315 to 1340. He traversed all Europe, went to Barbary and Egypt, and travelled through Asia as far as Pekin. He wrote a treatise on commercial geography, which is interesting to the curious, as it describes the way in which commercial affairs were conducted, and also the modes of travel, in the fourteenth century.

Giovanni dei Marignolli was sent by Pope Benedict XII. as ambassador to China in 1338. He repaired to Pekin, following the route traced out by Pegolotti. He was well received by the emperor and remained three years in Pekin. Returning homeward, he had to change his route on account of civil disturbances which had broken out in the provinces which he had passed through. He visited various cities, of which he has left a detailed description. After leaving China, he touched at Java and Sumatra, was made prisoner in Ceylon, but recovered his liberty and continued his travels. He visited the Holy Land as a pilgrim, traversed Persia, and finally returned to Avignon to give an account of his embassy after an absence of fourteen years. He is supposed to have been the author of the book entitled *Little Flowers of St. Francis.*

Benedetto Dei spent nearly all his life in visiting foreign lands: the islands of the Ægean, Constantinople, Damascus, Alexandria in Egypt, Cairo, Jerusalem, Tunis, Barbary, and even penetrated the dark continent as far as the desert of Sahara, and Timbuctoo. The chronicles which he has left are most interesting; among other topics is a conversation which he had with Mahomet II., conqueror of Constantinople, in which that monarch very freely expresses his political views. He died a holy death, in his native city, in 1492.

Giovanni da Empoli was the son of a Florentine money-changer. He was employed in an extensive commercial house, and made many voyages to the different countries of Europe. Later he gave up commercial pursuits and travelled for discovery. He circumnavigated Africa; from the Cape of Good Hope he went to India as far as Malacca. On his return to Florence, Soderini the gonfaloniere and the principal citizens assembled in the Palazzo Vecchio to hear him relate his travels. He made a second voyage to Africa, which he again circumnavigated; returning, went to India, and at Goa was able to do some good service for the Portuguese, for which that government bestowed on him the title of "cavalier."

He made a third voyage for the King of Portugal, visiting

Malacca, Sumatra, and several islands of Oceanica. He also visited China, in the region of Canton. As a navigator, as a soldier, as a merchant, Giovanni Empoli ranks among the greatest Italian voyagers.

Giovanni da Verazzano was sent by Francis I. of France to explore the western ocean. He sailed in 1523, and arriving at the shores of the New World, he coasted North America for about seven hundred leagues, landing at many places where before him no civilized man had been. In his letters to the King of France he gives a detailed account of his adventures. He is supposed to have been killed by the natives. Verazzano ranks with the principal discoverers of the New World.

Andrea Corsali was a Florentine, the friend of Da Empoli and of Pietro Strozzi. He circumnavigated Africa, visited the Indian ports and New Guinea in Oceanica. On a second voyage he visited the ports of the Red Sea, Suachim, Massana, and others. In the letters which he sent to Julian and Lorenzo de' Medici he gives most vivid descriptions of the manners and customs of the people in these parts. Corsali was deeply versed in science, especially geography and astronomy. The time and manner of his death are unknown.

Filippo Sassetti was born in Florence, and received a fine education. He was a man of great piety and scholarly attainments. On his first voyage he encountered a succession of storms, but succeeded in reaching Brazil. He returned to Lisbon, and embarked a second time, directing his course to India. His descriptions of the different races among which he sojourned are very valuable. He was the first European who recognized the importance of the Sanscrit language, and its affinity with the tongues of Europe. He died in 1588 without returning again to his native land.

Francesco Carletti, the last of our heroes, made several voyages with his father, dating from 1593 to 1606. He journeyed to Peru, traversed the Pacific, visited Japan, where he made a considerable stay. From there he visited several Chinese ports, touched at India and circumnavigated Africa. When returning home he suffered shipwreck and the loss of all his accumulated treasures. His character was of a bent eminently philosophical and religious; temporal calamities made but a passing impression on him. He was one of the first circumnavigators of the globe.

At the time of his death, in 1617, he held the high position of *Maestro di Casa* to the Grand Duke Cosimo III.

"Will my Piecrust Flake?"

THE WORK AND AIMS OF THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTERS.

A SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE HOME-LIFE OF THE POOR AND TO HELP THE UNFORTUNATE.

BY MARY V. TOOMEY.

HOW to practically make manifest to the poor the sympathy felt for them by their more fortunate brethren, and how to minister to their needs in a way which shall bring more than immediate relief to their condition, is a problem which the earnest and charitable people of the whole world are studying. As almost a preponderance of the poor belong to, and are daily born into, the Catholic faith, it is certainly a subject of great moment to Catholics.

True, the Catholic Church, through her divinely chosen ministry and her institutions of learning, charity, and philanthropy, conducted by those whose lives are consecrated to the service of God, stands pre-eminently the greatest intellectual,

moral, and humane force in the world. It would seem as if every field were well garnered and the laity doing sufficient when they attend their religious duties, help build holy temples to the praise and glory of Almighty God, and maintain the educational and religious institutions in existence. What the Catholic laity of America has done in the past century, particularly during the half century just closing, is a marvellous spectacle, and one to excite the admiration of the world and cause joy in Heaven. But there are, nevertheless, fields for cultivation by the laity awaiting the united efforts of the Catholic women. By combined action and by the practices of Christian brotherhood, the St. Vincent de Paul Society has done incalculable good to mankind, increased the love of God in human hearts, weakened the voice of bigotry and prejudice, and awakened the faith of unbelievers. This society has taken heed of the daily wants of the very poor and brought to them spiritual and material comforts. It constantly and faithfully ministers where want is most oppressive, and where the helpless and ofttimes destitute and deserted cry out for bread and hope. But it is easier to furnish bread than the hope that one's condition will be changed or bettered! This is one of the fields where the united Catholic women of the laity are needed to bring help and hope into the homes of the very poor—by practically applying the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and thus uplifting thousands of the unfortunate, the hopeless, and the fallen from their crying need. Then will the world behold and approve one of the noblest achievements of the Holy Catholic Church.

In union is strength and in organized effort there is method and order. Individual charity is a noble and beautiful thing and should be encouraged, but the development of any really permanent relief for the poor depends upon organized effort, where the small services and gifts of the many make the grand aggregate for the cause we wish advanced.

The Society of the Queen's Daughters, or The Daughters of the Queen of Heaven, has been founded on the broadest possible basis. Any act of mercy, charity, or philanthropy is within its scope, and it is not the least of its aims to unite Catholic workers on the plane of Christian kinship with one another, and with those for whom they labor for the love of God. The selection of works and of the rules and means to attain them are left almost solely to the choice and direction of those undertaking them. The industrial education of poor children in

Saturday schools, and the teaching of neatness, industry, temperance, and healthful living to the poor mothers and home-makers by personal visits, kindly intercourse, and by meetings of poor women where sewing is taught and all matters concerning the home and family discussed from the stand-points of economy and health, are, in large communities and wherever the need exists, some of the best ways of getting at the root of the evils which spring from poverty.

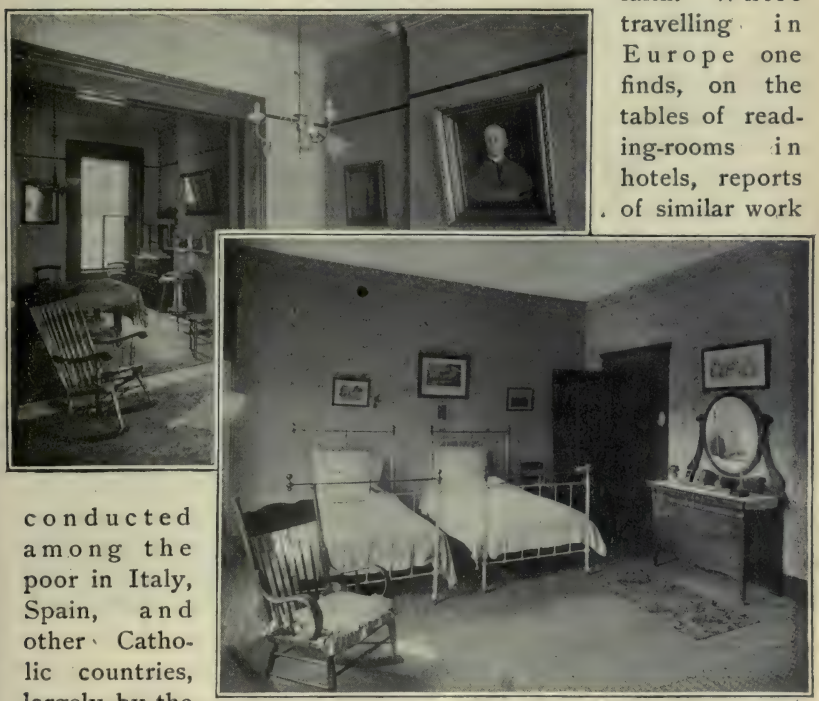
The aims and purposes of the society have been approved by His Holiness Leo XIII., and the organization raised to the dignity of a religious society and given the privilege to establish branches, by the following spiritual benefits granted to members duly disposed: A plenary indulgence on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Purification, and Annunciation, and partial indulgences of three hundred days each on the day of enrollment and twice a month when members meet together. It has been approved by the archbishops of America in conference assembled, and has received written endorsement from many of the highest prelates in Europe and America.

M. Payée, of Paris, France, President-General of the St. Vincent of Paul Society, wrote that he was most happy to see such a movement begun by the Catholic women of the laity. He spoke of the inability of the members of that society to deal with many of the problems encountered in relieving the poor, because the society could not by its rules allow affiliation with women's charitable societies, nor take charge of many cases which were best adapted to the care of women. A quotation from the small Manual of Rules of that society will more fully explain M. Payée's allusion:

"The Society of St. Vincent of Paul, which is exclusively composed of men, carefully avoids those works which concern the other sex, and leaves them entirely to female societies. But in order that there may be no gap left in the organization of charity, it has often contributed by its wishes and exhortations to found sisterhoods for the care of orphan and apprentice girls, etc., etc."

The sisterhoods cover almost every phase of human aid which can be extended to persons *outside* their own homes, but his Grace Archbishop Corrigan some time since expressed to the writer the belief that there were special missions to the homes of the poor in every city better fitted to the women of the laity than to any other set of Catholic workers. Those who have observed the very great activity among non-Catholics,

who establish Saturday kindergartens, sewing, cooking, industrial, and self-culture schools, and mothers' meetings, in the centre of large Catholic populations, can readily believe that similar institutions, conducted under Catholic auspices, are a necessity if we wish to save many of our Catholic born from losing their faith. While travelling in Europe one finds, on the tables of reading-rooms in hotels, reports of similar work conducted among the poor in Italy, Spain, and other Catholic countries, largely by the aid of American and English contributions. At the end of the report, in the grand summary of achievements, appears the number of converts, with statements that these pupils are the most zealous in conducting new schools and carrying the work of "rescue" to others. It must, indeed, be hard for the uninstructed to resist the religious beliefs of those persons who have shown substantial aid and sympathy in their behalf!



"Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the fevered brow."

In the Saturday sewing and industrial schools in St. Louis the Queen's Daughters find a number of children who attend the public schools, and have parents more or less careless about their duties, many of them never attending church at all. Being mostly tenants, they change their abode and drift

from parish to parish, until they are lost sight of. Their children are baptized when born, and after that their religious advantages are left to chance. Every year many such are instructed and outfitted for their first Holy Communion by the Queen's Daughters. This, with the subsequent spiritual and industrial training given them, marks a new era in their lives, and doubtless averts much evil and temptation from their future. A clergyman in St. Louis said the work of the Queen's Daughters had "discovered" some of his parishioners. When people are poor and have nothing to give to a church, no money to rent a pew, and scarcely anything fit to wear in public, they find it easy to excuse themselves for staying away. If, as is often the case, these people had formerly attended church and still have active faith, how rejoiced they must feel to have their fellow-Catholics seek out them and their children and extend a helping hand, saying, "Come back to the Father's house, the Master awaits you, the banquet is spread; eat and live"! In no walk of life do Catholics take the interest in each other they should because of their common faith. In fact, many successful business and professional people feel that it was for any and every other reason than their faith that their fellow-Catholics recognized and patronized them.

Is this quite as it should be? The Catholic poor should be made to feel that their faith has found them friends who wish to help all who are trying to serve God and lead good lives, even though Dame Fortune appears not to be aware of their existence. There are many other works of charity much more congenial to the average Catholic woman, but there is certainly none more meritorious than to assist by personal kindness and encouragement those who, in the lack of the comforts of life, most nearly resemble Him who chose poverty as a birthright when He came to live among us and die to save us.

The Queen's Daughters' Society was organized in St. John's parish, St. Louis, December 5, 1889, under the auspices of Very Rev. Philip P. Brady, vicar-general, now deceased, then in charge of St. John's. Father Brady and the clergy of St. John's have been most zealous in helping build up the work of the society since its organization. There are now about 400 members residing in various parishes. The annual report for 1896–97, with statement of branches formed during the past year, will show the extent and location of the work, though it will not fully illustrate the aims and purposes of the society or the aspirations of the St. Louis members. Any and every act

of mercy, charity, and benevolence is within its scope. Each year finds some new departure, for in a large organization of members from every part of a city where exist such a variety of conditions, some members naturally prefer one line of work

WHERE SMALL FINGERS LEARN WISE WAYS.

to another, and thus each one can become active in some branch. The schools were established in the order mentioned in the Annual Report 1896-97.

Five Saturday Afternoon Sewing-schools were in session from November 1, 1896, to May 1, 1897, viz., the Annunciation, in the School Hall, Sixth Street and Choteau Avenue; St. John's, in Library Hall, Sixteenth Street, between Pine and Chestnut Streets; St. Leo's, Twenty-third and Mullanphy Streets; St. Lawrence O'Toole's, in School Hall, Fifteenth and O'Fallon Streets; and the Old Cathedral, in School Hall, on Walnut Street, between Second and Third Streets. Enrollment of teachers, 56; Guardian Angels, 176; Self-Helpful, 437; Kindergarten, 138; Boys, 181. Total enrollment of pupils, 932; average attendance, 618. Garments made by the Guardian Angels, 1,410; garments made and retained by the Self-Helpful, 1,111.

Total garments made in the schools, 2,521. Garments made by the Queen's Daughters and Benefactors, 1,235. Heavy cotton flannel undergarments, flannelette skirts with muslin waists, heavy dark calico and gingham dresses, waist lined with muslin, are the garments mostly made. The boys are taught hemming, patching, sewing on buttons, etc.; some have hemstitched handkerchiefs and made shirt-waists for themselves. Miss Marie Lynch has had charge of a class of sixty boys at St. John's for over six years, and many of them have become most proficient with the needle and vastly improved in every way. The boys are thoroughly devoted to her and she has been a great benefactress to many of them. All sewing is done by hand. The kindergarten classes are taught on practice-pieces, quilt-patching, carpet-rags, etc.

The distributions for 1896 and 1897 were as follows in the above schools and the following parish guilds, viz.: St. Michael's, Sodality Hall, Tenth and Clinton Streets; St. Kevin's, School Hall, Twenty-ninth Street and Park Avenue; St. Teresa's, School Hall, Grand Avenue and North Market Street; and the Holy Name, Emily Street and Grand Avenue. New garments, 7,406; partly worn, 2,096; total, 9,502, which includes 1,293 pairs of new shoes. Applicants: adults, 409; children, 1,473; total applicants, 1,882. Cash expenditures, $2,057.86. The cash expenditures reported do not cover cost of distribution, as many of the garments distributed were donations of new ready-made clothing, and also of garments made from new goods donated. The Christmas dinner and the usual Sunday treat to the two hundred children of the Old Cathedral Sunday-school, the course of cooking lessons to thirty girls, former pupils of the sewing-schools, and the maintenance of the Queen's Daughters' Home would make the aggregate of expenses. During the past year the following branches have been organized: St. Patrick's Saturday Sewing-school and St. Patrick's Tuesday Sewing-Guild for poor women, Sixth and Biddle Streets; St. Kevin's Sewing-school, Twenty-ninth Street and Park Avenue; New Cathedral Chapel Guild, rector's residence, Newstead and Maryland Avenues. The total enrollment of pupils, March 1, 1898, was over twelve hundred.

Monthly meetings of members are held in St. John's Library Hall, where monthly reports are read and matters of general interest to all the branches discussed and decided. Each branch has its own spiritual director and elects its own executive officers. The entire membership yearly elect general offi-

STITCHES WHICH WILL MEND RAGGED HOMES.

cers. Miss Mary Hoxsey, a convert, was the first and has been the only president of the society. It was mainly through her efforts and example, and by her executive ability, that the work was established and has so well succeeded. The officers of the general council for the ensuing year are:

Most Reverend Archbishop J. J. Kain, D.D., Spiritual Director; Miss Mary Hoxsey, President; Mrs. A. M. Butler, First Vice-President; Mrs. J. J. Kiely, Second Vice-President; Mrs. T. A. Rice, Third Vice-President; Mrs. O. R. Lake, Vice-President-at-Large; Miss Marie Lynch, 4176 West Morgan Street, Secretary; Miss Eugenia Rice, Assistant Secretary; Mrs. P. J. Toomey, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mary Craft, Assistant Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Jessie L. Lonergan, 2933 St. Vincent Avenue, Recording Secretary; Miss Mamie Ames, 917 Hickory Street, Financial Secretary; Mrs. B. Tracy, General Treasurer.

When there are but a few members residing in a parish in which a branch of the work exists, members from other parishes come to their assistance. It is very often the case that where the work is most needed there are but few in the parish able

to carry it on. Every year the society gives some entertainment where all unite, and the proceeds are divided evenly among each of the branches. What other funds are needed in each branch are raised by the special efforts of the active members engaged in that particular work. The annual due of one dollar from each member goes to the support of the Cooking and Training school and the Home for self-supporting women. The Home accommodates women whose remuneration is small, and they receive board and room for from two dollars and twenty-five cents to three dollars per week. It was established February 15, 1897, is next to St. John's Rectory and the church, and is within walking distance of the down-town stores, where many of the boarders are employed. The Cooking-school is in the same building, and was established at the same time. Young girls who have attended the Saturday Sewing-schools for several years, and who have been diligent and attentive, are given cooking-lessons gratuitously by a graduate of an Eastern cooking-school. Miss Caroline Fitch, of Boston, has been their teacher thus far. May 21, 1898, the managers of the Cooking-school entertained his Grace Archbishop Kain, and a number of his guests among the clergy, at a dinner prepared and served by the pupils of the cooking-classes at the Queen's Daughters' Home. The reverend gentlemen were enthusiastic in their praise of the proficiency of the young cooks. After thoroughly inspecting the Cooking-school and the Home, his Grace expressed great satisfaction and the hope that these institutions would prosper and become permanent monuments of St. Louis philanthropy.

The children in the Saturday Sewing-schools are divided into two classes. The Self-Helpful are those who retain the garments they make and are otherwise assisted, and the Guardian Angels, those who give their work to the school for distribution to its poorer children, or to needy mothers with helpless little ones who apply for aid. The Guardian Angels are young girls of well-to-do parents who go to the schools to sew, and by their presence, good deportment, neat and industrious habits, and kindness to their less fortunate companions, exert a wonderful influence over them. They have also assisted the poorer children in many other ways, by finding them positions, fitting them out for first Holy Communion, and giving entertainments and Christmas feasts. His Eminence Cardinal Ledochowski said that this work of the Guardian Angels in attending the same school and being kind and sociable with the poorer

children was most beautiful and deserving of all encouragement.

Another feature of the society is the work of the Little Daughters of the Queen and the Little Gleaners.

The former are little girls who pay the regular annual due to the Home and the Cooking-school, and also donate monthly their little personal savings to buy shoes and clothing for the needy children of the Saturday schools. They make garments at their homes, and in many ways help less fortunate children. They meet monthly at the home of Mrs. A. C. Cassidy, who established this branch, are well organized and conduct their business most methodically. Their Christmas contribution for the shoe fund was over one hundred dollars.

A Pilgrimage of Praise.

The Little Gleaners are little boys who pay the annual due towards the Home and the Cooking-school, and also contribute their savings for the purchase of shoes and clothing for the poor children of the Saturday Sewing-schools. This branch

is under the supervision of Mrs. Daniel Dillon. The Little Gleaners also meet monthly and, together with the Little Daughters of the Queen, have accomplished a great deal and are laying the foundation for future acts of charitable zeal.

Miss Hortense Brackett inaugurated the Sunday-school work at the old cathedral, which has continued two years, with enrollment of two hundred pupils. She was assisted by the teachers of the Cathedral Sewing-school and six young gentlemen. Religious instruction is also given at the Saturday Sewing-schools to those attending public school and having no other means of receiving such instruction. Mrs. J. P. Kiely inaugurated the mothers' meetings at the St. Patrick's Sewing-Guild for poor women. Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, of New York, gave the St. Louis members an address on the subject which contained many valuable suggestions. She also assisted at the opening of the Guild.

The great advantages of a central organization of Catholic workers of different parishes has been proven on several notable occasions. When the terrible tornado of May 27, 1896, visited St. Louis, the general officers called a meeting of all the members at once, and for several days a large force of workers were assisting the Merchants' Exchange Committee in the distribution of relief. Also during the time of suffering in Nebraska, when Bishop Bonacum, of Lincoln, solicited aid from the Catholics of St. Louis, the Queen's Daughters collected and shipped in a few weeks about five thousand garments and bedclothes.

May 1, 1897, the members held a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at the Visitation Convent, Cabanne. Several thousand persons attended, among them the children of the Saturday schools. His Grace Archbishop Kain delivered a most touching address to the children, after having consecrated the society and over five hundred of the children to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Following benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament at the shrine, the Little Daughters of the Queen crowned the statue of the Blessed Virgin on the grounds.

The Queen's Daughters' Society has been privileged to organize associations and to receive existing Catholic women's charitable organizations into the benefits of the society. Plans have been formed for a national union of branches, and when circumstances permit for their union into diocesan and archdiocesan councils or unions. The constitution will be sent to any one applying to Mrs. P. J. Toomey, 4035 West Morgan

Street, Corresponding Secretary, or to Miss Mary Hoxsey, President, 4269 Delmar Boulevard. The rules for forming associations are as follows:

ARTICLE XVIII. OF CONSTITUTION.

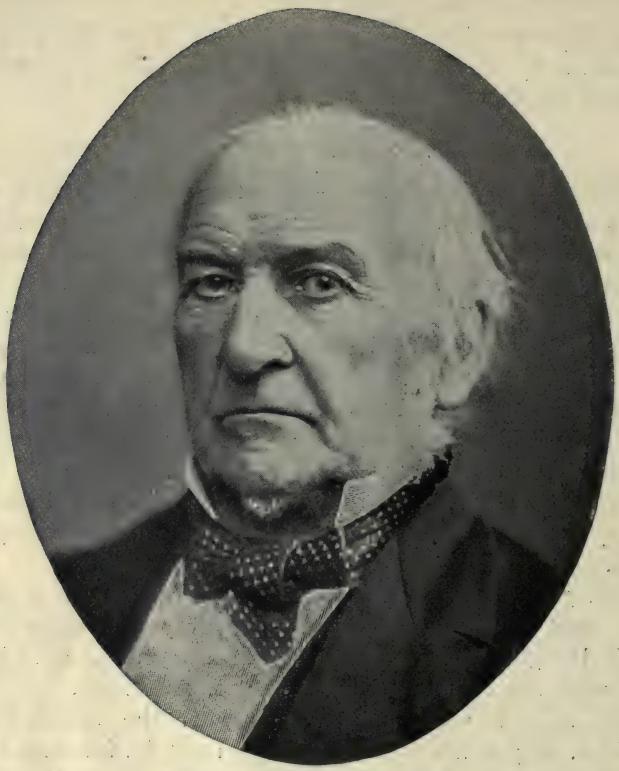
"*Forming of Associations.*—Sec. 1. An Association of the Queen's Daughters may be established elsewhere, provided the name of association, with the name and address of the spiritual director, the officers and each of the members, is sent to the recording secretary of the General Council, with an annual due of ten (10) cents from each member for annual reports of all associations and literature published by the General Council. The special work or works contemplated must be stated, and a yearly report of same sent to the corresponding secretary of the General Council.

"Sec. 2. Each Association shall make its own by-laws and arrange membership dues and all regulations necessary to its success.

"Sec. 3. Existing Catholic charitable organizations performing spiritual and corporal works of mercy may unite with the Queen's Daughters' Society and gain the indulgences by complying with the requirements of Sec. 1, Art. xviii.

"Sec. 4. It is not compulsory to wear the badge, but if it is desired, fifty cents for each badge must be forwarded to the financial secretary of the General Council, who is custodian of the badges."

East St. Louis, Ill., has an association in St. Patrick's parish of fifty or sixty members doing excellent work, as it is the only organized charity of any importance in the city. They have a Saturday Afternoon Sewing-school and give relief of all kinds. St. Patrick's and St. Mary's churches in Iowa City, Ia., have affiliated associations doing parish guild-work.



William Ewart Gladstone.

GLADSTONE AND HIS CRITICS.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone brought in the Land Act of 1881 an Irish gentleman who had held office under the previous government, and who has since been appointed to an important place in the magistracy, described him, in the presence of a considerable number of Conservatives and Liberals, as a traitor. All who were present when the very intemperate observation was made were members of the same profession as the speaker, namely, the Bar of Ireland. No one took exception to it except the writer of this article, and he went no farther than a gentle remonstrance; but assuredly such a pronouncement by an amiable man—and this the speaker was—evinced party feeling of a somewhat vehement character. This is not all, for the

remark suggested social conditions and political circumstances hardly conceivable outside Ireland in the nineteenth century. At once two considerations spring to the mind: (1) the Conservatives present must have been thought in full accord with the speaker, otherwise he would have been silent, or at least more guarded; (2) the Liberals present must have been men without solid allegiance to the ministry from which they expected promotion. It is not to be inferred that the honor of those Liberals is impeached. The explanation is to be found in an indefinable ascendency which the landed interest and whatever favored it possessed over every other influence in the country. This ascendency was both social and political: in the latter aspect that interest monopolized the loyalty of Ireland; in the social aspect it represented her rank, wealth, and intelligence. A movement to limit the power and privileges of the class in question was assumed to be an attack on the constitution, on the fundamental laws of the empire, on society and religion, on the symbols and the substance of law, order, and authority. Irish Liberals in theory did not go quite so far as this, but in practice they really did. Mr. Justice Lawson, for instance, was promoted by the Liberals; no Conservative on the Irish bench approached him in the severity of his opinions concerning the sacredness of landed property. Others whom one could name — Catholics and Protestants—owe everything to Liberal administrations; yet, with crass stupidity, these men, as judges of the High Court of Justice, or of County Courts, or as assistant commissioners under the Land Code, make it their business to show in the discharge of their duties how far away they are from practice of the principles which secured their advancement.

WHY HIS UNIVERSAL IRISH UNPOPULARITY?

The unpopularity of Mr. Gladstone among Irish Conservatives is intelligible, the disloyalty to his leadership on the part of Irish Liberals may be understood on the hypothesis I have just stated; but what cannot be understood is the rabid hatred of the Parnellite and of the Presbyterian Orangeman. The low Orange Episcopalian has his excuse. He belonged to the Ascendency in a way analogous to that in which "the poor white" of the Southern States was a member of the ruling race. The bailiff, the tithe-proctor and the petty agent, the estate attorney, the clerk in the rent office and the rent-warner, the driver, the Protestant school-master and the wretched curate of

the Establishment, sixty years ago formed a body-guard to maintain the landlord's sense of his importance; but more than that, they intercepted complaints from his tenants or messages of good will to them from him. The sons and grandsons of persons of this description constitute the majority of the middle and the lower classes of Irish Episcopalians, and a very considerable percentage of what is supposed to be the higher class. Any importance they ever had or could have had was due to their dependence on the two great institutions of Irish social life, the land and the Established Church. The statesman who disestablished the latter and reformed the laws by which the first was an instrument of unparalleled cruelty and injustice should necessarily be an object of detestation to those classes. So with regard to Ireland, broadly speaking, Mr. Gladstone's memory is held in respect only by the Home-Rulers who, having followed Mr. McCarthy, still retain, under another leader, a considerable devotion to his principles. We think it may be useful to examine the grounds on which the opponents of Mr. Gladstone rest their hostility; we have already in a somewhat general way accounted for the enmity of sections in Ireland; we shall make some observations on the criticism of those opposed to him in England.

AN ORANGE AUTO DA FÉ.

We cannot overlook what has been pointed out by all organs of opinion in the latter country—the universal homage paid to the great statesman from the moment it was known he had died until his remains were placed in the grave. It is with a feeling of regret we allude to the action of certain members of public bodies in Ireland. There were men belonging to what is called the Parnellite party who permitted themselves to indulge in unbecoming language; the members of the Orange party have not confined their satisfaction to words. The Orangemen of the ordinary type would naturally regard the death of Mr. Gladstone as something to be thankful for; and no one need be surprised that on any pretence they would, in what the late Lord Iddesleigh would call "the gaiety of their hearts," attempt to murder disabled policemen and defenceless Catholics. The policeman was one of "Morley's murderers," and the Catholic was one of the helots to whom Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy had given a large measure of freedom. Both were accordingly as hateful to the Orangeman as Mr. Gladstone himself, and equally fitting materials upon which to display his

gratitude to death for terminating the policy of conciliation. Hecatombs of Catholics were rendered a more suitable offering to death when a few guardians of the peace were heaped upon the pile. It was disappointing that the sacrifice was in no instance actually completed, but certainly neither the priests of religious rancor and factious hatred nor their hideous following are to be blamed for the failure.

WHY ALL EYES TURNED TO THE YOUNG GLADSTONE.

In this paper we do not take the position of a partisan. We are endeavoring to present the estimate which fair and capable men of all parties have formed of Mr. Gladstone. We think upon the whole it anticipates the judgment of posterity. It is quite true that in the early days, when he was the rising hope of the Tory party, Liberals looked upon him as Macaulay did, with a bitterness seldom felt in political life. He was a young man of unblemished character and of exceptional ability—reasons why Liberals should be interested in him. The Reform leaders regarded him in a way similar to that in which Pym and Holles, Hampden and Elliot regarded the great traitor Strafford. Not a circumstance in their lives was alike, not a characteristic of their dispositions. Strafford began as a tribune of the people, and when he had made it worth while for the court to buy him, he became a renegade surpassing all others in the infamy of his treason and the greatness of his ability. On the contrary, the young member for Newark left Oxford filled to overflowing with emotional love of the church and a strong touch of the chivalrous spirit inseparable in the minds of Englishmen of a certain training for it and the throne. But we think the seeds of great reforms may be discovered in principles enunciated in his speeches in those very early days of 1833–4–5. To us the germ of the Home-Rule policy as well as the Disestablishment of the Irish Church is hidden in his speech on the latter in opposition to Lord John Russell's Resolutions in the great debate of 1835. All this escaped Macaulay when, four years later, he poured out in an unrestrained torrent all the bitterness of invective he could command on Gladstone's tract, then published, on the relations of the state with the church. The fact is, there was an inspiration of justice amid the most pronounced Tory utterances of Gladstone; as people who knew him in private life say, he was above all things truthful in every phase of social intercourse. Political opponents testify to this, and one can only wonder at the transparent honesty which must have surrounded and distinguished him; and

so marked him from the evasions, intricacies, deflections, and polished insincerities which fold as in a garb men and women of the world. Yet his courtesy was so constant, his tolerance so large, that in a recent article* a good judge of what a gentleman is quoted with approval a saying of Sir William Harcourt's, that Mr. Gladstone was not only a great man but a great gentleman. Whoever remembers his reply to the late Professor Tyndall's wanton and unmeasured attack upon him on account of his Irish policy must subscribe to this opinion. There have been other men described as splendid gentlemen. Louis XIV. has been so described; so was the minister whom his jealousy pursued to ruin, the superintendent of finance, Fouquet; but it has not been said of either of these that he led a blameless life.

THE IRISH TORY SENTIMENT.

It has been already remarked that the classes in Ireland affected by Gladstone's legislation on the Establishment, who feared his policy concerning the parliamentary relations of the two countries, hated him with a constancy like that which vindictive men entertain for those who injure them. It was not merely strong, it was intensely personal in its bitterness. There were Irish Tories who would resort to any means to get rid of him, if they could do so safely. They did not look upon him as a political opponent, but as a monster of tyranny, impiety, and injustice, the continuance of whose life was incompatible with the existence of an Irish Protestant in a condition of comfort and of freedom, political or religious. That he escaped an attempt at the hands of some instrument of Irish Tory landlordism is attributable only to the admirable craft with which so many of that able oligarchy are gifted. The more irresponsible and impetuous are kept in check by the cool heads who know that agitators go too far now and then, and see that crime and outrage follow the wild rhetoric of leaders. The oligarchy gauge to a nicety the periods of danger from popular movements. They can predict from a fine experience the moment when a legal movement will become a lawless one. They take that time to strike the minister they hate; and in doing their vengeance in such a Venetian-Council-of-Ten manner they are more effective than in allowing him to be assassinated. They employ their emancipated and besotted enemies to execute vengeance on such a minister, and in so doing these reforge for themselves the chains which he had broken.

* *The National Review* (June), "Mr. Gladstone," by the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

This is not rhetoric suggested by a possibility in the incidents of social and political reform in Ireland, or from facts in the history of famous aristocracies; we are too dull to lay hold of an inspiration so remote. Our poor words are spoken from knowledge—positive knowledge—of how Irish landlords, if encouraged by others of their class, would have been prepared to treat English statesmen so far back as the days of Mr. Gladstone's Disestablishment ministry.

THE ENGLISH TORY VIEW OF GLADSTONE'S IRISH POLICY.

The majority of English Tories, from the moment he entered on the mission he believed was his "to pacify Ireland,"* maintained that they were justified in employing any means, however dishonest, to destroy his influence. We have heard it said by Irishmen of a certain class that Mr. Parnell was utterly unscrupulous as to the means he used; we do not know whether this opinion would be endorsed by the followers of Mr. Dillon or by Mr. Healy, but we take it as an instance that party feeling runs riot at times with men's sense of justice. There were men of strong national sentiments, as they are called, who fled with horror from the Home-Rule party when the Land League was launched as an instrument of social reform. Men of advanced views, to whom poor Butt's academical agitation was an object of good-natured contempt, looked upon the economic formulas, divorced from their contexts, which leading Land-Leaguers propounded on every platform, as principles destructive of everything generous and just in the Irish character. These physical-force men were prepared for a desperate game. In their blindness they might utterly wreck themselves, and the prospects of the country for a generation, in an abortive rebellion, but they could not accept an appeal to the most sordid interests of a servile class and the basest instincts of lawless nature, in place of those historic traditions which had preserved the honor of the race in every disaster of the seven centuries of connection with England. It is not, perhaps, so easy, then, to do justice to a great public figure moving at the head of revolutionary forces, possibly impelled by as much as guiding them.

This, without assuming too much, may explain the use made of the death of Gordon at Khartoum to blast the name and fame of Gladstone. In the history of party conflicts during the century nothing more unscrupulous can be discovered than the employment by the Tories of this adventure against Gladstone.

* Article in the *National Review* already cited.

We are confident it could be so explained as to exonerate him in every particular, but we do not think it possesses sufficient importance to occupy space with it. Still it had a mischievous effect. The army and, what out-Herods the army, the civil Jingoes of both sexes, professed to regard the recreant Tory, the captive of Irish crime and outrage, the poltroon who surrendered to a few South African Dutchmen, as a man in whose hands the army and the honor of the empire were liable to be sacrificed at any moment. Fair-minded men would say that abolishing purchase in the army conferred a title to its suffrages; but no, for an accident, owing to which a pretentious, overweening busybody had not been aided in a task upon which he should not have entered, and in which he could not have succeeded even if he had entered on it with the approval of the government,—such an accident, we say, effaced the service rendered to every officer who is not a snob, and private soldier who is worth his salt.

GLADSTONE THE STEADY FRIEND OF IRELAND.

There are circumstances in Gladstone's career upon which unfair minds have fastened as we have hinted. Yet there must have been something in him of a peculiarly gracious and commanding character, when his death drew together all parties and silenced enmity in all save those whose hatred would be still his praise, the Orangeman and the Parnellite. We are not, indeed, prepared to pass upon him a judgment of unqualified approval. There are incidents we cannot see our way to approve, there are particulars connected with his greatest works which seem startling in their inconsistency, and which for that reason apparently justify the censure of those who charged him with unscrupulous ambition; but we venture to say, upon the whole, that no matter what the English Tory may have said of him, or the enemies of Ireland within Ireland now say of him, he is beyond all other men entitled to the gratitude of Ireland. In England the most favorable verdict of the Tory or the Peelite, or the Whig who loved coalition ministries, described him as a "brilliant eccentricity." In such an estimate there is no moral censure; but knowing the temperament of Palmerston, one can realize the immense practical discredit implied in it. This hand-to-mouth statesman, to whom the evil of the day was sufficient, looked at the principles drawn from what, at least, represented something like political philosophy as the high-sounding inanities of the leader of a college debating society. It is hardly to be wondered at, when he knew that only a few

years before Gladstone was the rising hope of those Tories to whom the Reform Bill was what the Revolution meant for the old nobility of France. It is thought they had such confidence in him that when the time should come he would put back the hand upon the dial, restore the ancient usages of England, secure the Establishment against future attacks, and rehabilitate the diminished prestige of the landed gentry. To him the country gentlemen who followed Peel, as prisoners at the chariot-wheel of a victorious general, turned with hope. Beneath his immemorial elms, and amid the antique associations of the ivied church in the shadow of the manor-house, squire and rector alike deemed a good day was dawning when the latest of the distinguished students of Oxford declared with no uncertain sound that it was the imperative duty of a Christian state to enforce the truth, that this was its tribute to religion, and that both state and religion rested on the territorial class, the solid basis of society. Thus Gladstone seemed to bind the landed gentry and the clergy, not in the relation of allied powers but in the solidarity of sections of one moral and social force. He seemed to make the aristocracy the foundation of the state, and the church its instrument to teach and subdue those elements outside the state, but to which the latter owed protection. That this opinion concerning the way he looked at the working-classes in town and country in the days up to the publication of his work on the state's relations to the church is not far-fetched, must be abundantly clear from the views he expressed on the subject of slavery in the West Indies. We ourselves do not think he ever supposed that the working-classes had no title to all the rights of citizens, but there is a difficulty in reconciling dicta enunciated by him in those days with the policy which culminated in what is very little short of manhood suffrage, and which in the ballot is a legislative enactment declaring that neither squire nor parson may come between the elector and the exercise of his franchise.

WAS HE THE FOE OF THE WORKING-MAN?

The contempt hardly veiled in Macaulay's essay arose from a theory attributed to Gladstone, as well as from other ideas, that the agricultural laborer and the craftsman were not members of the state, and could not be on sound principles; that they were simply units of the population, items of industrial force, and when required of military service. It does not appear that anything so reactionary as this was advocated by Young England when it endeavored to revive the paternal

relations of an imaginary feudalism; but rightly or wrongly, Gladstone got full credit for a mediævalism of the kind, and it is another instance of his power that he emancipated himself from the disabilities which the supposed profession of such opinions must have entailed in a commercial and progressive country. It must be recollected that in the middle ages, though the inhabitants of corporate towns were free of military service save that of the city or borough, lords of manors claimed a right to customary service on all serfs born on their lands. Reaching a corporate town and serving apprenticeship in one of the guilds acted as a manumission, but the lords never acknowledged the freedom so acquired. So whenever a powerful noble entered by the strong hand a town in which his villeins had become craftsmen, or even where any of them had attained the highest municipal dignities, he claimed the right to seize them for the plough or to put his badge upon the arm as a retainer in his feuds. Anger at the Great Reform Act caused the squires and the parsons to wish again for those days, so young Gladstone became their idol because he seemed animated by their spirit, and gifted with the power to bring them back. This was the state of things between him and the gentry and clergy when William IV. dismissed the Whig ministry at the close of 1834.

The very important considerations which open upon us in connection with that exercise of royal authority cannot be discussed in our space, yet unless they could be dealt with in a somewhat satisfactory manner, it is impossible adequately to examine the political views of Gladstone and to trace the stages through which his mind passed until he found, towards the close of his life, that the only security for the empire was a reversal of the policy which treated Ireland as a conquered nation. It would be unfair to our readers to pass in silence over the circumstances of that change of ministry. Men, with conviction of the truth of the charge, have accused Gladstone of readiness to do anything to obtain or retain place. The dismissal of the Whigs was infamous, and looking back to the time we only wonder that the Reform Parliament submitted to it. We have been always of opinion that the execution of Charles I. was unconstitutional, that the motions for the exclusion of the Duke of York (James II.) from the throne ought not have been permitted by the Speaker. Of course, as a consequence of these views, we maintain that the change of dynasty was beyond the competence of any body or bodies in 1688. That, however, is not the view of the majority of Englishmen,

and they, we think, could, with perfect consistency, revise the principle that affords immunity to the king. William IV. was not advised by his ministers to dismiss them, he could not by a legal fiction be held to have been so advised, for they had not done a single act that had not his approval. It was notorious he had taken that course on the queen consort's advice, a danger the state was threatened with in more recent times when another foreigner, holding a like close relation to her present most gracious Majesty, presumed to give counsel contrary to that of her constitutional advisers.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FIRST OFFICE.

The ministry then formed had not a majority in the Commons; so far from that, its members were unpopular in that house. To render its construction possible, while Europe was being searched for Sir R. Peel, the Duke of Wellington took five of the great offices of the state to himself. In this government, appointed in defiance of constitutional principle and held together by disreputable means, Gladstone took office as a commissioner of the treasury. It is difficult to understand his accepting place at that time on any view consistent with usage, much less honor, unless he considered that a Reform ministry was entitled to no law, that in displacing them a minority possessed the rights of a majority, and that it was quite immaterial that Sir Robert Peel was not a Tory and that the Duke of Wellington was whatever Sir Robert was. Indeed, the unprincipled Irishman only thought of his own aggrandizement and the compassing of an absolute control of the army by the king, which meant by himself. To keep his places he was ready to adopt liberal measures which he had opposed, and we have seen that with five great offices he was nothing short of a provisional government. In late years Mr. Gladstone assailed Lord Salisbury for holding the Foreign Office and Premiership, but he does not seem to have said a word against the ubiquitous soldier who was in five bureaus at the same time. The whole of this history, from the dismissal of the Whigs to the motion of Lord John Russell on the Irish Church in 1835, deserves copious treatment. The gentlemen of England, as the Tory party is called, appear throughout in a light less reputable than gamblers when a police raid has exposed them. The subterfuges, the pretences, the lies these resort to are parts of a programme respectable in comparison to the expedients by which Sir Robert Peel, backed by the mean, idiotic, and brutal old king, disregarded defeat after defeat. It was in a ministry

of this kind Mr. Gladstone opposed a motion by Lord John Russell to make the Establishment in Ireland perform some of the functions of a state church and not continue a cause of tumult in Ireland by its terrible exactions from peasants always on the verge of famine, and a scandal to civilization by its wealth, the lives of its ministers, and the terrible system of political oppression and robbery of which it was so conspicuous a factor.

THE IRISH STATE CHURCH.

It had failed signally. In places the laity had become Catholics in spite of the penal laws. Even in Armagh in the course of a century the numbers of Catholics and Protestants were exactly reversed. In 1731 there were three Protestants to one Catholic; in 1834, the year before the debate, the Catholics were three to one Protestant. At the very time rectors were spending over £1,000 a year in England and on the Continent, and their curates doing their work in Ireland, some at £70 a year, some at £18. These poor Trullibers, with little education, full of ignorant prejudice, and charged from top to toe with the bitterest spirit of the Ascendency, kept Ireland in disturbance, and this eventuated in coercion act after coercion act, until in the year before the debate a measure of martial law was passed in which the iron rule of the Norman Conquest in England was imitated with fidelity. What the Curfew law required the Saxons to do, this enactment imposed upon starving Irish peasants who dared to resist the seizure of their potatoes, their calves and sheep, to stop the driving of their cattle, the scattering of their corn to the elements in order that the tenth should be measured by the tithe-proctor. In opposing this motion Mr. Gladstone displayed conspicuous ability, but men thinking of his efforts then have been unable to follow the evolution which produced the Church Act of 1869.

We regret we are unable to state things which should be in the highest degree interesting to the student of constitutional history. Moreover, the marvellous growth and formation of opinion evidenced in the career of Mr. Gladstone is one of the strangest and most instructive studies in political psychology the world has witnessed. We hope at another time to supply some of the omissions, but we offer the present paper as an attempt to suggest an explanation of the hostility he excited among parties in consequence of the seeming uncertainty of his opinions, and the suddenness with which he took up great movements.

THE HOUSE ON THE AVENTINE.

BY SARA CARR UPTON.

ERE my whole being a tongue and a voice, it would not suffice to proclaim worthily the virtues of Paula."

With these words Jerome begins to write the life of Paula. Not a panegyric, he calls heaven to witness, "for no flattery nor favor shall guide my pen"; and the record comes down to us from the fourth century, alive and burning with the deepest feeling of a fiery soul. An impetuous ardor constrains him to write to the very end, without thought for rest or food, while he traces the life-story of that one among the group of noble women of the House on the Aventine who had been his greatest inspirer, the one most akin to his soul, the sharer of his fortunes, the seconder of his plans.

The second half of the fourth century was the time of Rome's greatest luxury. It was not a luxury for the good of all, that luxury which delights in magnificence, named by Aristotle among the virtues, but it was wholly personal, excessive and capricious in its follies. Contemporary documents are not wanting to depict the manners of the times, from the pagan as well as the Christian side, but nothing gives a more vivid sense of the whole than the writings of Jerome himself. He constantly wrote letters with a truly modern fluency, and concerning everything that happened, to a large circle of confidential friends, as well as for the public at large; and we can draw from his correspondence as from a fresh, sparkling spring. From the stand-points of man of the world, monk, master of literature and of theology, he holds the threads of Roman society in his fingers, and it unrolls before our eyes.

On the Aventine Hill, in the Roman palace of Marcella, a beautiful widow, allied to the imperial family, a small knot of thoughtful patrician women had gradually drawn together, satiated with wealth and luxury, and now restless and eager in their reaction towards something to satisfy their mental and moral craving. Marcella herself was a convert of Athanasius. At the time when he was a fugitive from Constantinople on

account of his opposition to Arius, her mother's palace had received him, and there the child Marcella, sitting at his feet, had listened to his arguments and heard his aspirations for reform. Two Egyptian hermits accompanied him, the first who had ever been seen in Rome, and their accounts of the strange life of a solitary in the desert, its visions, its fantastic emotions, its spiritual combats and its marvels of ascetic austerity, left a tumult of vague thoughts in the young heart. At parting, Athanasius made the gift of a book to his wistful listener, which decided her destiny, as it is related to have decided that of many others—his life of St. Anthony, written in the hermit's life-time and from eye-witness. A few years later, Marcella, the heiress of a great name and great wealth, made the marriage destined for her; but the husband's early death gave her freedom to follow where her spirit led, and from that time on she became the centre of a cenacle of women of the same mind who met at her house to think and talk together. Under the painted ceilings of her palace on the Aventine was initiated the first convent in Rome.

It was not made up of pious women only. The worldly as well as the devout, young girls, married women, and widows flocked about the gracious hostess, who devoted certain apartments in her vast palace to their meetings. In our times we should call it a club, the only requisite for membership being that the women who met together should be friends with the common aim of putting something more into life and getting something more out of it than the merely personal round of luxury and pleasure could afford. The oldest member, the one in authority, the *president*, as we would say, was the Lady Asella. Because of her endless charities she lived with the most rigid simplicity, all but the bare necessities of life being devoted by her to the poor, but this was by no means the rule for the others. We hear of Furia, Felicitas, Marcellina, and Fabiola, the last a fashionable young patrician who had two husbands living, but tiring of the second, was beginning to question the doctors of the church whether bigamy (so a second marriage after divorce was then called) should be considered a greater sin than breaking a first marriage. The flower of the group, however, was the lovely widow Paula, who with her two daughters, Eustochia and Blesilla, possessed the proud right to hang the images of Paulus Emilius and Agamemnon in the atrium of their dwelling.

Paula was the type of woman we all love. Full of enthu-

siasms, caring intensely for life and its affections, her emotions found ready expression, and she frankly shared with her friends the joys which raised her to heaven and the griefs which cast her into the depths. She too was the heiress of immense wealth, owning, among her other possessions, the whole of the city of Nicopolis. An intimate happiness as well as an Asiatic luxury had marked her life with her husband the Greek, Toxotius, so that at his death her grief was, like her affection, boundless and excessive. Though still young, she vowed not only never to marry again, but never to appear in the world at feast or banquet in the company of any man. The House on the Aventine became from that time more and more a refuge and resort, and it was there that she and Jerome were to meet.

A small number of men, all of them distinguished for birth and learning, had little by little joined this pious patrician court. Chief among the men was Jerome, as Paula was the most charming and gifted of the women. Four of the men especially were warm friends of Jerome—Oceanus, Paumachus, Marcellinus, and Domnion, his intimate advisers and consolers in the tribulations which "Babylon with its King Satan," as Jerome designated Rome, did not spare him. The Christian world already rang with the heroic ardor of Jerome's faith and with the singularities of his tempestuous character, while he had hardly reached maturity. How many years of trial and what treasures of grace were needed to subdue this tempestuous nature, we shall see.

Born in Dalmatia, a province famed for its soldiers, he had breathed in the spirit of a fighter with his native air, and never could lose something military from his speech and mode of life. Loving pleasure and study equally, eager to see and know, passing from dissipation to repentance, coming under the influence of Homer and the Gospels alike, reading the Scriptures at one moment with the fervor of a mystic and the next with the disdain of a man of letters and an Athenian, his youth was wild, as his whole life was destined to be stormy. He himself describes his youth as carried away by turns with the passion for learning, the enthusiasm of faith, and the allurements of sense. He loved power and had intense pleasure from success. From his correspondence we feel that he must have been an eager and fluent talker, full of witty and cutting sallies, apt literary allusions, and quotations from sacred and profane writers.

On his return to Rome from the desert he became the guest of Marcella, at the palace on the Aventine, and the soul of the group which had gathered there.

There were no special formalities to characterize the meetings of the little cenacle. If many of the number chanced to find themselves together, as must have been often the case, they discussed works of charity, the progress of spiritual life in Italy, and similar topics; but many of the members who lived much in the world came in only for a few hours' rest and refreshment. In course of time, however, learning came to be a part of the life. Every Roman woman knew a little Greek, if only enough to say "my life and my soul" to her lovers, as Juvenal reports. But that sort of knowledge was precisely the kind of which these ladies were tired, and their minds were crying out for more solid nourishment. The immediate incentive for learning came about in this way. Many and various were the Latin versions of the Old and New Testament then in circulation, so that, in reading the Scriptures, points frequently came up which could be decided only by going to the original Greek for the Gospels, and to the Septuagint for the Jewish books. Accordingly, these high-born women of the world devoted themselves with great faithfulness and diligence to the study of Greek and Hebrew, so that they were soon recognized as an authority and a power to be counted on by the clergy and consulted by priests. Jerome himself writes of Marcella: "Very often I had to change places with her, and from master become pupil." And to the reproach that he took more pains to instruct women than men, he answered: "If men asked me as many questions as women do concerning the Scriptures, I should not have to speak to the women."

But the friendship between Jerome and Paula, which was to play such an important part in the lives of each, had to wait for a great grief and an act of self-conquest which he demanded from her, before it could reach its development.

The beautiful widow, after the death of Toxotius, concentrated all the warmth of her affection on their children, of whom there were five. The second daughter, Blesilla, although coming sometimes to the House on the Aventine with her mother, was a gay and worldly beauty, whose sudden and striking conversion after an illness gave Rome the subject of a nine days' gossip, as did other so-called eccentricities of those pious patricians. Jerome wrote a letter to Marcella concerning this conversion, and, like most of his letters, it went the rounds

of Rome. It was filled with rejoicing, but also with bitter and unpleasant truths not likely to conciliate the pagan and worldly friends of the convert. He writes: "A thing has happened which gives strange offence to the world. Blesilla has put on a dark dress! What scandal is this! As though John the Baptist, greatest among the children of men, had shocked the universe by wearing a robe of camel's hair and a sheep-skin girdle. Blesilla no more eats dainty food! As though the forerunner of Jesus had not lived upon locusts!" Then follows a biting picture of the women who shock Christians, contrasting it with the mode of life adopted by the young convert.

About the same time Jerome wrote his famous and much-quoted letter to Paula's daughter Eustochia, in which he paints fashionable Roman society, chiefly Christian, in scathing terms and vivid colors. He passes in review nobles, patrician dames, magistrates, priests, and each in turn receives a dart in the weakest point. Juvenal could not have described with more drastic pen the matron who wears her robes covered with embroidered animals the size of life, with her tiers of false hair, her face plastered with paint until it resembled the mask of an idol, the old coquette, the dissipated husband, the false and hypocritical devotee, the ladies' priest, with ring-bedecked fingers, going the rounds of his visits on a prancing steed. He ventured to speak to such persons of regeneration, to call upon them for voluntary poverty and detachment from the world, and to tell them of judgment to come. This letter was an act of aggressive bravery, and even Marcella, who circulated his letters to her throughout Rome, began to beg him to cease preaching against society.

"But why should I not speak of what they do not blush to do?" he answered gently.

A few months later Blesilla fell ill again, and this time did not recover. Paula's grief was immoderate, uncontrolled, and knew no bounds. Sobbing, screaming, and fainting, she was borne home from her daughter's grave. This conduct pierced Jerome to the heart and much aroused the people. They laid Blesilla's death and Paula's grief to the charge of Jerome, saying that he had killed the child with fastings, and had deceived the mother who lamented for her dead more than any pagan would do. They shouted "Away with monks!" and would have stoned Jerome had his friends not borne him to a place of shelter.

The days that followed were days of wild grief and despair

to Paula. She would eat nothing, would see no one but Jerome, although his every word only renewed her grief. At last he refused to go to her any more, but wrote her one of his most eloquent and touching letters.

Almost naïvely, and with perfect and charming naturalness, he first enumerates the qualities of the daughter who, "with such ardent faith, had uplifted the standard of the Crucified." He seems to delight in the fineness of her intelligence, the graces of her mind, the breadth of her knowledge, the keenness of her perception, until he reaches the details of her death, of which she had no fear nor shrinking. Then, suddenly stopping, with great art, which came of his pure intention, he says: "But what am I doing? What I would do is to arrest the flow of a mother's tears, and I myself am in tears." Little by little after this he becomes sterner, imperious, inflexible; calls upon her to end grief that imperils her own soul, dishonors her faith, gives scandal to infidels, and demands that she shall dry the tears which to indulge is sacrilege and unbelief.

Paula is at last roused, and so powerfully that she is never again the same. The nature which has been controlled only by its own passion is changed to a nature strong with the passion of purpose. Enthusiastic and eager she will ever be, but she will have no more wild outbursts of feeling. She comes forth to a new life, full of gratitude to Jerome for having dared so to wrestle with her spirit, and from this time dates their long and changeless friendship, which resisted evil times and evil tongues.

The death of Pope Damasus deprived Jerome of a friend and partisan, and was a blow to the cause of reform, so that there was no restraint in Rome to the hatred which Jerome's bitter satires had roused. Gossip was rife on account of his relations with Paula. For seven months after the death of Damasus he stemmed alone the tide of malice. One man he caused to be brought to trial for slander of Paula, and although this one had to make full retraction, it did not put an end to all the careless or malicious falsehoods in circulation. Nothing would have suited Jerome's temperament better than to stay and battle with the storm to the end, but he was not alone concerned. Such a course would involve his friends, and cause dismay and trouble in the Aventine circle, now so dear to him. Accordingly he resolved to say good-by to the little flock, and in August, the month of favoring winds, set sail for the East, taking several monks and his brother, Paulinian, with him.

While the sails were unfurling he wrote a letter, as was his wont, to the House on the Aventine, "in haste, between sobs and tears," addressed to *mia Domina Asella*. It was a letter intense in feeling, wrung from his very heart. At the close he says, "Greet Paula, mine in Christ, whether the world wills or not." The letter was despatched, the anchor raised, and a few weeks later Jerome was in Antioch.

His friend Paula was not slow to follow. Calmly breasting the opposition of powerful relatives, she made all her preparations. A portion of her estate she made over at once for the support of her children, and then hired a ship to be in readiness to leave Rome before the winter weather should set in. Eustochia could not be persuaded to let her mother depart without her, and a band of young girls whom she had befriended, gathered from all conditions of life in Rome, followed her, eager to form the nucleus of the monasteries which it was now Paula's desire and purpose to found in Bethlehem in conjunction with Jerome.

Jerome and his friends met the party at Antioch. Winter had begun, and the sides of Libanus were white with snow. No persuasions, however, could keep Paula from setting out at once on the road to Jerusalem. Neither she nor Jerome were prone to calculations of prudence. The little caravan, quickly organized, journeyed forth, the men on horseback or camels, and the young women borne in litters. Jerome is historian of the journey, and he notes that Paula rode an ass, "and it was wonder to see the delicate matron, who most of her life had been borne about in the arms of eunuchs, sitting erect and strong while the shaggy beast trotted over the rough road."

The little company, with Jerome and Paula at its head, and with Scriptures in hand, travelled all about Judea before settling down to the work of their lives. When they had done this, as if to inspire themselves still more and to set a seal on their undertaking from the mystic spirit of the desert, they made a pilgrimage to the hermits of Nitria. Their interviews with these strange men, and also with the blind Didymus, the philosopher at Alexandria, and all the records of this romantic journey, are carefully recounted by Jerome's vivid pen, bringing it all very near to us in imagination.*

It was two years before they returned to Bethlehem, pre-

* Jerome's journal of this journey has recently been translated into English and published by the Palestine Pilgrims' Text Society.

pared to begin their life-work in earnest. Jerome had little money, although he had sent to Dalmatia to sell his small patrimony. Paula, however, had plenty, and longed to do all. Ground was bought near the Church of the Nativity, which the Empress Helena had built only sixty years before. The monastery, a free hostelry for visitors and travellers near the highway, and two convents for the women, at a little distance below on the plain, were begun. Paula's first care was to direct the hollowing out in the solid rock, close to the sacred grotto, of a sort of cave or room which Jerome named his Paradise. Here his books and manuscripts were placed, and here he could retreat for study and devotion while the work of building went on.

The three years which it took to complete the monasteries were the most laborious, but perhaps the happiest, of Jerome's life. The two most coveted earthly joys, fame and affection, were his in a life devoted to Christian perfection. Paula and Eustochia ceaselessly inspired and shared his labors. They loved, admired, and served him like a second religion, placing their glory in his; and indeed they were in no small measure the cause of it. To satisfy their impatience and ardor, it was agreed that during this time, although Jerome was already engaged in other absorbing work, revising manuscripts of Origen, writing commentaries on several of the Epistles and on Ecclesiastes, everything should be put aside, and that the three should read the Bible together from end to end, critically and exhaustively. From this beginning arose the great work which was his glory, and which has rendered him the master of Christian prose for all centuries—the translation of the Scriptures called the Latin Vulgate. Jerome has associated with this work, as lasting as the Catholic Church, the names of these daughters of Scipio. His prefaces and intimate letters initiate us into the mysteries of the communion of these ardent souls, and we picture Paula and Eustochia sitting at a table covered with manuscripts, in Jerome's Paradise, comparing, copying, and writing from his dictation, with the other scribes. The Hebrew translations he dedicated to them, and cited these two women before the church and the world as authority, putting sometimes the whole responsibility on their shoulders. In the preface to the translation of Esther he thus addresses them: "Paula and Eustochia, you so learned in Hebrew literature and so skilful to judge the merit of a translation, look over this one, and see if I have added to or taken from the original, or whether I

have not, like an exact and sincere interpreter, turned this history into Latin, just as we read it together in Hebrew."

Thus the work, which had its first steps far back in the house on the Aventine, was crowned with an enduring crown, and these Christian women of proudest pagan ancestry worthily filled the part of true women of all time, that of inspiring and serving.

When once the buildings were finished, a different routine began, and the great work that was destined for the use of posterity gave place to the daily occupations of ruling a monastery. One of the first plans carried out was the opening of a free school, where the learned Jerome himself taught Latin and Greek to the children of Bethlehem, who came to him gladly. In the women's convent great stress was laid on the study of the Scriptures. Every day the whole Psalter was chanted at the different hours, at tierce, sext, none, vespers, and compline. All the sisters were required to know it by heart—no small mental discipline in itself—and, in addition, to learn some new portion of Scripture each day, besides attending to the service of others in the general community. In all of this Paula was the one who spared herself the least. Jerome's monastery soon became a retreat for learned men from all parts of the world, and the free hostelry never lacked a full quota of inmates. No one was allowed to be turned away. Said Jerome: "It is not for us to weigh their meat, but to wash their feet." Nevertheless he was confronted by that same problem which, to our notions, would seem to belong specially to the rush of modern life in our own day: the clash and force of the outward life in its tendency to overwhelm and stifle the inward. The best time was devoured by guests and his outward duties to them. In one of his letters to Rome he writes, in his epigrammatic manner, "Our solitude is turned into a perpetual fair, and peace is banished from our midst. We must either close our doors, or give up our study of the Scriptures which commands us to open them."

With all this pressure from without and from within, Jerome kept up an immense correspondence with persons in Italy, Gaul, in his own province of Dalmatia, but above all in Rome. He was still the very soul of the "home church," as he loved to call the House on the Aventine, in all that touched it far and near. Questions of discipline, dogma, and interpretation were all submitted to him, and sometimes what was even more difficult, the interpretation of the mysteries of the human heart.

For fifteen years life moved on, in the monasteries of Jerome and Paula, not always smoothly and without incident from the outside, although the harmony ever remained unbroken within. From the outer world came disputes, persecutions, insults, excommunications, and much suffering. Jerome's rash and uncompromising fervor of nature brought its return of hatred as well as of love, and, unhappily, hatred for him always came back in counter-shocks upon Paula. Her steadfastness held them both up through tribulation, and was a strong tower against evil report.

There was one point in which her excessive and extravagant nature had not conquered itself. This was in her charities. Although the whole support of the monastery and its unmeasured hospitalities came from her fortune, she allowed herself full luxury in the distribution, nay, scattering of her money among the poor, so that when she died every obolus of the vast estate which had not been settled upon her children had been spent.

Her bent towards mysticism, which had been excessive like all else in her character, had found a balance in the solid and austere reason of her master. She learned to love the historic interpretation and natural sense of the Scriptures as the basis of truth, though in truth the spirit within could never be so subdued that it did not seek with passion their spiritual sense, as the food of the soul. After a visit to the convent from a friend of Rufinus, Jerome's bitterest enemy and opponent it must be remembered, he wrote back to Rome about her: "Paula was born for a holy and spiritual life, had she not been held back by the jealous will of Jerome; and she might have risen far above her sex, Heaven had given her such rare and beautiful gifts, had he not repressed her with his tyrannical dominion, and reduced her to have no thought but his, no will but his caprice." It is easy to see the antagonism to Jerome in this letter which prejudices his judgment of Paula. Had it been Rufinus to whom she was so loyal, this friend of his might have deemed that only by chastening and subduing an unruly nature, out of devotion to another, did she rise to the true height of her sex, if not above it.

A time came, at last, when the reputation of Jerome was cleared from all aspersion, the intrigues and his chief enemy, Rufinus, defeated. But when it came, it no longer seemed of any importance in the monasteries of Bethlehem. Paula was dying. Little rest of body or soul had she given herself in

these eventful years; she had neither stinted herself in labors nor fastings, and she saw her end approach with the joy of a traveller sure of his welcome. At sunset, on the 26th of January, nearly fifteen hundred years ago, she died, murmuring to Jerome, in Greek: "I do not suffer. I feel only a great peace."

All Palestine followed her to her grave. Throngs of people chanted the Psalms in different tongues, and her body was borne by bishops to the cave which Jerome caused to be hewn for her in the rock close to the sacred grotto of the Nativity and to his Paradise, where the work which was to immortalize her name with his had been done. The church has paid her its highest tribute, and to us now she is Saint Paula.

Not many years after her death the House on the Aventine was destroyed in the sack of Rome by the barbarian horde and its members scattered. The aged Marcella was scourged and tortured to induce her to reveal where she had concealed her renowned wealth, which the barbarians could not believe she had given away to the poor.

Saint Jerome spent his seventeen remaining years in unaided study, controversy, and labor in the grotto at Bethlehem. His body is said to be in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, while that of Paula is among the treasures of the old cathedral at Sens, some seventy miles south-east of Paris, although they both rested in the early centuries near each other, in what is known as the Cave of Saint Jerome and the Tomb of Paula, in Bethlehem.

With the spirit of prophecy Saint Jerome wrote:

"Farewell, Paula! Were my whole being a tongue and a voice, it would not suffice to proclaim thy virtues. But I have done a work for thee more durable than brass, a work that time will not destroy."

LOSS AND GAIN IN THE CHURCH.

BY REV. J. M. KIELY.

HOW suggestive is the contrast evolved in the beginning of the eighth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel! The leper, who was cleansed, was a Jew, but the centurion, who came upon the scene, was a Gentile, a Roman soldier. In fact, the Jews would seem to lose and the Gentiles to gain on the day that the Magi came, in their faith, to Bethlehem. And so great was the faith of the Gentile that our Lord in this Gospel gave utterance to the pregnant contrast: "Amen, I say, I have not found such faith in Israel." Then it was that he evolved the famous prophecy: "Many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down in the Kingdom with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, but the Children of the Kingdom shall be cast out into exterior darkness."

To the Hebrew world nothing could be more distressing than this prophetic warning. The light of the divine Infant's faith began to beam upon the Gentile world just as the shades of unbelief were falling on the faithless sons of Israel. And if you follow the history of the church ever since then, you will see that it is a history of losses and gains—sad losses and glorious profits.

ACTION AND REACTION.

Jerusalem, the City of Saints, the home of God's covenants with men, the Spiritual Empress of the Earth, began to yield her place, in the scheme of God's providence, to pagan Rome. And pagan Rome became Christian—the Rome of the Catacombs, the Rome of the Agneses and the Cecilias; until, what Jerusalem was to the Old Dispensation, Rome became to the Day of Jesus Christ. Behold the contrast presented; the prophecy carried out! Jerusalem and Rome, loss and gain! Rome and Jerusalem, faith and unbelief!

Underlying this prophecy is a condensed yet luminous history of the rise and fall of faith in all ages and in every clime. Unfold the annals of Christendom. Read the story of the Christian world from the Upper Chamber in Jerusalem, where the lights of the day of Pentecost proclaimed the advent of a new power, down to the sorrowful life of the last apostate or to the conversion of the last believer, and the checkered page

will show that the light of faith varies and shifts from land to land, from soul to soul.

The fiery scourge of persecution fell upon the infant church of Jerusalem, and the light of God's spirit fled from Jerusalem to beam on other lands. Like Abraham of old, when the voice of God called him into a strange land to be a father of a new people, the chosen twelve Apostles hastened from the hate of the Jewish capital to diffuse the Gospel Revelation throughout the world. The Children of the Kingdom itself remained in darkness, while those dwelling in the East and the West came into the light and began to sit down in the Kingdom with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob.

GREECE AND GAUL.

Other changes came with centuries. Greece began to lose as other lands were gaining. The Greece of Athanasius, of Nazianzen, of Cyril, is Catholic Greece no more. Antioch, where once St. Peter sat as bishop; Alexandria, the home of Catholic science, the cradle of theology; Constantinople, Empress of the East, that in the pride of the imperial presence strove to contest the supremacy of Rome—these three great patriarchates one and all fell from their first fervor of faith, and the Moslem hordes swept over them and extinguished their Christian life. Yet, far away in the North, from out the tangled forests of Gaul and Germany, new nations were coming in to redeem the losses of the East. The warm light of God's revelation was there active in calling into being new forms of light and beauty; reanimating and reinvigorating the enfeebled energies of the Roman, or moulding the rough, iron barbarian into a docile child of Christ.

Rome looked upon the Church of Christ as a revolutionary movement, destined to dissolve the integrity of her empire and raise the image of the Crucified over her sacred altars. Who will pen the story of Roman martyrdom? Virgins, noble youths, grand old men, tarred and fired to light the streets, or slowly "butchered to make a Roman holiday"! Then the amphitheatres echoed to the applauding shouts of thousands, as some fair-browed Agnes sank bleeding to the sand, or the Tarpeian Rock cast its victims from its summit; or the unerring axe severed the beautiful life of a Cecilia; or the fierce javelin quivered in the streaming side of a Sebastian; or louder than the shouts of the multitude rose the roar of the forest lion as he sprang upon some aged pontiff.

The subtle mind of Greece sought to dim the beauty of

divine faith by interweaving with it its own human modes of thought; and the faith died within her, or was lit in other lands. Who will write the histories of those destructive heresies which all but rent the beautiful unity of God's Church?

GERMANY LOST, THE AMERICAS WON.

Later on the storms of the Reformation tore hundreds from the faith of their fathers, but the spirit of God moved over the waters to the far West, and only a few years before the Reformation Columbus anchored on the shores of this great Western land. Germany was lost to the East, but a mighty land was growing in the West—a land fertilized by the stream of revealed light which has been increasing ever since.

Catholic England quenched the light of revelation in her own bosom and sought to dim it in a sister island. But the hand that blighted the "Island of Saints" only made her a nation of missionaries.

The tempest of revolution swept over fair and sunny France, reddening her plains with the life-blood of martyrs. Altar and throne went down together, and France smiled a ghastly smile at the completeness of the wreck. But far away in other climes—in the Indies and America—the children of faith whom France had cast from her were telling the untaught savages the sweet histories of Jesus and Mary!

And lastly, within our own memory, a mighty empire has crushed the life-blood out of a Catholic people, and yet the exiled sons of faithful Poland had scarcely reached their icy prison in the North when two millions of souls, hitherto subject to Russia and its schism, submitted to the Vicar of Christ.

JUDAS AND PAUL, LUTHER AND LOYOLA.

Such is the mysterious law which regulates and quickens the life of God's Church on earth. Such is the silent, secret providence of God in the dawning or eclipse of faith among nations. We know that the sunset upon the west is sunrise to the east. Ever setting and ever rising—setting and rising at once—the sun is the fairest emblem of that mysterious world of revelation and of faith wherein loss and gain, belief and unbelief, apostasy and conversion, seem to succeed each other by an inevitable law. "The Children of the Kingdom" may put their hand between them and the light; they may, in the noontide of their life of faith, sin against the sensitiveness of God's holy Spirit; they may extinguish in their bosom the last ray of revealed light and turn away in wilfulness from God. But the loss is all their own, while "from the East and from the

West" come others more responsive to the gentle touch of illuminating grace, more docile to the quiet voice of the Holy Ghost, and they will soothe their weary hearts in the fulness of the home of faith, and wail over the wreck of those who once sighed and wept for them. Such is the awful interchange of light and darkness, of darkness and light!

And as it is with nations so is it with individuals; souls lost, souls gained—Judas and Paul, Arius and Augustine; the last Teutonic apostate and Ignatius Loyola!

Souls lost! Is there anything in this world of God's beauty more distressing than the misfortune of a soul that has lost the life of faith that once illumined it with holiness and joy, and made its life the counterpart of heaven? The touching scene in Bersabee, where the exiled mother, Hagar, alone, an outcast, unpitied and unloved, wandered with her infant boy until, weary and faint, she laid him in the shadow of a tree to die, is a plaintive emblem of a soul whom God has rejected from grace because of its wilful sin against revealed truth. The soul shuts out the light of God's Spirit, and it wanders, like the mother and the child, without guidance and without hope.

HOW FAITH IS LOST.

Many—and we may have known some—whose youth gave promise of a holy, a religious manhood, have gone to their grave in their older age laden with years of unforgiven sin. Some time or other, years ago, they admitted a thought against religion; they smiled upon some scornful imputation against their church; and the light of faith which had thrown a beauty round their boyhood, and had warmed them into intensest love of God, went out for ever. They sinned against the illuminations of the Holy Ghost. They sealed their conscience against the inspirations of faith, and God left them to themselves. Age brought no change, and when the end came they looked to older times, when the beauty of God's sacraments beamed on their opening boyhood like the gladdening influence of spring. They were happy then, in the consciousness of a simple, undoubting faith. But long years of exile from faith and from God have flown by. Schoolmates, friends, parents, brothers and sisters in that run of years have been gathered to the grave. But they died in the faith; they went to sleep in the radiance of the last Sacrament, in the smile and embrace of God. But for *these* no Sacrament, no repentant act of love, no plea for mercy, relieves the darkness of their decline, and they die as they lived.

So have thousands fallen in the past, and the same awful declension may be going on around us to-day. Some, even at this very moment, may be cherishing the thought which first turned the fate of thousands long ago—of Saul, of Solomon, of Judas; of Arius and Luther. Faith does not die all at once. There are shades in its decline. Many shades of light fall upon the earth before the sun sinks from sight. There is twilight before darkness, evening before night; but the one melts into the other: first simple doubt, then unbelief. Such is the terrible history of the soul that trifles with the grace of faith.

HOW FAITH IS WON.

But this gloomy picture has a charming counterpart. How altered are our sympathies as we silently watch the workings of God's grace with a soul whom he is leading to truth! It is the process of faith gained without a previous loss.

Thus, some were once outside of the immediate influence of God's Church; and their beginnings were anything but foreshadowings of their end. They grew up in ignorance of the fairness of her whom they hated. The bright days of youth lapsed away, and still no light from above gleamed in upon them. Yet, some day or other, a gentle, impalpable influence stole quickly over them. They knew not whence it came or whither it was leading. It fell upon them, perhaps, when they knelt unknowingly in the Sacramental Presence, or as they gazed upon the sacred pageant of the awful Sacrifice. And that influence remained like some spirit, whispering ever of secrets beyond and beneath the outward show of beauty which first won them to a Catholic church. They spoke now less harshly of observances which they had been taught to scorn. They even thought, "Beneath these rites there lies a world of unseen, unrevealed realities; a soul, a substance which God has so clothed as to speak to man's sense as well as mind. Perhaps on that Catholic altar there is more than seems."

And so the light from above is shining brightly still, and welcomes onward. The Spirit of God is prevailing with souls. He calls and they follow. With a heart overflowing with sorrow for those days when they spoke against her whose beauty and truth and motherly love they knew not of, the converted souls throw themselves into their new mother's embrace. And then what a new world, what a dawning of supernatural realities, breaks upon the eye of faith! Strange that those thin veils that hid the Holy of Holies were not lifted before! The mission and office of the Holy Ghost in His church; the seven

Sacraments, the touching sacrifice of the Eucharist, the ties of communion between the living and the faithful departed; the place of the Mother in the grand scheme of salvation—all are now seen by an intuition that looks like science.

And then that inner realm of conscience! What beaming revelations are going on there now! The light of faith has been let in, and the thrilling, fear-inspiring relations of the soul to sin and to holiness are seen clearly for the first time. Sins which, before the light came, seemed but blemishes, are now deepest stains. How delicate the touch of grace! How sinful sin now looks!

THE WAY OF CONVERSIONS.

Just so it is in all conversions. What a mighty revolution was that in the soul of the great apostle when the light shone around him on the road to Damascus, and the Voice spoke, and the name of Jesus first made itself felt to him. What a change came over the loving Magdalen when she first knelt at the feet of Him who said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." What an active life of living faith Augustine began when he took up the book whose "Tolle: Lege" proved to him the well-spring of Christian truth. What a happy siege and a happy wound for Ignatius Loyola which occasioned his reading the *Lives of the Saints* and abandoning the life of the camp and the battle-field; and what a saint Xavier became when the same Loyola whispered into his ear, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul"! All these, and myriad others who had lived in darkness, came by God's grace into the light, and sat down in the Kingdom with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob.

And such is the early Catholic life of those who respond to the grace of faith. They marvel that the Catholic Church is so beautiful and true, so like in voice and feature to her divine Spouse: and yet men turn their eyes and their hearts from her. The very brightness of faith gained throws a deeper shadow over faith forfeited. How sad and mournful seems the end of the fallen Judas when contrasted with the life and love of the converted Paul! How cruel is the heresy of Arius when we look on the proud faith of Athanasius! How distressing the apostasy of Julian in contrast with the heroic faith of the youthful Agnes, and who will not drop a tear at the misery of Luther's life, in view of all that Ignatius and Xavier have done for God's militant church?

NOTED BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

BY FRANCES ALBERT DOUGHTY.

IT is always interesting to observe how persons above the average of their kind have demonstrated the usefulness and the happiness of life under exceptional conditions. Biography, however, is as limited in revealing the actual feelings of the great as those of the obscure. The reader has to bring intuition to bear upon it, and to derive from what is written some consistent and harmonious idea of the large part that never could be written.

In studying the records of famous bachelors and spinsters we cannot fail to reach one conclusion: that those who were unhappy throughout life would have been unhappy also if they had married, their prolonged dissatisfaction being the result of character, temperament, ill health, poverty or persecution, rather than of the

Michael Angelo.

disappointment in love to which it is usually credited. In fact, that disappointment often served for companionship after the first bitterness was past, acting as an incentive in some line of noble endeavor. To take away an unrealized ideal from a man or woman would in many cases destroy the animus which leads to success. Every man's love has found its way sooner or later into his work, but only a few, like Dante and Petrarch, have made their love and their work homogeneous, inseparable.

TORQUATO TASSO.

The Portuguese poet, Camoens, wrote impassioned verses in his fiery youth to a golden-haired Caterina under the name of Natercia. He mourned her death also in his sad "Rimas," and had neither wife nor child to comfort his exile.

Sweeter, purer relations are possible to human beings than the mass of them dream of as yet. In reading history we discover that what, for want of a newer designation, we have to call a "platonic" friendship, was sometimes the strongest feeling in the lives of a man and a woman. It is probable that even in the old pagan world a few admirable examples of this unselfish devotion existed, but the pagan civilization in its general trend was unfavorable to a pure friendship between persons of opposite sexes.

The first memorable example of the social changes made by Christianity in the relations between the sexes is the remarkable friendship of one of the early Fathers—Jerome—for Paula,

in the latter part of the fourth century. At the house of this wealthy queen of society he was a frequent and intimate guest, and even in that corrupt city their radiant innocence as they talked and read in company was never touched by the breath of scandal. Later in life, when Jerome again sought the holy seclusion for which he always longed, in a cave near Bethlehem, Paula turned her face towards the historic East, the dream of her devout soul also, and ended her days there near her beloved friend, he performing his great literary labors, the translation of the Scriptures, and she and her nuns supplying his simple wants.

Another notable friendship of a pious celibate for a widowed recluse was that of the Bishop Francis de Sales for Frances Jane Chantal, who founded under his direction the Order of the Visitation.

Deserving to rank next to these holy attachments was that of Michael Angelo for Vittoria Colonna. This "three-souled genius," sculptor, artist, and poet, never married. Judging from his early poems, he cherished youthful fancies, but they never ripened to fulfilment. In his grave, masterful manhood he seemed to abandon the dream of perfect companionship, until at the mature age of sixty he found it in another phase, in communion soul to soul with Vittoria Colonna, a widowed princess of forty-eight. There is no mention on record of there being between them that kind of sentiment which aspires to be crowned with marriage. Vittoria, sojourning in a convent, was almost a nun; she had no wish to replace her husband, the Marquis di Pescara, whom it was her pleasure to idealize in a series of spiritual sonnets. There were long and delightful interviews, however, between her and Angelo in the convent garden; their themes were art, poetry, and religion. She sent each new sonnet to him and eventually he had them bound in a book. Her verse was euphonious, his was strong, and his noblest stanzas were inspired by his acquaintance with her, which gave him eleven years of rare happiness. The accumulated reserve of all his solitary years melted under her exquisite tact and sympathy. She died at fifty-seven, leaving him distracted with grief. The unique affinity of these superior beings has made all the generations of readers who have come after them regret that Vittoria could not have met the lonely, disappointed Angelo before she was too much wearied by the stress of life and the experience of personal loss to become his wife.

The poet Tasso also remains a solitary figure on the canvas of history. He cherished an intimate friendship with two noble ladies, his patronesses Leonora and Lucrezia d'Este, and his sonnets have immortalized their otherwise forgotten names. Twenty-five out of fifty-one years of his life he spent in prison.

In France, in the seventeenth century, women were inaugurating a dictatorship over literature and politics, which lasted up to the Revolution. The period of the Rambouillet salons in Paris was characterized by rigidly decorous friendships between men and women, contrasting strongly with the profligate relations existing in court circles. Those attachments had a strain of affectation which prevented their being wholly admirable, and they lacked the depth and fervor of the tie between Angelo and the Colonna. Molière depicted these brilliant, strong-minded ladies under the title of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. One of them, Mlle. de Scudéry, the plain, middle-aged authoress of a long list of icily correct novels, was a welcome guest at the Hôtel Rambouillet, where she often met M. Pélisson, homely and middle-aged like herself, and they discovered that their spirits were congenial.

The most intellectual men frequented those famous salons, and their comprehensive discussions of art and literature, the keenness of their criticism, and the purity of their language gave rise to the idea of the French Academy.

The English poet Pope received considerable attention from the fair sex because of the popularity of his brilliant verse, and in one case he was emboldened to hope that his infirmity of spinal complaint might be overlooked. He was greatly infatuated with the gentle and beautiful Miss Martha Blount, whose portrait, preserved at Upper Brandon on the James River, in Virginia, fully justifies his preference for the original. After humbly expressing his doubts of finding favor, one of his letters makes a pathetic allusion to his deformity in these words: "I have indeed heard of women who have had a kindness for men of my make." The earnestness of his tone contrasts forcibly with the mock heroics and stilted language of his epistles to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, the gifted wife of another man, whom he foolishly exalted into a divinity and a starting-point for improper flights of poetic fancy, which happily had no foundation whatever in the realities of their association. It is to be hoped that the sweet Martha was too womanly to ridicule an honest declaration of love, however impossible it might have been to make its author the hero of her young

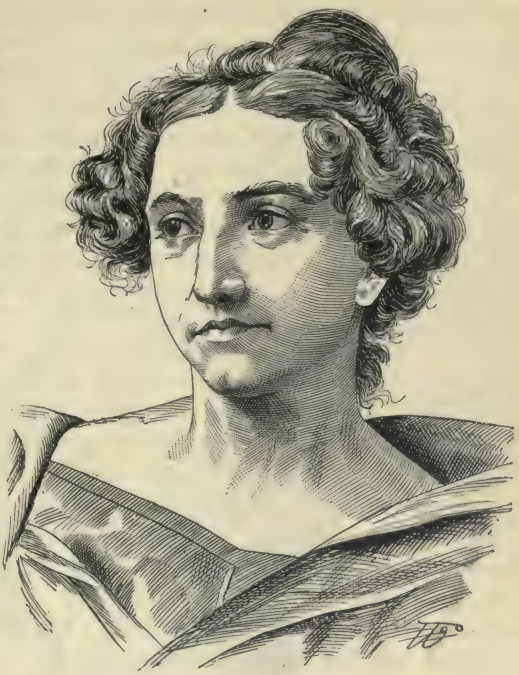
MARIA MITCHELL.

heart's romance, but she had a sister, Teresa, who did not hesitate to laugh at the little poet's hint of wedlock, and the wound to his sensitive pride was so cutting that he retired into himself and was never known to make such a suggestion again.

Sir Isaac Newton was so incorrigible a celibate that we are informed he boasted of never wasting the forces of his being in the emotion called love; he preferred to concentrate them upon scientific research and discovery. For a time it looked as if Sir William Herschel would do likewise, but he finally married in spite of his devoted sister Caroline's objections. This able and talented woman could turn from the discovery of comets to the details of housekeeping, successful in either field. Inspired by the warmest affection for her brother, she learned enough of mathematics to commit the result of his researches to writing; sometimes she stood by him at the telescope to do this when the nights were so cold

ROSA BONHEUR.

that the ink froze in the bottle. She helped him to grind and polish his mirrors and in the care and use of all his implements, heroically abandoning the path of original investigation herself after she had discovered eight comets, because it was not compatible with her mission to aid and facilitate his genius.



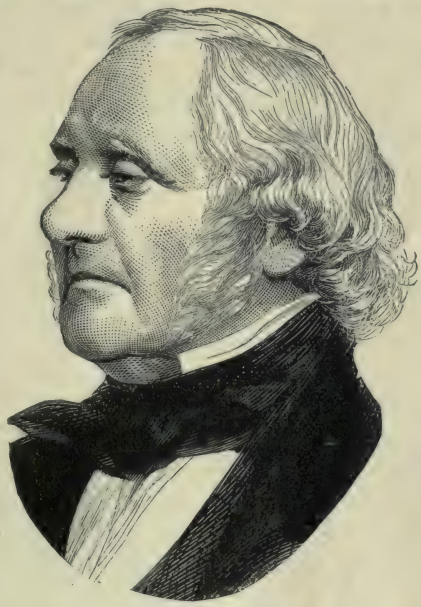
CATHARINE SEDGWICK.

Jane Austen, Mary Mitford, Maria Edgeworth, and Louisa Alcott belonged also to this class of family helpers, taken out of the sphere of matrimony at the natural mating period by the force of circumstances. They all wrote love stories, but not from personal experience. Miss Mitford had a father who absorbed her heart and hands to a great extent. Miss Austen has an appreciative biographer in her nephew, who chronicles her as "the dearest of daughters and sisters, the gayest and brightest of aunts, the most charming and incomparable of old maids." She died, however, before her prime had waned, and her novels are still read as unsurpassed of their kind. Miss Edgeworth had a father, two step-mothers, and nineteen brothers and sisters, all devoted to her, and she was as much the pet of the literary world as of her own immediate circle. Women writers were far more uncommon at that time than they are now, and a talent which fell short of genius could command and hold public attention.

Frederika Bremer's personal history derives a peculiar interest from the fact that she conquered an adverse, cramping environment by sheer force of character and mentality. Few life stories would read like hers: wretched from early childhood until the age of twenty-five, "the sky steadily brighten-

ing from twenty-five to thirty-five, and radiant from that time on to sixty-five, when death came like a violet sunset, serene and beautiful." She was reared in shoulder-braces, on stiff-backed chairs, by a mother cold as the climate of their native Sweden, who nevertheless inspired her suffering children with a distant kind of adoration. Frederika says in her diary that she laid down three inevitable principles for their education: they were to grow up in perfect ignorance of everything like evil in the world, they were to acquire as much knowledge in other directions as possible, and they were to eat as little as possible, lest they should become stupid. She dreaded their looking strong and healthy, having a detestation of robust women; her ambition was to have them grow up delicate, sylph-like creatures, resembling the heroines of the romances she enjoyed reading. One of the daughters surpassed even the most ambitious dreams of this mother by developing a spinal complaint in consequence of her mistaken system of training. The Bremers lived in the country, maintaining the most aristocratic seclusion. The girls were forced to study and practise on the piano without diversion or society, until they felt so dreary and miserable that life itself seemed a burden. Frederika was homely, but her mind and manners must have fitted her for social success; she relates candidly that her "vivacious freshness" procured her admirers and flatterers after she was old enough to be taken to public gatherings and entertainments. She seems to have been afflicted by the undue proportions of her nose, and undertook to reduce it; also to create a high forehead for herself by pulling out the hair with tweezers. In the latter attempt she achieved a signal victory, but her nose defeated every attack, until she finally decided wisely to let it alone. At an early period she became conscious of her literary ability, and not thinking marriage compatible with the career of an authoress, declared that she had no wish to enter into the bonds. One can read between the lines of that fragmentary, almost forgotten old diary, and discern that Frederika's real indifference on this subject arose from her hopelessness of making an ideal marriage, and she would accept no other. Offers she did have, one of these bringing a crest and an estate with his heart and hand, but the elect suitor did not present himself. That there was one who would not have met with a refusal a touching avowal gives evidence: "I made also the acquaintance of another gentleman who inspired me with a pure and warm feeling, which, although it was never responded

to, still lives silently and ennobling in my heart." This feeling is never again alluded to in the diary; evidently it did not blight a life in which new avenues for usefulness were continually opening as she became the pride of her country-women. Her longing for love and appreciation was satisfied when it passed from the personal into the universal, and her spirit underwent an entire transformation. "Believe me," she wrote, "there are delights, ecstasies, unspeakable happinesses in lonely hearts shedding brightness over existence, over earthly and heavenly things, over the present and the future, making the heart burn with love and praise."



GEORGE PEABODY.

Another highly endowed single woman, seemingly set apart from man's love and wedded to her art, was Charlotte Cushman. Those who saw her in the great Shaksperean drama realized what the stage might be made if the popular taste could become elevated to the degree of paltronizing only great plays and great actors. By her facial power, her wonderful magnetism, she swayed human emotions ever on the side of truth and justice, ever to the scorn of meanness and cruelty. A meeting between her and the famous artist, Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, was described by Miss Cushman in an interesting manner. She said her face was "lovely, refined, not French, full of intense feeling, with bright, clear, truthful eyes, thin but mobile lips, beautiful teeth, little hands, but with a true grip—altogether the most charming *great* woman I have seen." These two gifted spinsters of this century had their memorable interview at Mlle. Bonheur's château, where visitors mount the stairway to the delightful studio in the tower designed by the artist herself.

In the modern world of letters, art, science, and philanthropy the list of unmarried women is too long for other than

a general mention of the representatives, and many names are likely to be omitted. The following, not all equally endowed or equally useful, but all having celebrity of one kind or another, may be specified: Catharine Sedgwick, Harriet Martineau, Maria McIntosh, Julia Kavanaugh, Amelia Edwards, Jean Ingelow, Lucy Larcom, Constance Woolson, Agnes Tincker, Phœbe and Alice Cary, Maria Mitchell, Harriet Hosmer, Dorothea Dix, Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Peabody, Clara Barton, Frances Willard, and Emily Faithfull.

The melancholy hue which tinges the poetry of Alice Cary is believed to have been caused by the disloyalty of a city lover who forgot the gentle country girl he had wooed in her simple gray farm-house under the soft spell of a summer vacation. Her sister Phœbe was more sunshiny by nature; some of her *bonmots* are still quoted, and those who are trying to argue that the female sex is deficient in a sense of humor can never prove their theory by her. On one occasion Phœbe asked for "ladies' caps" at a New York store; the clerk understanding her to say "babies' caps," inquired "What age is the child?" "Forty," she replied, with a luminous twinkle in her eyes. This devoted sister gave up an acceptable opportunity to contract marriage late in life for the sake of staying with the invalid Alice. She did not long survive her.

There was one elderly maiden sister in the notorious Beecher family, and her characteristic reply to an offer she received is more deserving of mark for its pithy common sense than much that has been written in book-form by her sister, Harriet Beecher Stowe. When Miss Beecher was at least seventy a man of some prominence invited her to become his wife in a genuine love-letter. Her rejection was couched in these words simply:

"Dear Mr. ——: I was born in the year 1800.

"Catherine Beecher."

A number of the men who have helped the world by magnificent endowments died without direct heirs, never having married: Girard, Peabody, Hopkins, McDonough, Lenox, Tilden, Crerar, Wood, and Lick. McDonough's romantic love story is still related in New Orleans, where, as in Baltimore, he made it possible for many a poor boy to acquire a good industrial and literary education without expense to his family. A beautiful young lady belonging to a devout Catholic family was the object of his choice, and his sentiment was reciprocated. Her father refused

his consent, believing that an alliance with this Presbyterian of the Scotch calibre would not prove felicitous. Years went by, Mr. McDonough grew rich; in all other respects he was unchanged. The lady, seeing that there was no prospect of his adopting her faith, finally abandoned all idea of uniting herself to him;

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

but she said she would never become the wife of another man, and her thoughts turned towards a religious vocation. She became a nun, and later in life was chosen the mother superior of the convent she had entered. When John McDonough was an elderly man he felt that he would like to meet again, on these altered lines, the woman who had so materially influenced

his life, a feeling of profound and pure regard surviving the buried hopes of youth. The first of January came around, the time for New Year's calls and good wishes, and the mother superior received a note from him asking if an old friend might be permitted to pay his respects. He was answered in the affirmative, and from that time on to the close of his life he always came to wish the abbess and her charge a happy New Year.

Royal celibates have been few, for obvious reasons. Elizabeth Tudor was too absolute to share her power with a man, and too coquettish to fix her affections definitely. She liked to play with her pretended lovers as a cat does with a mouse—a true daughter of Henry VIII. Charles XII. of Sweden foreswore the enticements of the fair sex at an early age. Christina of Sweden, after reigning with vigor for a few years, abdicated at twenty-seven and repaired to Rome, where her commanding intellect soon placed her on an equal footing in the kingdom of mind with men of science and of letters.

Humboldt, the cosmic philosopher, Thoreau, the hermit naturalist of Walden Pond, the poet Whittier, the historians Hume, Gibbon, and Macaulay, were all bachelors.

Charles Lamb, the witty essayist, had a sad home of his own. He gave up the woman he wished to marry for the sake of tending his poor crazy sister Mary. Insane asylums were terrible places in his day, and he would not consign to one of them the gentle being who was only dangerous in an occasional paroxysm.

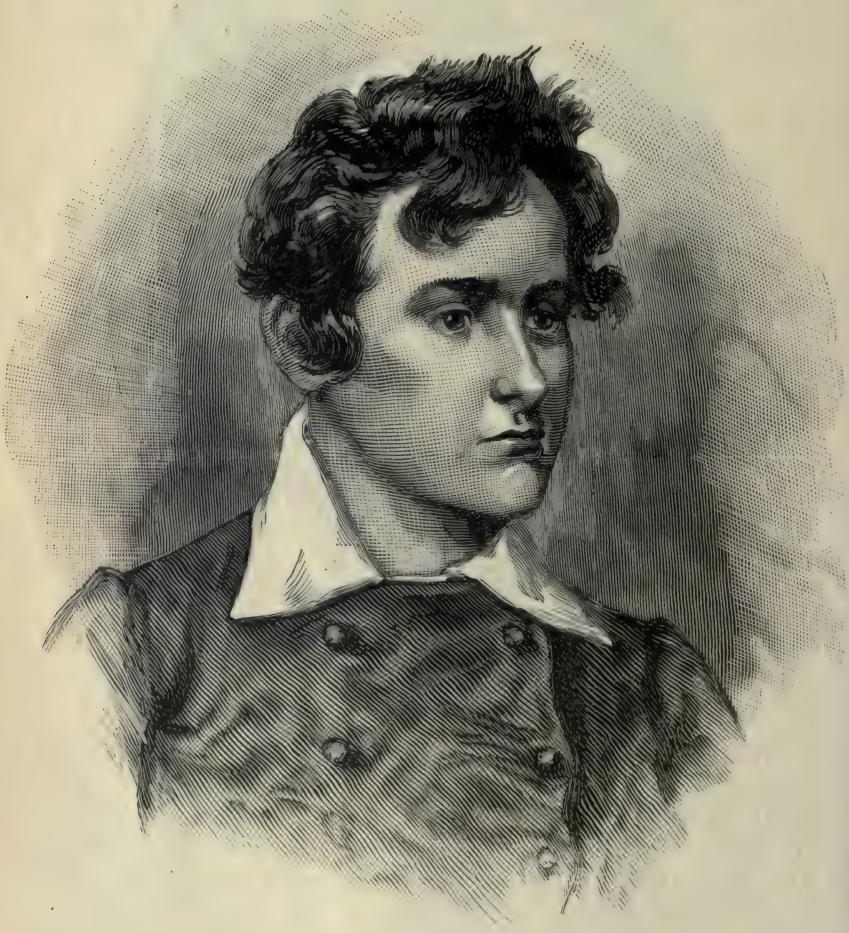
That odd genius, the fiery John Randolph of Roanoke, had a rupture with his betrothed, the cause of which remained a mystery in Virginia. It is related that one day he was about to make a visit at a country-house, but hearing from the porch her never-forgotten voice in song he rushed away from the spot, exclaiming "Macbeth doth murder sleep!"

The celibacy of Washington Irving also was a mystery until he at last saw fit to reveal the secret in a letter to a friend. After telling how the lovely Matilda Hoffman faded away before his eyes during their engagement, he added that the world was a blank to him for a long time in consequence. He could not bear solitude, and yet could not enjoy society. Giving up the study of law, he retired into the country desolate and aimless. In the course of time, as we know, he found an aim in authorship, and there is no tinge of morbidness upon his life-work, although he was a mourner at heart to his life's end.

QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN.

John Howard Payne, the author of the "century's great heart-song," "Home, Sweet Home," died at his dreary consular palace at Tunis, without wife or child to solace his last hours. At quaint old Easthampton, on Long Island, the pilgrim visits "the lowly thatched cottage" which sheltered Payne's childhood and was immortalized in his lyric as the only home he ever knew. The village has changed little since that time, so the old inhabitants say, and some one has wittily remarked that "the bird singing sweetly" that came to his call may have been a goose, so many ancient white geese swim about on the neighboring ponds. It has been rumored that the original manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home" was given by Payne to a Miss Mary Harden, of Georgia; that she directed it to be buried with her, and, her request not having been fulfilled, that it may be

discovered some day—a song which made the fortune of the actress who first sang it, of the publisher who brought it out, but left its author poor. It is certain that Miss Harden was for a time the object of the lonely dreamer's devotion; a letter of his



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

to her is extant which is replete with genuine feeling; there is also one to her father. Apparently she did not wish to leave her family and her sheltered Southern home to accompany the wanderer into foreign lands, on the uncertain fortunes which seemed to be his chronic condition.

The emoluments of genius, especially genius of a literary

character, are proverbially uncertain; as a rule it would pay decidedly better to keep a market-stall or a corner grocery than to write first-class verses. Poverty was probably the cause of the celibacy of a large number of the earlier English poets. Herrick, Cowley, Thomson, Prior, Gay, Gray, Shenstone, Akenside, Collins, Cowper, and Goldsmith are prominent among these.

The great musicians were usually dominated by their emotions. They fell in love—not often wisely—and wedded whether they could afford to do so or not, their extreme sensitiveness too often rendering themselves and those closely allied to them very unhappy. Beethoven, deaf, eccentric to the verge of insanity, did not marry because his affections were continually thwarted and forbidden to pass out of the realm of glamour into that of actuality. His yearnings for a perpetually vanishing ideal exercised a powerful influence upon his artistic nature, and have left their record in haunting tones which come to our ears *de profundis*. There is a pathetic, soulful quality about his music which gives it a scope so extended, so penetrating that it reaches the domain of religious feeling in the heart of the listener, as instinct with the whole human struggle and the everlasting cry for the ultimate, the divine.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

A REAL MIRACLE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

BY WILLIAM L. O'CONNOR.

IT was on the Friday before the first Saturday in May, 1896, that a friend of mine from Philadelphia and myself were returning to Naples from a trip to Sorrento, Capri, Le Cave, Pæstium. We were looking upon Vesuvius tinting the sky with its smoke, when the train stopped at Pompeii, the ancient city of the dead, and several gentlemen whom we recognized as Americans entered the coach. We soon became good friends. They had been travelling together for some weeks through the Holy Land. One was Rev. Father Schaeken, of Paterson, New Jersey, and the other Rev. Mr. P——, an Episcopalian minister from Raleigh, N. C. We asked them if they intended witnessing the miracle of St. Januarius, which was to occur the next day. They informed us they had forgotten that it took place on that day, but if we were going they would like to accompany us. Rev. Father Schaeken had a letter from his bishop to a priest in Naples who spoke English. He said he would present it, and ask him to do us the favor to secure us good places in the church where the liquefaction took place. The next day we all took a carriage and drove to the Church of Santa Chiara, arriving there about five o'clock in the afternoon.

The Italian priest met us a few minutes later and introduced us to the Papal nuncio, who kindly gave us places within three or four feet of where the bottle containing the blood was to be exposed. We found the great basilica crowded to its utmost.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PROCESSION OF SAINTS.

The statue of St. Januarius was brought at midday from the cathedral which bears his name and placed on the gospel side of the altar, facing the congregation. The statue was a long bust head of gold, containing the martyr's head, and was ornamented with a bishop's mitre and decked with bishop's vestments. Many brilliant jewels, presented by the royal families of Europe, flashed in the light from mitre and vestments.

People were praying and calling aloud to St. Januarius to hear them. This was at about five o'clock. At 5:45 a procession, headed by a brass band, entered the church and passed up the right side of the great central aisle leading to the altar as far as the railing, and then turned and went down the left side and entered a side chapel. This procession was unlike anything I had seen before. It might be called a procession of the dead heroes of the church. It was formed in groups of four men, who carried a litter on their shoulders. In the centre of the litter was the silver statue of a saint decorated with vestments shining with the lustre of silver. St. Francis, St. Augustine, St. John the Baptist, St. Mary Magdalen, and forty other statues of celebrated saints, passed before the assembled crowds. As each statue reached the sanctuary, a great cry arose from the people, the name of the saint was called out and he was asked to pray for them. This supplication made to the saint was repeated three times, and was ended with a prayer to the Trinity: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." Evening was now advancing, and the lighted candles on each litter threw a weirdness on the scene, making of it a strange pageantry. It was like a procession of the dead in its silence; but was like a procession of kings in the way they were carried, in the gems with which the statues were decorated, and in the enthusiasm with which their names were called.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER.

At the close of the procession five statues, dressed in the richest of pontifical robes, with mitres on their heads and croziers in their hands, passed up towards the altar. I could but think they represented the authority of the Catholic Church to teach the nations. Had these bishops of early Christianity really been brought back to life, they would have been at home in that church at Naples; they would have seen the same Mass and the same confession, heard the same doctrines taught and the same discipline enforced, as in their own dioceses hundreds and hundreds of years ago. The long existence and the continuity of the Roman Catholic Church strikes the beholder with amazement.

After the statues had disappeared in the side chapel, a procession of the clergy came up the centre aisle and passed into the sanctuary. First came the younger clergy, dressed in black cassocks and white surplices; then followed the older clergy, dressed also in cassocks and surplices, with white ermine cloaks

on their shoulders. These were followed by priests dressed in purple. Lastly came the handsome figure of Naples' famous cardinal, San Felice. All the clergy were received at the altar by the chaplain of the chapel of St. Januarius, who had previously arrived and reviewed the procession from the middle gates of the sanctuary railing.

In the middle of the procession of the clergy was carried upon high a silver monument, in the centre of which was a glass vessel containing the congealed blood of St. Januarius.

THE HISTORY OF THE SAINT.

St. Januarius was a bishop who was martyred for his faith in the times of ancient Rome, under Diocletian, a Roman emperor. The saint was condemned to be eaten by wild beasts because he was a Christian and would not forsake his Christian faith. I had seen the amphitheatre near Puzzuoli in which the holy man was thrown to the wild beasts. History records that they refused to attack him and became tame at his side. The saint was then confined in a dungeon beneath the amphitheatre, and was condemned by the governor of the province to be beheaded. When issuing this order the governor was immediately struck blind, but by the powerful intercession of St. Januarius was restored to sight—a miracle which converted five thousand people on the spot. The decapitation took place at a short distance from the amphitheatre, on a spot where there is now a Catholic church, erected in memory of the event. The liquefaction of the blood took place for the first time when the body was brought to Naples by Bishop Severius, in the time of Constantine the Great. This blood is now contained in the same glass vase which passed before us in the procession. The liquefaction takes place three times during several successive days, namely, the first Saturday in May in the evening, on the 19th of September and 16th of December, between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. According as the liquefaction is rapid or slow, is good or evil prophesied for the ensuing year. In 1884 Naples was visited by the cholera, which carried away a great many of its inhabitants. It is said that during that year there was hardly any liquefaction.

THE CLOSEST INSPECTION.

As soon as the procession of priests reached the altar, the vessel of blood was taken from its shrine and handed to the cardinal, as he stood on the platform of the altar. Then he blessed the people with the relic and handed the case to a

priest dressed in purple, who was to guard it. The cardinal then descended the altar steps and was vested for the ceremony. Again he ascended and stood on the platform, directly opposite the Papal nuncio, who was standing behind us. He took the relic from his assistant and showed it to us all, so we could plainly see. The cardinal especially desired that the Papal nuncio and the officials of the city, who were standing near us, should see it. As soon as they acknowledged by a sign of assent that they were satisfied, the cardinal showed it to those who stood around him, representing many countries of the world. He continued to exhibit it until all, by repeated affirmations, declared they clearly saw the contents of the case. We all saw in this case a small vial such as is used by apothecaries for a small quantity of liquid medicine; in this vial were clots of dark blood, which clung to the sides.

The other bottle, if it may be called so, was oval and bulged out on the sides. This second bottle contained a mass of solid blood, which almost filled the glass, leaving an empty space at the top. The cardinal, after having showed it to us, placed the glass case upon the altar in front of us. We were standing with the Papal nuncio, directly back of the altar and where the tabernacle usually is placed on an altar. There was an open space about eight feet long and nearly the same in height. The cardinal knelt and said some prayers, then arose and took hold of the case by a rod or handle which projected from it. I noticed his hands did not touch the glass case. They brought him a book of prayers, from which he read while kneeling. At intervals of five or ten minutes he arose, picked up the case and turned it upside down, to see if the blood was liquefying. Every time he did so he would show it to us, so that every one could see if the liquefaction had commenced. As he turned the case up and down, we could plainly see that the blood was congealed and clung firmly to the sides and bottom of the oval bottle. This was repeated at regular intervals for an hour. During this time a priest on the altar recited litanies of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of the saints with the people.

THE FLOWING BLOOD.

At times, also, they would take up some prayer of their own and recite it aloud. I noticed one strong female voice in particular, which seemed to lead in extemporary prayer. We were all tired looking so intensely at the relic. The cardinal also seemed to be tired. At the end of an hour some priest

standing near the cardinal saw that the process of liquefaction had commenced. The cardinal placed a candle behind it so we could see. All gave an affirmation. We joined our English "Yes" to the "Si, si" of the Italians and the "Oui, oui" of the French princess and her companions. We were all excited, English and Americans, as well as Italians and Frenchmen. Our Episcopal friend pushed himself as near us as he could, so he could see plainly. Now the prayers began to be more fervent and by degrees the blood began to liquefy. First we noticed three small clots, the size of a pea, drop from the mass; then the upper surface line of the blood changed from the horizontal two or three degrees towards the perpendicular. We were certain we were beholding the miracle, for the entire mass had now moved. The excitement grew. Oh! how those Italians near us prayed and wept. The blood continued to change the line of surface towards the perpendicular, until the entire mass moved in the case and liquid blood began to flow.

Then the blood moved up and down in the bottle and changed its position with every movement, as it was turned round and round by the cardinal. In five minutes more the liquefaction was complete and the blood flowed around like thick port wine.

The bell was rung by the cardinal to notify the thousands present. Then the church bells in the town were rung, the organ pealed forth its loudest tones, the choir sang some joyful hymns, in which the people joined with great enthusiasm. The church was filled with commotion of enthusiastic joy. There would be no plague and no great misfortune for their city the coming year. St. Januarius was still their guardian and protector. The bells all over the city were rung and many churches, buildings, and streets were illuminated. Then the cardinal, tired and exhausted, took possession of the relic and blessed with it the surrounding people who stood near him. They kissed the relic, and as soon as he could find a way through the crowd he passed around the altar, where we were protected from the outside throng by iron gates. We then had the privilege of kissing the famous relic. Among the first to do so was our Episcopalian friend.

Cardinal Newman said "the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius was one of the modern miracles which could not be doubted." Any one visiting Naples may witness this miracle on any of the dates on which this liquefaction takes place.

Indianapolis, Ind.

A DAY IN GIBRALTAR.

BY T. J. HOUSTON.

IT was a perfect day in December when we approached by steamer within distant view of Gibraltar. The Spanish coast which we were skirting was distinct as a picture. The numerous signal towers of Saracenic construction and the engravings of the glacier age upon the mountain sides, cutting deep here and there, were easily discerned. The straits before us presented a deep blue mass undulating beneath a sky of lighter tone and softest depth; while the African headland, the other pillar of Hercules, brought to mind the strange proximity of modern civilization with that of two thousand years ago.

It was not ours to know just what each one present meditated or felt as the silence on the deck increased with the advance of the ship under the lead of the sea-gulls and the looming-up of the great rock, but there was not an obtruding voice until our captain, seeing that the landing was near, turned to his duties with the exclamation that he had had no such entry into the harbor in thirty-five years.

The majesty of Gibel-Tarik, as it was anciently called, exceeded the conception we had formed from books and hearsay.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

Its strength, security, and peace were impressive, as it lay veritably like "a giant sleeping camel," twelve hundred feet in height and stretching miles into the Mediterranean Sea. Standing uplifted and disconnected from any range of mountains, an apparently solid, unbroken rock, it was impressive as a wonder and as no picture of itself could be.

It is on the more sloping face of the rock, toward the ocean, that the city and fortifications stand, about a hundred acres along the base being enclosed by the fortified walls. The whole scene was decidedly of a military aspect, as cannon bristled everywhere, even high up the steeps, where numerous monsters of war were indicated behind the ramparted galleries hewn in rock. It looked indeed a fortress impregnable, and as if it might have been the physical prototype of

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

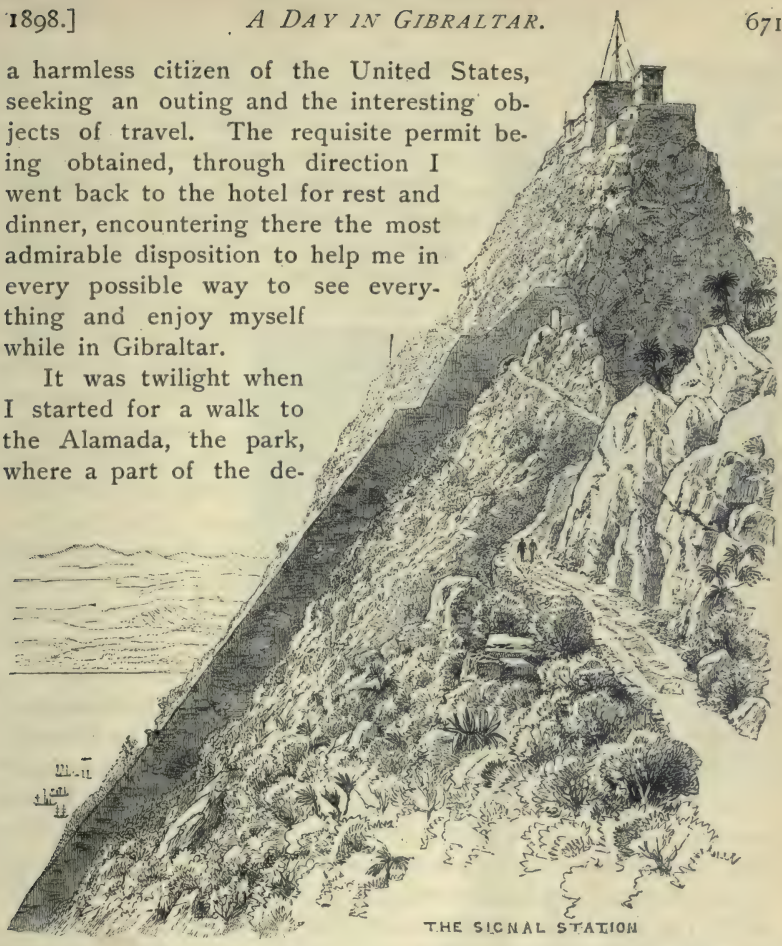
The delightful trip home across the Atlantic terminated at the landing by a curious accident that threw a shadow over all the glories of nature that had been vouchsafed us throughout the trip, by the breaking of an anchor-chain whereby two sailors were hurled to their death into the sea. This accident was doubtless not without its useful lesson to the many that witnessed it, but it shut off the glorious visions of the day, as if a picture had been suddenly withdrawn from a magic lantern.

I hurried to my hotel on foot, not heeding the multitudinous cry of the jehus and carriers, and learned in a moment that it was necessary to get a military permit to spend a day, or even a night, in Gibraltar. I went at once to the consulate, where I had no trouble in securing an endorsement as

CATLAND BAY

a harmless citizen of the United States, seeking an outing and the interesting objects of travel. The requisite permit being obtained, through direction I went back to the hotel for rest and dinner, encountering there the most admirable disposition to help me in every possible way to see everything and enjoy myself while in Gibraltar.

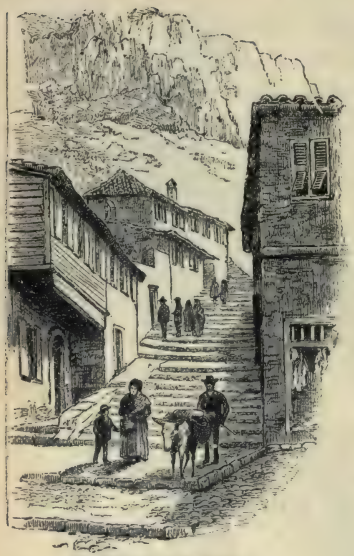
It was twilight when I started for a walk to the Alamada, the park, where a part of the de-



THE SIGNAL STATION

fences is masked in the beauty of trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers. On the way I noted with peculiar interest the extreme cleanliness of the streets, the multitude of "red-coats," the Spanish women without hats or bonnets, the occasional picturesque Moor, and the general use of the centre of the streets by pedestrians. The shops and bazaars were often of an oriental character, and so like what I had seen in the far East that I could easily fancy myself back again in the flowery kingdom or in the land of the opiate life.

I reached the park just as the last lines of a glorious sunset were fading away, and as I entered stood spell-bound amid the roses, dark ferns, arbors, rocks, and miniature lakes against the background of the now black rock, with cannon and the blue African headlands in front, while out in the water



FLAT BASTION ROAD

rode a dozen English war-ships at anchor, from which came the inspiring music of a marine band.

The peace and beauty of a park commingling with the sombre and terrible implements of war seem an inconsistent combination, but possibly not more so in reality than that of gilded trappings, plumes, and music accompanying soldiers to their death in battle. The Alamada is a pretty park and a delightful promenade for the inhabitants. At night the effect is heightened by the lighted water-views, with sounds of music and merriment floating in.

On this occasion it was especially gay because, as they said, "the English fleet is here, and the soldiers and sailors must have a good time." That they were having a good time was evident, for on the way back to the hotel there was singing and dancing in the streets in many places. Highlanders in white jackets and plaid kilts were waltzing with red coats and jolly tars. The excitement was heightened at times, and not without an occasional set-to of a less jovial character. It was nearing the Christmas-time, too, and a general disposition towards abandon was in the very air.

The first morning's glimpse from my window disclosed an apparently endless defile of market venders—goats and turkeys driven in flocks, donkeys heavily laden with the edibles of the clime, and a few carts moving slowly through the narrow streets, or lanes, as they are called, presenting picturesque scenes, not unlike those in oriental countries where primitive customs have not changed from generation to generation. While Gibraltar is not dis-

WATERPORT GATE

tinctively oriental, there is enough of that character there to give new interest to the traveller and to prepare him for a step across the straits into scenes wholly so.

I was thankful for another bright day, for it had been planned that I should have a climb up the face of the rock and visit the Moorish castle which stands well toward the top, and has for centuries served the Saracen rulers as a stronghold and residence. As a monument of the olden time, the castle was the principal object of interest about Gibraltar. What is more imposing about the rock in its modern aspect as a fortress is of comparatively recent development and a feature of modern military science.

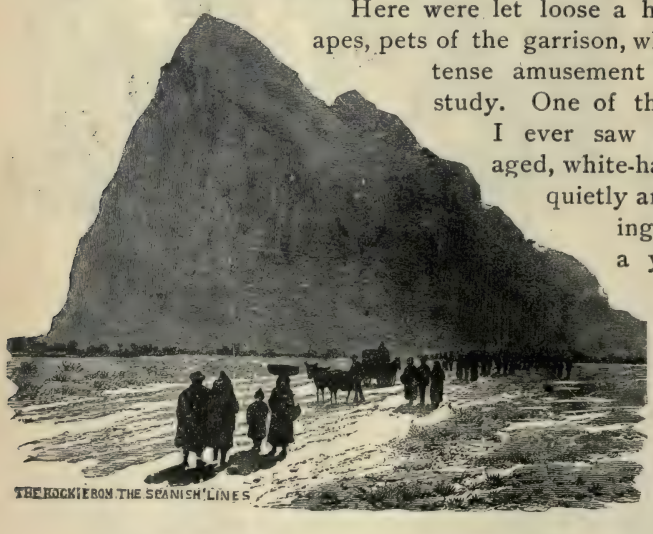
The ascent to the tower was by a series of somewhat irregular steps, which seemed endless even before we reached the outer guard-house. It was necessary to rest many times during the ascent, when the character of the trees and vegetation would arrest attention. The poplar, the cotton-tree, the pine, aloe, and prickly pear were most conspicuous, while the olive, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and fig were cultivated in the gardens below.

At the guard-house we were furnished with the keys to the tower and a guard. The ascent from this point seemed easier from the more attractive shrubbery and flowers that bordered the way, and the more unique vegetation and vines that spread out upon the rock. There were quantities of roses, violets, etc., that ladened the air with richest perfume and beguiled the tediousness of the remaining part of the climb.

The castle itself was not particularly impressive. It may have been so in its day, but it is now only an object of much interest from its historical associations. The structure is now little more than a ruin, though it serves as a prison for culprits

and convicts. The style is a Moorish rectangle with square towers and interior columns. The latter are twelve inches square and made up of layers of four thin tiles. Its seven rooms were impressively small, but the walls bear out its record in history as the stronghold and home of the Moorish rulers for many centuries.

The position of the castle is about one-third the way up the rock. We were permitted to ascend to a higher plateau, where the Spanish towns across the narrow and desolate strip of land that constitutes the neutral zone between the English and Spanish possessions could be seen. The outlook at this point was broad, beautiful, and memorable. On the right were the purple hills of Spain, on the left the sombre shores of Africa, and in front a wide expanse of sea, with a hundred ships riding calmly at anchor beneath the innumerable guns that have given the rock the sobriquet of "England's Defiance."


THE ROCK FROM THE SPANISH LINES

Here were let loose a hundred Barbary apes, pets of the garrison, which afforded intense amusement and not a little study. One of the drollest sights I ever saw was that of an aged, white-haired ape, sitting quietly and gravely watching the gambols of a young ape with a gentleman of our party. I have more than once seen the same picture in the human family, and could but note the comparison.

As far up the rock as one could see were huge troughs hewn within for carrying water to the great cisterns below, from which the inhabitants, the garrison, and the ships were supplied. I desired to go higher, but was informed that we were already beyond the limit prescribed for tourists. In fact, visitors would have great difficulty in getting access to the great military galleries that traverse the face of the rock for miles and from the base to the summit.

The descent was comparatively easy, and the views, new at

every turn, were refreshing and memorable. Gibraltar, as I saw it, had nothing of the dreariness of which I had heard some tourists speak, although I was told that much depended upon the season and the weather.

Gibraltar had been taken from the Spanish by the Moors in the eighth century under their leader Tarik, and it was held by them without molestation for five centuries, during which period the latter extended their conquests in Europe. The first Spanish siege to recapture the stronghold was in 1309, which was successful, but it was retaken by the Moors in 1333. No fewer than six sieges followed in the course of the next hundred years on the part of the Spanish, in the last of which, 1462, the rock passed again into their hands. It was only once again assailed by the Moors (1540), without success.

In the war of the Spanish Succession, Gibraltar was captured by a combined English and Dutch fleet (1704), the English flag being hoisted under Dutch protests. The Spanish made numerous subsequent attempts to retake the place, but failed. The last siege continued four years (1779–1783) and was conducted by the combined land and sea powers of France and Spain. The failure to dislodge the English has left the fortress undisturbed since then, and has caused it be regarded as impregnable, its effectiveness being fully kept up by all the latest improvements in military science and armament.

The city of Gibraltar at present contains about 20,000 inhabitants, including some 3,000 aliens. The natives are of various origin, including Jews and Moors, though both of the latter are legally excluded by the treaty of Utrecht. Religious liberty is guaranteed, but the population is mainly Roman Catholic.

In taking leave of this historic and military monument, one is reminded that it is told of King George III. that he thought the defences of Gibraltar might be greatly improved, and that he submitted plans to an eminent engineer, who, after examining them, said: "The fortress as it stands is all right, but with your majesty's improvements I would undertake to capture the place in a week."

Current events are drawing new attention to the defences of Gibraltar. It has been said recently that the English government is considering the advisability of taking and fortifying the African coast as of superior strategic value, and relinquishing the rock; but this, perhaps, only indicates that some forecasts of future events are agitating the minds of the guardians of nations.

PAUL HENDERSON'S MADONNA.

BY MARY ELLA CASSIDY.

IT had come to be known among his college friends as "Paul Henderson's Madonna," or often, more familiarly still, as "Henderson's Madonna," although that gentleman had never put brush to canvas.

Five months previously he had come like so many others, a stranger and alone, to a great Canadian medical college. Like so many others, and yet how unlike! How unlike to the indifferent, the listless, idle, hurried, or shambling tread of his fellows, that rhythmic stride of his through the crowded thoroughfare! Much character may be expressed in the walk and bearing of a man.

The day came when Paul Henderson's gait altered with his altered character; but at the time my story opens, following him from afar, long before you had seen his face, his manner of walking would have brought to your mind some grand old song set to a martial strain. His nobly-poised head, with its clustering brown curls, was always held high, perhaps a trifle too high for a man who had not the world at his feet. His deep gray eyes would always be more likely to see the skies and stars above him than the dust and turmoil of the streets he trod. "An ideal face," an artist had said who had once caught a glimpse of it in a passing crowd; "the face of a dreamer, of a student, and of one doomed to loneliness and disappointment to the end of his days. It reminds one of a stately fir-tree on a lonely mountain height." Thus one who had seen and known the world.

"A strangely uncomfortable face! His eyes make one feel as though he were trying to read one's soul." This was the expressed opinion of a young lady "in society," who had known Paul Henderson and favored his suit before the terrible reverse of fortune which had killed his father and left him to battle with the world alone. Had he read and measured the woman's soul when she gave him back his troth, and left him to fight not only the bitter battle of life alone, but a harder, nobler battle for his lost ideals of chivalry and of woman's truth and honor?

Heartsore and weary, smarting under his first great defeat and disappointment, he sought the city. His mother had been dead so long that her face had almost faded from his memory. His sisters, thorough women of the world, had never understood him. They had called him quixotic, yea, mad, when, in order to liquidate his father's debts, he had voluntarily relinquished his own private fortune of forty thousand dollars left him by his mother.

On that bright May morning when he first walked the streets of the great city, shabby, hungry, homeless, and well-nigh penniless, some thought of the truth of his sisters' verdict may have occurred to him. Certain it is, that as he passed further and further from the more fashionable quarters a sentence he had heard long ago kept ringing its strange, sad truth in his ears: "Be good, and you will be sure to be lonely."

In all the hurrying faces not one did he know. In all the busy marts of men not one was there to whom he could extend the hand of friendship.

"Be good, and you will be sure to be lonely." The sentence kept ringing like the refrain of a song in his ears.

At a street corner he met a news-boy crying over the loss of his fallen pennies. He stooped to help the waif, his nervous white hands often touching the grimy ones of the little one. And when, the task accomplished, he hurried on, the urchin's face was wreathed in smiles and his own saddened, troubled one faintly reflected the boy's gladness.

"Be good, and you will be sure to be lonely." Further and further away, like the memory of a dream, the words came now. Half a mile away, at a crowded street-crossing, he noticed a timid old woman among the crowd. Courteously, as though she had been a queen, he helped her through the throng. As he passed on, her last words, "May God and Our Lady bless you," drowned that other chant which had been following him all the day. His eyes took on a softer, tenderer look, the tense, firm lines about his mouth relaxed. Some dim, faint memory of his lady mother had been awakened. Had that dead mother seen him, how proud she would have been of his manly strength and beauty and gentleness of character!—a man a king might have envied in his sterling integrity and purity and honor.

"God and Our Lady!" Evidently the woman was a Romanist, and yet how pretty the words had sounded!

As he walked he fell to thinking of those never-to-be-for-

gotten days when men—the chivalry of Europe—who had lost everything but honor, who had given up home, country, friends, the one love of their lives perhaps, had bravely battled and saved Christian Europe from the sway of the Mohammedan. How they had rushed to battle, and rushing died, with that very cry upon their lips, "For God and Our Lady!" Ah! life was worth living in those days. Quickly—all too quickly—his thoughts came back to the present and to the homely object of his quest—a lodging-house. He stopped before a cottage standing far in from the road. A narrow path, bordered on either side by a hedge of cedars, led up to the ivy-covered porch, and rose from her knitting in the porch the daintiest of matrons, to receive him.

"Plain, but neat and comfortable," was his mental comment on the room into which she ushered him. Then his eyes wandered wistfully round the bare, unlovely walls. All his life, in his own home, they had rested on things of beauty. These had come to be almost a necessity to Paul Henderson's art-loving nature. A sigh that was almost a sob escaped him. For long, long years—perhaps for ever—strive as he would, such things would lie outside his life. The glory of renunciation had passed for him, and he was beginning to feel the bitterness that inevitably accompanies it.

Suddenly his eyes followed those of his prospective landlady and rested on an engraving of the Mother and the Child.

"If you are not a Catholic, sir," the good woman was saying, "I will have the picture removed."

"Pray do not," he answered hastily. "I am not a Catholic, but I like the picture."

So it remained, the one thing of beauty in that attic room. Take what position he would for writing or study, the tender eyes of the divine Mother seemed ever watching. What an influence that picture came to exert over Paul Henderson's life was known only to his Creator and himself. He never passed it without a courtly reverence he would have rendered to no earthly queen.

Even in the first bright and happy days of his college life, looking up from his reading and meeting those tender eyes, he sometimes whispered, "Mother of Christ, pray for me."

In the dark, dark after-days, when there were no books to read, when the bitterness of death was in his soul, the loving eyes seemed filled with tears of sweet compassion;—perhaps he

saw through a mist, but oftener now, in the darkness of his despair, the cry went forth, "Mother of God, pray for me."

Long before this the picture had become his personal property. The purchase of it had become a subject of speculation and jest among his companions, but Paul Henderson "changed all that."

Among the students of those days are men, grave and elderly now, who have never forgotten a certain winter evening spent in that attic room. Song and laugh were ringing loudest when one of their number rose, with a coarse jest, to propose a toast. No one noticed that Paul Henderson's glass alone was empty, but the speaker never finished. A hand of iron grasped his, and the glass lay shivered in a thousand fragments beneath the picture of the Madonna.

Those who once saw Paul Henderson angry rarely forgot it, and so it came to pass that on entering his room, as one of his classmates observed, "men left the world, the flesh, and the devil outside."

He had taken his degree with honors, and still occupied the attic room, for his practice lay almost exclusively among the poor and unfortunate—*les misérables*, as he often called them. They loved and reverenced him; in return he loved and pitied them, and wished that for their sakes his father's fortune had come to him. How much good he could have done with the money! In fact, cold, want, starvation, were staring him in the face.

The day came when he left the room poorer than he had entered it, his only earthly possessions the worn circle of gold which had been his mother's wedding ring and the picture of the Madonna.

Mile after mile he walked, while people stared at the gaunt young man, with the fever of delirium already burning in his eyes; jostling and being jostled by the hurrying pedestrians, longing only to escape the turmoil of the city and to reach some country hill-side, there to close his eyes for ever beneath the shade of trees, with the Madonna's face looking its heavenly compassion upon him.

Suddenly the sound of church-bells near turned his thoughts in a new direction. He remembered somehow that it was the Feast of the Ascension, and as in a dream he remembered kneeling on that day, years ago, in church by his mother's side. He recalled the long homeward drive in the liveried carriage as he stumbled blindly and clutched at the gate for support.

An Irish gardener crossing the lawn saw him and came quickly forward. With native Irish shrewdness he saw that the young man was exhausted by hunger and fatigue, but he saw also, despite the shabby attire, that he was a gentleman; and with instinctive courtesy he attributed his exhaustion to "the heat of the day."

"Rest ye here, while I go yonder to the kitchen and fetch ye a drink of water, sir."

Paul Henderson rested on a garden chair while this good Samaritan brought him a glass of milk.

"Not a drop of water could I find, sir, and I thought mayhap you would take the milk instead."

There are lies, ere they ascend to heaven, over which the recording angel lets fall a tear and blots them out for ever!

The house happened to be the priest's residence, and Paul Henderson asked if he might leave his picture in charge of the gardener while he went to attend the church service.

"With the greatest pleasure in life, sir. What a grand thing it is to be a good Catholic," he added, looking admiringly at the gentleman before him.

"I am not a Catholic, my friend," Paul Henderson answered wearily, as he rose to go. "If I were sure of a few years' longer residence in this world, I might become one. I have always felt a strange attraction toward the Catholic faith, but as it is I must take my doubts and perplexities where all doubts and perplexities are set at rest for ever—to the foot of the great white throne."

The choir was intoning the Kyrie as he entered. The waves of pathetic entreaty for mercy and pardon followed him, as he went hesitatingly up the aisle looking to right and left for a vacant seat. Suddenly the door of a pew was opened, and, with a grave, kindly gesture, a young lady bade him enter. He knelt as he saw others around him kneeling, but a noise as of many waters was in his ears, and the myriad altar-lights came and went, went and came, with strange persistency.

He grew vaguely conscious that the young lady's face was strangely familiar. Where had he seen it before? If only that rushing noise in his head would stop, that he might think more clearly! With a gesture of pain he drew his hand across his forehead, and at the same moment the girl's eyes, blue and tender as the summer heaven, were lifted to his. The pity he saw in their liquid depths brought to his mind a sentence from his favorite novel: "God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

and with a thrill he recognized the likeness of the living face beside him to the pictured face of his Madonna.

Then he tried to recall the look of the girl who had jilted him; but with a strange sensation, that was half pleasure, half pain, he found that it would not come at his bidding. He only knew that it was not like the face beside him. Above, in the choir, a glorious soprano voice was singing the "Ave Maria." Then the full choir took up the chorus, till the waves of melody seemed "to go up to heaven, and die among the stars."

"Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ."

"Ora pro nobis"—why did the voices suddenly grow so faint, so far away? Was the Madonna praying for him, and was this indeed the hour of his death?

"Ora"—the voices trembled, died, and Paul Henderson fell heavily forward.

When he awoke to consciousness it was in a strangely unfamiliar room, but the face of his companion in the pew was looking pityingly down upon him. Again he thought of that sorely-tried soul who had made a failure of everything in life except of his love, and in that how transcendently noble he had been! "God bless her for her sweet compassion!" He listened while she told him of the weeks he had lain there, of the delirium that had left him a shadow of his former self, of the talk of his profession, his patients, and the snatches of student songs he had sung. And as he listened, he knew, although she did not tell him, that in his wildest moments of delirium her touch had power to quiet him. The days came and went, and with them came to Paul Henderson a dream of what life might be with this woman's tender eyes looking ever into his.

Almost as mad and hopeless as Sidney Carton's hopeless passion seemed the dawning of love in this man's soul. Yet when the crisis of his illness had passed, and he knew that he would recover, a wild fever of exultation took possession of him. He could have cried aloud for very joy, for he would live and win her love. He remembered the story of Warren Hastings: how at seven years of age he had resolved to win back his father's lost estate, and one day be "Hastings of Daylesford."

So one day he, Paul Henderson, would be the happy husband of a happy wife.

In the days of his convalescence he recounted, one by one,

the obstacles to his ambition, and overcame them. Poverty? Would that matter to such a woman? Besides, he knew that he had ability to become famous in his profession, and how proud and glad she would be of that. Social position? Well, it was the fault of a clever man if he did not make even a king take off his hat to him. Religion? Ah, yes! little as he knew her, he realized that it was her life, the crowning glory of her womanhood, that which made her lovely beyond all women he had ever known. From thinking on the subject he came to talk of it, and told her the story of the Madonna, and a little of the part it had played in his life.

When he told her how, rather than relinquish it, he had parted with his books, his case of surgical instruments, the precious souvenirs of his home and boyhood, she gave a little, startled cry, and her hot tears fell on his hands lying outside the coverlet.

Paul Henderson was received into the church some three months later, but he has always maintained that he became a Catholic at the moment when Marian's tears fell on his hands. He says that they washed away for ever the last faint traces of prejudice from his soul.

A year from the date of his conversion he became the happy husband of a happy wife. God has blessed and prospered him exceedingly. Many years have passed, and though he has never become wealthy, has never been able to replace his Madonna by a Raphael or a Correggio, he and his sweet wife have stood side by side and heart to heart under Italian skies, admiring the works of the masters.

Paul Henderson's fame is world-wide now. Men tell of the vast work he has done for the world of science, but only the angels know of the work he has done for the Kingdom of Heaven. Visitors to his beautiful home are often startled by the likeness of his wife to a picture of the Madonna in the doctor's study. He is Sir Paul now, and Marian, the guiding star of his life, is Lady Henderson. He smiles, as he thinks how, in his first faint-hearted days, this was one of her favorite prophecies.

Is she beautiful, this woman of whom more than one man, in his heart of hearts, has said, "God bless her for her sweet compassion"?

Her husband answered that question once and for ever among the Swiss mountains long ago. A friend who had not met him since their student days remarked:

"I hear the most contradictory reports about your wife. Some people aver that she is positively handsome, others that she is striking looking, others that she is quite plain, and one poor lad, whom she had stopped abruptly on the road to ruin, informed me in all sincerity that 'she was beautiful as an angel.' I daresay you incline to the latter opinion."

"No," the other had answered, "my wife is not beautiful as the world terms beauty, but—" here he had paused, and a light that was good to see gleamed in the deep gray eyes as, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, he lifted his hat in homage to a woman three thousand miles away, while he continued—"she will be passing fair in heaven."

Theirs has been a singularly happy union. The passing years serve only to intensify their affection, for Marian Henderson has fully realized Rogers' beautiful ideal of a wife:

"His house she enters—there to be a light,
Shining within when all without is night.
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing.
Winning him back when mingling with the throng
Of a vain world we love—alas! too long—
To household pleasures and to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
How oft his eye seeks hers—her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his cares inclined;
Still subject, ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth and sorrow of his sorrow."

A DEFENCE OF GENERAL ROSECRANS.

BY H. M. BEADLE.

THE publication of that part of the reminiscences of the late Charles A. Dana, assistant secretary of war under Stanton, and so long editor of the New York *Sun*, relating to Chickamauga, does great injustice to General William Starke Rosecrans, containing as they do a reiteration of the falsehoods and calumnies which were invented and published at the time to blacken his character and relieve those in authority of the blame for the partial failure of the campaign on the Tennessee in 1863. The truth will not permit Dana's account of what occurred immediately following the battle of Chickamauga, or his reflections upon the character or ability of General Rosecrans, to go unanswered.

Rosecrans succeeded Buell in the command of the Army of the Cumberland in October, 1862. He had been at the head of the army but a short time when the War Department began to find such fault with him that he was constrained, out of self-respect, to reply that he had not sought the command, and that if he could not be trusted he desired to be relieved. The War Department yielded, but with bad grace, for, to use the words of General H. V. Boynton, it "could not brook such manifestly proper independence."

PRUDENCE THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

In the spring of 1863 the armies of Bragg and Rosecrans faced each other in Middle Tennessee. The War Department urged Rosecrans to advance against Bragg. At that time Rosecrans' army was in no condition to attack Bragg and hold Middle Tennessee. He would have to depend upon one badly equipped railroad for supplies, and his forces were too few to continue a campaign against Bragg and maintain his communications. He especially urged that his cavalry should be so increased as to be able to hold the enemy's cavalry in check and prevent any interference with his communications. The request for more cavalry was never granted, and he was pressed to move upon the enemy notwithstanding. There were grave reasons against a forward movement of his army, and Rose-

crans asked for the opinions of his corps and division commanders upon the policy of advancing at that time. General James A. Garfield, Rosecrans' chief of staff, who had had very little military experience, was the only one who advocated an immediate advance. General Sheridan was a division commander in Rosecrans' army, and has put on record his reasons for opposing an advance at that time. In his Personal Memoirs, vol. i., page 259, he says: "During the spring and early summer Rosecrans resisted, with a great deal of spirit and on various grounds, these frequent urgings [to advance], and out of this grew an acrimonious correspondence and strained feeling between him and General Halleck. Early in June, however, stores had been accumulated and other preparations made for a move forward. Rosecrans seems to have decided that he could safely risk an advance with prospects of good results. Before finally deciding, he called upon his corps and division commanders for their opinions, . . . and most of them still opposed the projected movement, I, among the number, reasoning that while General Grant was operating against Vicksburg, it was better to hold Bragg in Middle Tennessee than to push him so far back into Georgia that internal means of communication would give the Confederate government opportunity of joining part of his force to that of General Johnston in Mississippi."

SHERIDAN, GRANT, AND DANA COMMEND.

Rosecrans did not await the capture of Vicksburg, but began his forward movement on the 23d of June. In sixteen days, rain falling continuously, he, with nine divisions and twenty brigades, had compelled Bragg, who had seven divisions and twenty-three brigades, to abandon his fortified strongholds of Shelbyville and Tullahoma, and retire to Chattanooga, to avoid a disastrous battle, which was only averted by the rains preventing Rosecrans making a rapid advance. Rosecrans' loss was less than six hundred men. General Boynton says of this campaign: "So brilliant had been the conception and execution that all the corps commanders, headed by General Thomas, hastened to call upon Rosecrans and offer the warmest congratulations." General Sheridan, in his memoirs, gives Rosecrans great praise and declares that "forethought and study had been given to every detail," and Grant and Dana both commended the ability in conception and execution that marked this brief campaign.

Rosecrans at once began the most vigorous preparations to drive Bragg out of Chattanooga. General Boynton says: "Because the necessities of the case compelled secrecy as one of the main elements of success, there was soon at Washington a manifestation of unreasoning impatience over what was criticised as the inaction of the Union commander."

STANTON'S OBSTINACY.

Rosecrans knew the necessity of having a greater cavalry force than was at his command, but being unable to obtain it, he sought permission to raise a force of mounted infantry. He sent General Rousseau to Washington to lay before the War Department his plan for organizing such a force and to impress upon the department the necessity of better supporting the Army of the Cumberland. Rousseau's mission was fruitless, Stanton declaring, with an oath, that Rosecrans should not have another man, in the face of Lincoln's approval.

The railroad was not repaired until July 25, and then supplies for the army had to be accumulated. As all the supplies the army was using had to be brought over this road, the capacity of which was limited, the accumulation of supplies for the passage of the Cumberland mountains took some time. Chattanooga lay beyond rough and precipitous mountains, two thousand feet high, there being but few roads by which the army could pass, and these difficult. The distance across these mountains would average sixty miles. By waiting until the corn was ripe enough to use, it would enable the army to move with a great deal less forage. Notwithstanding all the difficulties to be overcome, and the great advantage of waiting until the corn was ripe, Halleck, whose ignorance of the country and of the obstacles to be overcome is now apparent, sent the following despatch, which Rosecrans received August 4: "Your forces must move forward without delay. You will daily report the movement of each corps until you cross the Tennessee River."

GARFIELD'S DELIBERATE MISREPRESENTATION.

Well might Boynton say that this despatch "was exasperating to the last degree." Boynton thought it was due to inexcusable ignorance, but at the time of so expressing himself he did not know that Garfield, Rosecrans' chief of staff, had written a letter to Chase, the secretary of the treasury, complaining of Rosecrans' inaction, and insinuating that the commander of the

army would have to be changed before it could succeed in its mission. Garfield knew what Rosecrans was doing and the difficulties he was contending with, and he deliberately misrepresented his chief and his friend while hypocritically saying he loved every bone in his body. Not a hint did he give Rosecrans that he was dissatisfied with the progress the army was making. Garfield's letter was written July 27, 1863, and Halleck's order was received by telegraph seven days after. Rosecrans did not know of his betrayal by Garfield until after the death of the latter, but the fact that Garfield had written such a letter gave his generous soul a wound which was deep and lasting.

"PEREMPTORY" ORDERS.

Rosecrans replied to Halleck thus: "Your despatch ordering me to move forward without delay, reporting the movements of each corps till I cross the Tennessee, is received. As I have determined to cross the river as soon as practicable, and have been making all preparations and getting such information as may enable me to do so without being driven back, like Hooker, I wish to know if your order is intended to take away my discretion as to the time and manner of moving my troops." To this Halleck answered: "The orders for the advance of your army, and that it be reported daily, are peremptory."

Rosecrans called his corps commanders in consultation and read them the despatches above quoted. There was unanimous opinion that it was impossible for the army to move at that time. Rosecrans then read his reply, which all approved, as follows:

"General Halleck: My arrangements for beginning a continuous movement will be completed and the execution begun Monday next. We have information to show that crossing the Tennessee between Bridgeport and Chattanooga is impracticable, but not enough to show whether we had better cross above Chattanooga and strike Cleveland, or below Bridgeport and strike in their rear. The preliminary movements of troops for the two cases are very different. It is necessary to have our means of crossing the river completed, and our supplies provided to cross sixty miles of mountains and sustain ourselves during the operations of crossing and fighting, before we move. To obey your order literally would be to push our troops into the mountains on narrow and difficult roads, destitute of pasture

and forage, and short of water, where they would not be able to manœuvre as exigencies might demand, and would certainly cause ultimate delay and probably disaster. If, therefore, the movement I propose cannot be regarded as obedience to your order, I respectfully request a modification of it, or to be relieved from the command."

ROSECRANS' OFFICIAL DESTRUCTION DETERMINED.

Boynton says this "was the last interference from Washington," but adds: "From that time forward there was needed only an excuse to insure his [Rosecrans'] removal." Rousseau, on his return from Washington, told Rosecrans that his official destruction was only a matter of time and opportunity, and that it was useless for him to hope for any assistance from the War Department. An object of suspicion at Washington, all support being refused to him, Rosecrans began the Chattanooga campaign, justly regarded as one of the greatest and most successful of the war, under the greatest difficulties.

In fifteen days Rosecrans had driven Bragg out of Chattanooga, but Bragg did not intend to give up that stronghold without a battle. He chose rather to risk a battle in the field than to stand a siege in Chattanooga, as Pemberton had done in Vicksburg.

To force Bragg out of Chattanooga it was necessary to threaten his lines of communication, and to keep a force behind him sufficient to prevent his return into Middle Tennessee. To do this the army was divided into three armies. McCook followed up the Lookout valley, some fifty miles south of Chattanooga, going further than was necessary; Thomas marched up the Chickamauga valley, separated from McCook by two ranges of mountains, some thirty miles south of Chattanooga; Crittenden threatened Bragg from the north side of the Tennessee River, causing the rear-guard of Bragg's army to evacuate that city on the ninth of September. Crittenden occupied it the next day. On the 11th the purposes of Bragg were fully understood and Rosecrans began the concentration of his forces. Crittenden marched south to the support of Thomas, and McCook began his march north down the Lookout valley, looking for passes over the mountains by which he might join Thomas. His corps joined Thomas on the 16th, after hard marching which greatly weakened the men. Grant and Sheridan both have said that Rosecrans should have occupied Chattanooga and fortified it. When the positions of the

several corps of the army are considered, it will be found that Rosecrans could only have done this at the risk of having McCook's corps destroyed and Thomas' corps defeated. If Bragg's communications had not been threatened by large forces he would not have evacuated Chattanooga. When he did evacuate it, the two corps threatening his communications were in great danger, for Bragg's army was superior to both these corps, even if he had received no reinforcements. Neither McCook nor Thomas could assist in occupying Chattanooga, and had Crittenden done so, McCook and Thomas would undoubtedly have been beaten before Crittenden could have completed the fortifications, and Bragg's victorious army would have destroyed his corps also. To drive Bragg out of Chattanooga the Union forces had to be divided; to hold Chattanooga that army had to be consolidated at a point south of that city, and any attack that Bragg might make upon it repulsed.

ROSECRANS' POSITION BEFORE THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

When McCook joined Thomas and Crittenden, on the 16th, Rosecrans began to manœuvre for position. Before such juncture he had to hold his forces so as to protect McCook, but after it he had to put his army between Bragg and Chattanooga. Since the 11th there had been more or less fighting every day, the army, after the arrival of McCook, drifting to the left. The fighting on the 18th was heavy. That night, by order of Rosecrans, Thomas' corps, which was on the right, marched fourteen miles, taking its position on the left of the army, completely shutting off Bragg from the road to Chattanooga. Crittenden's corps was in the centre and McCook's held the right—positions which they maintained during the next two days. The battle raged furiously on the 19th, the army still drifting to the left, shortening its lines. Bragg was reinforced during the day by a part of Longstreet's corps from Lee's army, the remainder, accompanied by that great commander himself, arriving that night. Buckner, who had been confronting Burnside in East Tennessee, had arrived several days before, and Bragg had also received reinforcements from Johnston's command. During the night of the 19th, Rosecrans' lines were further shortened and his left strengthened. The Union army was greatly encouraged, for the day's fighting had been favorable to the Union cause.

The reinforcements which Bragg had received put Rosecrans

at a decided disadvantage. Bragg's army, but little, if any, inferior in numbers to Rosecrans' forces, had been increased by at least twenty thousand fresh troops, but not a man had Rosecrans received. Burnside was at Knoxville, and might have joined Rosecrans, or at least kept Buckner from joining Bragg. On the 11th of September, when Bragg had received part of his reinforcements, Halleck telegraphed Rosecrans: "After holding the mountain passes on the west and Dalton, or some point on the railroad, to prevent the return of Bragg's army, it will be decided whether your army shall move further south into Georgia and Alabama. It is reported here that a part of Bragg's army is reinforcing Lee. It is important that the truth of this should be ascertained as soon as possible."

"CRIMINAL NEGLECT" AT WASHINGTON.

This shows the ignorance that prevailed at Washington. Longstreet had left Lee's army nearly or quite a week before, yet the authorities at Washington believed that Bragg was reinforcing Lee. General Peck, stationed in North Carolina, sent word to Rosecrans, under date of September 6, that Longstreet's corps was passing south over the railroads, and Colonel Jacques, of the 73d Illinois, who had come up from the South, tried in vain to get admittance to the authorities at Washington to communicate to them the fact of Longstreet's movement, and then arrived in time to take part in the battle of Chickamauga.

Well might Boynton say this "criminal neglect of Rosecrans by the authorities was without excuse." He adds: "No friend of Halleck or Stanton has ever yet attempted to explain, much less defend, it. These and other high officers, at one time or another, arraigned General Rosecrans as solely responsible for what they chose to designate as the disaster and defeat of Chickamauga." As a result of this "criminal neglect" Rosecrans, on the 20th, had not more than 50,000 troops, worn out by marching and fighting, to oppose Bragg's army of at least 60,000, and probably 65,000 men, 15,000 of whom, trained with Lee in Virginia, were fresh and eager for battle. Bragg had reserves; Rosecrans had none, and had to take men from one part of his lines to repair disaster or strengthen his lines in other places. For the "criminal neglect" of permitting Rosecrans to be outnumbered Stanton and Halleck should have suffered, not Rosecrans and the valiant troops who fought under him.

CHICKAMAUGA ITSELF.

On the 20th the battle raged more fiercely than on the previous day. The Union army held its own most gallantly until about 11 o'clock in the morning, when the right wing was broken. The disaster was caused by not having sufficient forces to maintain reserves. Breckinridge was pressing Thomas' flank, and Thomas requested that Brannan and his brigade be sent to his assistance. This was ordered, and Wood, who was on Brannan's right, was ordered to close upon Reynolds, who was on Brannan's left. At the time the order was made there was no fighting on Brannan's front. When the order reached Brannan his front was being attacked, and sending what troops he could spare, he held the line until he could report to Rosecrans. Before Rosecrans heard from Brannan the attack had spread to Wood's front, but he obeyed the order. Thus a gap was left in the line through which Longstreet pushed several brigades. It has generally been supposed that nearly all of McCook's and Crittenden's troops were broken and driven from the field by Longstreet's attack, but only five brigades of McCook's corps left the field and the fragments of Crittenden's corps driven from the field would not amount to more than two brigades. Thomas, who had, and deserved to have, Rosecrans' full confidence, still held the left, according to Rosecrans' plan of battle, with about two-thirds of the Union army, though attacked by Bragg's whole force. The Confederate attack was most terrific, but Thomas held the field, drawing off his forces at night to Ross' Gap in Missionary Ridge, in accordance with instructions from Rosecrans.

When the right wing was broken Rosecrans was in that part of the field and he was forced to retire. He could only join Thomas by a circuitous route. He was much concerned about the safety of his wagon-train, part of which was not more than three miles away. The army would be put in a most difficult position if the wagon-train was captured or destroyed. He proceeded to Rossville, where he met Garfield, and sending him to Thomas with orders, he took measures to save the wagon-train and to organize the troops that had been driven from the field. He then went to Chattanooga to select the ground upon which to defend the city, if Thomas should be forced to retire. Thomas remained at Ross' Gap the whole of the 21st and on the 22d arrived at Chattanooga. This was the first time the city had been really occupied by the Union forces,

and until that day not one-third of the army had seen it. Though Chickamauga was a drawn battle, the objective point of the campaign had been reached when the Army of the Cumberland occupied Chattanooga, which was a great victory for the Union arms.

"ESCAPE" OR "OCCUPATION"?

Rosecrans' going to Chattanooga, on the 20th, was severely criticised by his enemies, who even attacked his military character. Dana says he "escaped" to Chattanooga. This is a malicious insinuation against a great soldier who knew no fear. The opportunity had arrived when the power of Stanton enabled him to misrepresent the battle of Chickamauga and show the supposed incapacity of Rosecrans. The general who had made the most brilliant campaign of the war was maligned, his courage suspected, his ability derided. He was made a victim by those who were solely responsible for the failure to make Chickamauga a great victory, instead of a partial one.

If Dana could be believed, the commander who had displayed such brilliant generalship before and during the battle of Chickamauga, after that battle became a dawdler, if not an imbecile. In the following words Dana sums up what he affects to believe were the shortcomings of Rosecrans: "In the midst of these difficulties General Rosecrans seemed to be insensible to the impending danger, and dawdled with trifles in a manner that can scarcely be imagined. With plenty of zealous and energetic officers ready to do whatever needed to be done, precious time was lost because our dazed and mazy commander could not perceive the catastrophe that was close upon us, nor fix his mind upon the means of preventing it. I never saw anything so lamentable and hopeless. Our animals were starving, the men had starvation before them, and the enemy was soon to make desperate efforts to dislodge us. Yet the commanding general devoted that part of his time which was not employed in pleasant gossip to the composition of a long report to prove that the government was to blame for his failure on the 20th."

ROSECRANS' OWN ACCOUNT.

By the side of Dana's tirade is placed the statement made by Rosecrans before the committee of the two houses of Congress on the conduct of the war. Rosecrans was determined to hold Chattanooga at all hazards, and to do this he concentrated his forces into a defensive line sufficiently contracted to defy

the enemy's power, and fortified it without delay. An interior line of fortifications was laid out and put in course of construction designed to cover his depots, with a garrison of one or two divisions to hold them against all the forces the enemy could bring. He made every effort to provide two bridges to the north side of the river, that communications with Bridgeport would not be obstructed. He had small steamboats and barges constructed to run between Bridgeport and Chattanooga, and one steamboat was running when Grant arrived. He had ordered Hooker to concentrate his troops at Stevenson and Bridgeport, with the intention of moving him into Lookout valley when his trains should arrive, and efforts were being pushed to construct pontoons to cross the river and connect Hooker with Chattanooga. Rosecrans was charged with abandoning one of the passes of Lookout Mountain, but he was satisfied that he could not hold it and Chattanooga too. Though he abandoned the pass he erected a battery on the north side of the river commanding it and rendering its possession useless. His enemies were quick to blame him for abandoning the pass, but gave him no credit for neutralizing its possession by the enemy. He had formed plans to retake Lookout valley as soon as the bridges were completed. He had ordered the thorough reconnoitring of the river banks opposite the northern end of Missionary Ridge, where Sherman afterwards crossed, with a view to a flank attack there. When relieved he had completed means to supply his army, and there was no difficulty in doing this when Grant arrived. This shows that he did not "dawdle" and that he was neither "dazed" nor "mazy."

ROSECRANS A GREAT MILITARY GENIUS.

The efforts of Stanton to blacken Rosecrans' reputation were successful for a time, but the truth could not be hid. Time has vindicated Rosecrans, and his great military genius is now fully recognized by military men. The opinion of General R. J. Meigs, that the forcing of Bragg to leave Chattanooga was, up to that time, "not only the greatest operation of our war, but a great thing compared with any war," has become the opinion of all those competent to judge of the character of military events. This last effort of expiring malice will recoil on those who refused to supply Rosecrans with the men he needed, and who attempted to injure his military reputation to direct attention from their own "criminal neglect."

General Thomas' confidence in Rosecrans will offset anything Stanton or Dana may have said against him. Thomas told Dana himself, after the battle of Chickamauga, that he "had perfect confidence in the fidelity and capacity of General Rosecrans." Boynton says Thomas was very much hurt at the removal of Rosecrans, and records this fact: "General Thomas at first insisted that he would resign rather than appear to acquiesce in Rosecrans' removal by accepting the command. It was at Rosecrans' earnest solicitation that he reconsidered his determination. But he did not hesitate to say that the order was cruelly unjust. When Garfield left for Washington soon after the battle he immediately charged him to do all he could to have Rosecrans righted." There was no dissatisfaction on the part of the army with Rosecrans, and he was beloved by every man in it.

JUSTICE DEMANDS A STATUE FOR GENERAL ROSECRANS.

As has been shown, the authorities at Washington were awaiting the time and opportunity to relieve Rosecrans of his command. But in order to justify themselves they found it necessary to resort to a lie. Dana telegraphed Stanton that Rosecrans would abandon Chattanooga unless ordered to hold it. There was no foundation whatever for such a statement, and the friends of Dana owe it to his memory to show who was the author of the falsehood.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland has honored Thomas by erecting a statue in Washington to commemorate his great deeds. That society will not have done its full duty until the great services of Rosecrans have been commemorated in like manner. But even if it should fail in its duty, history will give to Rosecrans a high place among the great men and commanders of the war for the Union.

A SKETCH OF CATHOLICITY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY CHARLESON SHANE.

NOW that the war draws near its close, the Philippine question daily gains new interest. Every one, old and young, man and woman, can advance suggestions as to the proper method of dealing with this really momentous issue, yet nothing thus far advanced seems to promise easy solution of the problem. And now that we are discussing whether it will be for our best interests to abandon the islands utterly, to keep a coaling station there, to establish a protectorate, to annex them, or to take possession and grant our British friends some concession as to their use—while troubling ourselves with these matters let us be careful that we have an accurate idea of Luzon, Mindanao, and their two thousand companion isles.

The topography, climate, soil, and products of the Philippines are subjects of interesting study just now, but we think it worth while to call attention to another feature, matter of no less interest and importance. That is, the state of religion in this immense country of the extreme East, lying as it does at the very gates of the greatest and oldest dynasty not Christian in origin and character. Whether lust of gain and greed of power shall carry us into the entanglements of imperialism, colonial possessions, and Eastern hemisphere interests, we cannot say, as yet; but it will do no harm to consider just how much of accuracy there may be in the criticisms that have been passed upon the results of Spanish misrule, there as elsewhere. This calls for special attention from ourselves, owing to the fact that of the seven million aboriginals in the Philippines, six millions bear the name of Catholics.

Properly to value this religious condition, we must not fail to take account of pagan antecedents as well as of present environment. So doing, we may better comprehend what a tremendous influence for good Catholicity has exercised over the belief, morality, and material well-being of the natives.

A people whom M. Élisée Réclus numbers "among the happiest on earth," and a country wherein, according to Mr. Foreman, there reigns a sort of endless felicity—needs being very

simple and misery almost unknown—have nevertheless presented the surprising spectacle of a violent and formidable revolution.

Unfortunately, in the Philippines, as in Cuba and in former Spanish colonies, the Catholic religion has suffered the disadvantage of being identified with a ruling, dominant class, hostile to popular independence and of no startling excellence as to morality. In natural consequence the propaganda of advanced ideas has experienced steady and furtive growth among the more intelligent, active, and influential of the natives, under the ægis of free-thought and Masonic societies. In 1896 a report of the civil governor of Manila mentions eighty-two established lodges, twenty-four of them being in the province of Manila. The membership of the secret societies ran as high in numbers as the whole standing army of the United States, and it was through their efforts that the insurrection was initiated and carried on. Consistently, the advocates of colonial independence have opposed the traditional spiritual authority, the Spanish clergy, and have spared no means to render it odious and damnable in the judgment of the ignorant natives or foreign observer, as the case might be.

Let us make a few observations as to the history of the Catholic Church in the Philippines.

With Legaspi, founder of Manila in 1571, came a band of Augustinian monks. They were followed some five years later by a body of Franciscans, and before a dozen years had passed Manila had a Dominican bishop, and an addition of missionaries of the Order of Preachers and the Society of Jesus. To-day, according to figures published in the *Études* of July 5, 1898, the spiritual charges of the various communities is represented by the following table:

1892—Augustinians,	2,082,131	souls.
1892—Recollects,	1,175,156	"
1892—Franciscans,	1,010,753	"
1892—Dominicans,	699,851	"
1895—Jesuits,	213,065	"
1896—Secular clergy,	967,294	"

Most significant in the above tabellation is the comparative fewness of souls cared for by the secular, or native clergy. The work is all done, the power all possessed, by the "monks." Whatever the reason—we may be able to guess—this is most unfortunate. Antagonize religious sentiment and patriotism, and you have done much to uproot the influence of the spiritual

authority. To no population is a church thoroughly agreeable and pleasant unless thoroughly in accord with the national spirit. Hence the unlucky complications incident in "Free Cuba," where the men who love their country and their honor must storm at sight of their spiritual guides siding against them in the struggle for independence, abandoning them at its successful termination, and boldly bearing back to Spain with them the movable church property; whatever that may mean, it surely means something for which native money paid and which native congregations should retain.

The so-called liberal press of Spain has given vent to much that was calumnious in its criticism of the religious communities at work in the Philippines, and we fear their pretence of righteous indignation was but a cloak for sentiments actually unfair and un Catholic. The address in behalf of the missionaries made to the minister at Madrid in June last, and republished in France, is sufficient answer to these accusations, and shows what foreign missionaries have done toward improving the religious and social condition in the Philippines, and likewise at what price all this has been accomplished. M. Ferdinand Blumentritt, well known for scholarly research on questions connected with these islands, gives telling evidence as to their work not only in propagating religion and civilization, but in furthering scientific study in the geography and ethnography of the archipelago.

Let us be fair. We may regret the distrust which to a large extent must necessarily prevail between two large bodies attached to warring causes. But only ignorance or fanaticism can deny recognition of the tremendous labors, untiring perseverance, and marvellous results of the foreign missionaries to the Philippines. The church has been a factor—if the term "factor" can be applied to so preponderating an element—in the development of these isles, and it is the short-sighted, ungrateful, and unjust policy of virulent bigots that wishes to see her dispossessed. Of the issue we have really little doubt. Temporary dissension will pass away, and a very short time will be long enough to clear away the mist and let even the prejudiced perceive that the association in the Philippines of Catholicity with men of foreign race is but an accident, and that the heroic efforts and the lasting benefit bestowed upon the native population by the Catholic clergy far and away outbalance any minor inconveniences resultant from friction with sensitive patriotism.

CAPTAIN JOHN DRUM, TENTH INFANTRY, U.S.A.,
Military Instructor College St. Francis Xavier, New York. Killed at battle of Santiago, July 2.

A CATHOLIC SOLDIER.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

"This is the happy warrior—this is he
Whom every man in arms could wish to be."

NEVER could the words of "The Happy Warrior" be more fitly applied than to that representative Catholic soldier and man, Captain John Drum, Tenth United States Infantry, who was killed while leading his men in the second day's battle before Santiago de Cuba. For he was not alone an exemplar of the highest type of American citizenship, of the American soldier, but he was also the true model of

the American Catholic—that type that has added new glories to the church and is daily imparting strength and beauty of character to the Republic itself.

The story of his career is, therefore, more than the story of an individual, the honor that is paid to his memory is more than an honor paid to his heroic life and death. In the largest sense his was a representative career, the manner of his death but the crown and glory of his daily work and his heart's aspirations. If there is one word that could express all this, that could bring out all that Captain Drum was, or hoped to be, that word is "Duty." He was true to his duty—that is his abiding epitaph; and it is because he was true to his duty in every sphere of his long and varied life that he becomes, in his soldier death at the post of duty, the noblest type of American Catholic citizenship. How many Catholics realize what it means to be true to duty as a Catholic during thirty-three years of army life—life upon the frontier, amid the distractions of the camp and fort, far removed from his church and his people, and ofttimes, yes, during nearly all times, in the midst of influences secretly or openly hostile to his faith? Yet all this, and more, Captain Drum was, not grudgingly, but happily and by the inevitable force of his manly Catholic character. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that many a material point was missed by him during all those years which a less loyal devotion to the "faith of his fathers" might have brought him.

During his four years residence in New York City, to which he was detailed by the government as Military Instructor at St. Francis Xavier College, the writer came to know him well; he came to know him as a soldier, filled with the experiences of over a quarter of a century of army life, yet gentle and as open of heart as a child; without pretence of learning, yet more truly cultivated, more extensively read, more acquainted with history and literature and the true relation of the world's great affairs than many a man who had spent his entire life in their study and pursuit. It was said by the librarian of the Catholic Club of New York, of which he was a distinguished Army and Navy member, that in the number and character of the books taken out Captain Drum led all his fellow-members. Nor was he a lover of learning for himself alone; in him was conspicuous that beautiful trait of the true American Catholic—a life-long determination to bring the blessings of education to his children. As one of his sons remarked:

"If we loved him for no other reason, we must have loved him for the great sacrifices he made to give us all the best obtainable Catholic education." One of his sons to-day is a Jesuit priest—the Rev. Walter F. Drum—and he had the proud honor of assisting as deacon at the Mass for the repose of his father's soul.

The writer was with Captain Drum the night before he left New York to join his regiment at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, just previous to the declaration of war with Spain. Two years ago his time of enlistment in the army had expired, and he might have retired with the rank and pay of a captain. He was thinking of doing so early this year, but the moment the danger of war grew great he put the thought aside. "The country needs my training—I shall go." There was the key-note of his character. Nor did he expect ever to return. He showed this almost premonition in many ways. His last letter to his family, from Siboney, near Santiago, told how he had, to his great joy, found a priest in one of the regiments and, walking shoulder to shoulder with him on the march, had gone to confession. "Pray to God," the letter said, "that I may do my duty." Not a word for his personal safety—his duty was his only goal, his only wish.

And so, when the charge came, Captain Drum, with his fifty-seven years upon him and under the tropic sun, was found at the head of his men, leading them on to victory, showing them how a true man can live and, if needs be, die. He fell, but his gallant troops went on, inspired by the heroism of their leader, and he and they wrote that day, in their blood, a page of glory and devotion in the history of their country and the world. He was the only officer of the Tenth Infantry who was killed, although all were wounded in that terrible engagement of July 2.

These were the great lines of his career; a few words of the details of his life. He was born in County Cavan, Ireland, May 1, 1840. His elementary education was received in the national school of his birth-place, and later from a private tutor he obtained some knowledge of the classics. At the age of fourteen he came to the United States, remained in New York a few months, and then went to California to seek his fortune, arriving there in 1855. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was a deputy United States marshal and was active in the state militia. Volunteering his services for the war, he was a lieutenant in the Eighth California volunteer infantry for about a year

and a half. At the close of the war he was elected journal clerk of the California Assembly; but his love was for the army and a military career, and on July 22, 1866, he obtained a commission as second lieutenant in the regular army. He was assigned to the Fourteenth United States Infantry, and spent two years in Arizona and Southern California, acting as commander of a company of mounted infantrymen for the protection of settlers from the Indians. In December, 1870, he was assigned to the Tenth Infantry, stationed on the Rio Grande. For nine years following he served in Texas, participating in campaigns against the Kiowas and Comanches, under General McKenzie in 1874, and later entering Mexico under Lieutenant-Colonel (now General) Shafter at a time when the two countries were on the verge of war. Immediately after this trouble subsided he was ordered against Geronimo and his band of Apaches, who were forced to surrender to General Miles. In 1887 he was sent on recruiting service, and spent a year in Buffalo and another in Milwaukee. In October, 1889, he returned to Fort Union, New Mexico, where his company was stationed and was afterward transferred to Fort Wingate, New Mexico. In January, 1894, he was appointed Military Instructor in St. Francis Xavier College, New York City, the detail expiring last February. At this time he might have retired, with the consent of the President of the United States, bearing the rank and pay of captain, but the disaster to the warship *Maine* at once brought the country to the brink of war, and Captain Drum decided to rejoin his company at Fort Sill. When war was declared he went with his regiment to Mobile, thence to Tampa, and on to the fatal field of Santiago.

Captain Drum was a thorough soldier, in love with his work. General Chaffee, who commands one of General Shafter's brigades at Santiago, when he was military inspector of the department of Arizona, stated in an official report that Captain Drum's company was the best drilled and disciplined company he had ever inspected. He was ever watchful of the interests of his men, saw that their food and equipments were good, and thus, by his care for them, secured their love and co-operation. Powerfully built, five feet eight inches tall, broad of shoulder and deep of chest, he was known among the Navajoe Indians at Fort Wingate, N. M., as "Thunder Voice." He was a member of the California Commandery of the Loyal Legion and an honorary member of the Regular Army and Navy Union.

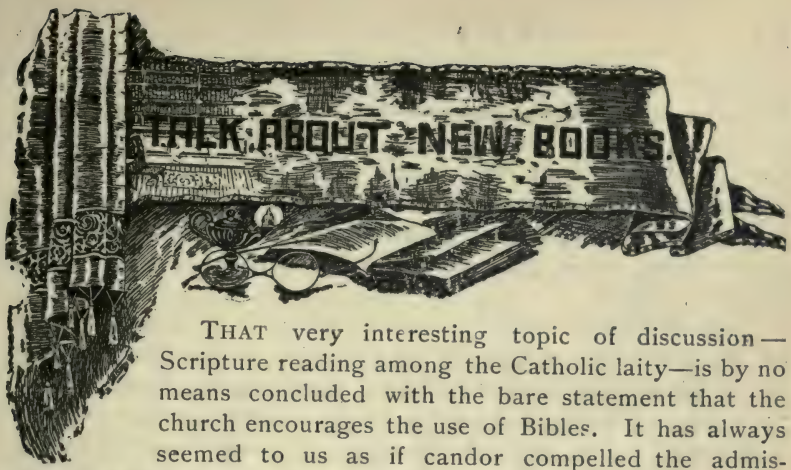
Captain Drum was married in San Francisco, February 24,

1868, to Margaret Desmond, of Boston, who with six children, five sons and a daughter, residents of Boston, survive him.

When the news of his death was confirmed, a solemn high military Mass of Requiem was celebrated at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York City, by the rector, the Rev. Thomas Murphy, S.J., the dead captain's son, Rev. Walter F. Drum, S.J., deacon, and the Rev. Father Buel, S.J., sub-deacon. The Catholic Club attended the services in a body—a tribute of honor never before accorded to a dead member. His battalion of college cadets were present in uniform to the number of several hundred. In the centre of the aisle was a catafalque, covered by an American flag, and upon it rested a captain's helmet and sword. Then the bugler blew "taps" to the gallant heart resting far away in a soldier's grave.

Thus passed all that was earthly of a true American, a true Catholic, a true man. The inspiration of his life and his death cannot pass away. Such souls make the earth sweeter by their coming; they are a special providence to the world, a grace and a blessing to their kind.

Who dies for Duty dieth not in vain!
Upon his grave may fall the bitter tears,
Over his head a thousand thousand years
May sweep relentless; winter's snow, the rain
Of early spring, the sun-winged summer's spears
May beat attack where once his head has lain:
Out of the semblance of all human kind
His form may pass,
And, as a blade of vanished autumn grass
That blows no more in any passing wind,
May seem to perish, yet in every field,
In every stretch of prairie unconfined
Has sown the seed that greener grasses yield:
So doth the sower of dear Duty's grain,
Who plants the seed within his little plot,
Sow for the dweller on the far-off plain,
And, seeking fruit the worldling loveth not,
Garners a harvest of immortal gain!



THAT very interesting topic of discussion—Scripture reading among the Catholic laity—is by no means concluded with the bare statement that the church encourages the use of Bibles. It has always seemed to us as if candor compelled the admission that Catholics are far too unfamiliar with the incomparable text of the greatest book the world has ever seen. There is a natural and defensible explanation of this indeed, and a reason that casts no discredit on the Catholic, although less well read in sacred literature than his non-Catholic compeer. While the Baptist, Lutheran, or Methodist child is absorbing verses and chapters as the proper and dutiful labor assigned him for the Sabbath, the young Catholic is toiling over his catechism lesson and slowly mastering the meaning of great and vital religious doctrines. The result of each method of education is analogous to its detail. The Catholic youth cannot quote you such abundance of Scripture as his neighbor, but the chances are, other things being equal, that he understands and can expound Christian doctrine with greater lucidity.

And yet we are not going to despise a good that is not our own. It would be of some benefit were the Catholic laity more familiar with, as well as better trained in the use of those wonderful fountains of doctrine, the inspired words of God.

How it pains one to reflect that the Sacred Books are often not only neglected, but that their surpassing value as mere literary treasures is frequently unknown or lost sight of! Encouragement and success attend every effort directed toward the propagation of interest and knowledge of this sort. Half the Catholic world would be amazed, did they discover what wonderful interest a deeper knowledge of the Scriptures develop in an intelligent reader. The Old Testament is as replete with poetry, romance, and adventure, and of literary execution as artistic and telling, as any work launched on the bosom of modern fiction, and the New Testament in its historical part is unsurpassed for intrinsic dramatic power, thrilling associations, and

lasting effect for good. All this is spoken from a human standpoint, for to the religious-minded the Bible has need of no commendation. Even those Epistles of Paul—"hard to understand"—will yield rich fruit upon proper cultivation, and the Browningesque devotee of deep-planted thoughts will find ideas more forcible, more real, and of greater profit in the teachings and admonitions of this great master of the spiritual life than in his favorite authors.

Just as Dante's admirers love to get hold of a commentary on his lines, or a sketch of his life and surroundings, so will the intelligent Christian thrill with eagerness to devour literature concerned with the doings of the Apostle of the Gentiles. The book * before us is of this class. Coming from the author of the *Manual of Moral Philosophy* in the Stonyhurst Series, language, style, and scholarship are sufficiently vouched for. The title explains the subject matter. The method of treatment consists in prefacing each epistle with a brief description and pinning a comment to each word of the text. Pick up the book for reference, and it will surely help you to a better understanding of a verse or chapter previously obscure. Thus put into graceful form for general reading these notes summarize a tremendous mass of erudition; let us hope they will be added to the library of the thoughtful people who have thrilled with delighted interest over Conybeare, or kept Griffith's translation of Fouard's *Life* under their pillows, while others were consuming time and energy and mind in reading Hall Caine or Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

One can thoroughly enjoy this book † only if he has read what Dante wrote at Ravenna. Otherwise go read Dante and return to read Miss Phillimore, for her book, being rather a description of the influences surrounding him and the effect of his writings, can be read intelligently only by lovers of Dante—and do not imagine yourself one if you have not *studied* him.

How sorry we are—we lovers of Dante who never have seen Ravenna—that this lady, inspired "by frequent visits to the Romagna and Ravenna," did not reproduce her experience for the poor untravelled. When one thinks of those scenes from Ravenna and its environs pictured in the *Divina Commedia*, one wishes the four pages devoted by Miss Phillimore to that city had been forty. How much had we gained in rich-

* *Notes on St. Paul: Corinthians, Galatians, Romans.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. London: Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers, American Agents.

† *Dante at Ravenna:* A Study. By Catherine Mary Phillimore. London: Elliott Stock.

ness of thought and vividness of imagination had the writer catered to the poor stay-at-homes, who admire the Florentine, though they have never knelt at his shrine!

Chapter the fourth we thank Miss Phillimore for having written. Our fellow-pupils of five centuries ago, Guido, Novello, Giotto, the Archbishop Rainaldo—for fellow-pupils of ours were they if they hung on the lips of Alighieri—are brought a little closer to us for having read these lines, and Gemma, "the silent wife" of Dante! Would that the writer could have told us more about her. Was she really a scold, as Boccaccio brutally intimates?—after the poor lady was dead, too. There must have been something good about her, if we have to resort for proof to that solitary incident of pitying glances directed from her window to the poet sorrowing for his lost Beatrice. Why did Boccaccio ever say so unkind a thing when her contemporaries uttered no word in denial of her gentle amiability? True, Dante never spoke of her, beyond the bare mention in *Vita Nuova* of her kind pity. And the fact that he puts one of her relations in Paradise is not significant of favor, for we know he was strictly impartial.

Many of the notes on Dante, as a teacher of rhetoric, are almost too learned for lay-folk; still all of that chapter is both interesting and fruitful, for it helps to a more faithful and complete insight into Dante's literary ideals.

The description of Dante's burial and tomb forms a tale of intensest interest, and we should have welcomed several more engravings of the sarcophagus; but when the book is finished, though our hunger is not appeased, we wish the least possible reserve added to our grateful acknowledgment of Miss Phillimore's labors.

Just a word more. If she had used Longfellow's translation, instead of Cary's, would it not please the many better? Let us lay contention about appreciation and scholarship aside. It is poetry we want, and surely no one has justified Dante so beautifully as our own Longfellow.

What Condé B. Pallen publishes is worthy of careful consideration, and this even apart from what he says or how he says it. He is a thoughtful man, a painstaking student, and what his mind grasps it takes hold of thoroughly. Even if one differs from him in his judgment of men and things, one may know that his opinions are based on some good reasons, and he, if asked, can give an account of the judgment he has de-

liberately come to. His mind is broad and synthetic in its views, and while it is far-reaching in its grasp, it has the special faculty of bringing correlated elements to a focus and establishing their relationship.

His latest work, *Epochs of Literature*,* gives him a good field to display the synthetic qualities of his mind. As one traverses a country, if he would get the best view of it, he must mount the hill-top and see away into the distance. He then can see the trend of the rivers, the striking figures of the landscape, and the relative heights of the mountains. So, too, if one would take in his purview an epoch of literature, he must take his stand with the authors who tower head and shoulders above the rest, and from this vantage point look out over the period. Any great author is but a product of his times. He does not rise out of the dull, flat level, like the peak of Teneriffe, alone and solitary in his greatness, but he is the product of a general movement that has lifted others up about him. A philosophy of literature will discuss the relative standing of the many authors of a group.

Kassandra Vivaria, a writer of unknown name in the fiction field, has sent out for summer readers a psycho-religious novel† with a most evident purpose. Her heroine is an "expansive" girl with a strong attrait to the mystical life. She tries the ordinary every-day sort of a convent where God is served and his work done, but that sort of bondage would not suit her soaring spirit. No pent-up convent walls could constrain her powers, so she plumes her wings and flies away, against restraining influences of an Italian director and other advisers. There is a love affair, to be sure, but by a convulsive effort she lands back in the cloister, only to be led away again.

While we are not willing to be considered to have nothing but universal condemnation for *Via Lucis*—there may be points of merit in it—still we are glad to take advantage of this opportunity to say some things which have been storing themselves away awaiting an opportune moment for expression.

Recently it has been terribly the style—*the* thing among novel-writers to create a certain fascinating type of woman as their heroine and endow her with as bizarre and as unconventional ways of thought and speech and action as is possible. In ordinary every-day life we would have no other description for such a type of girl than to call her simply "a wild thing."

* *Epochs of Literature.* By Condé B. Pallen, Ph.D., LL.D., author of *The Philosophy of Literature, New Rubáiyát*, etc. St. Louis, Mo.: Herder.

† *Via Lucis.* By Kassandra Vivaria. New York: George H. Richmond.

In their interpretation, though, of "a wild thing," as applied to a woman, their intention has been very far from painting something with dishevelled hair and glistening teeth, but somehow their imagination has gotten the better of the intention in most cases, and their approach to a creation of this latter description has at moments been not a little startling and altogether repulsive. And, strange to say, this wild-thing species has not been born of the recent emanations of the decadents, but has been found in its native jungle in the up-to-date and so-called religious novel. Hall Caine caught a "wild thing" and brought her chained before us from out of the gruesome and depressing scenes of low down London life. Mrs. Humphrey Ward recently captured another disporting on the open, sunny heaths of Bannisdale, and this author with an unfamiliar name has recently produced a specimen which for unconquerable, untamable savagery makes the other two seem like purring kittens.

This kind of thing is getting altogether too unbearable on the part of authors who have won their way to public cognizance by genuine talent and who claim the public's notice of their books. Why, in the name of very common sense, must each one thrust upon us the abnormal type of a feminine nature which has been deprived of the wholesome restraining influence of a mother's bringing up? and why must each one have the same bewildering color of hair as all the others, and be launched out upon the world, not only with such a seductive charm but with a heart full of latent passions sufficient for ten men of ordinary character? If there were not something so thoroughly pernicious, harmful, and even immoral in producing this type of woman in such days as these, with their overflow of false theories, false aspirations, and abnormal developments of individual fancies, one might not feel obliged to take it seriously and would be justified in treating it all with as much ridicule as he could lay his tongue to. But unfortunately these creatures, or creations, have left their native element, are introduced into the very citadels of our sacred creeds and revered traditions, and are let go prowling around at their own sweet will, scratching, tearing, devouring, or, when they can do no more, simply barking at what they cannot conquer. Truly, it is not difficult to believe the statement of biologists, that woman is nearer the animal creation than man, and later perfected than he into the human being through the processes of evolution, when one reads the delineation of feminine character this modern style of novel-writing is putting before us as the type of the New Woman.

*Sonnets on the Sonnet** is an extraordinary little volume. At first glance it struck us as likely to prove unconscionably stupid to ordinary readers, and to appeal only to that limited class who are capable of getting almost equal enjoyment out of the artistic beauty of a fresco and the mechanical beauty of the contrivances which make it possible to execute it at an immense height.

This is not the case. While some of these sonnets, like Bishop Fitzgerald's, are mere humorous bits of pattern-work, several, even in that section of the volume devoted purely to the mechanism of the sonnet, have real poetic merit. The volume leads off with the famous sonnets on sonnet-mechanism by Lope de Vega and Hurtado de Mendoza. One hundred and twenty-four out of the whole collection are by English, Irish, or American authors. France contributes twenty-three, Germany five, Italy three, and Spain only the two mentioned. Messrs. R. Watson Gilder, Antony Morehead, and S. V. Cole, with Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, Mrs. Harriet Robinson, and Miss Edith Thomas, represent American authors. Mr. Gilder's contribution is his exquisite tribute to "H. H." No work in the book is finer than that in Mrs. Dorr's two sonnets, "To a Critic" and "To a Poet."

> "It hath a subtile music, strangely sweet,
> Yet all unmeet for dance or roundelay,
> Or idle love that fadeth like a flower.
> It is the voice of hearts that strongly beat,
> The cry of souls that grandly love and pray,
> The trumpet-peal that thrills the battle-hour!"

It is difficult not to quote many delightfully epigrammatic lines, even though we are forcibly told in the appendix that a sonnet should have nothing of the epigram about it. Every one knows Rossetti's

> "A sonnet is a moment's monument."

But here are half a dozen definitions almost as sure to cling in one's memory:

> "A sonnet should be like the cygnet's cruise
> On polished waters." —*Edith Thomas.*
>
> "A sonnet is the body of a thought."
> —*Frederick C. Kalbe, D.D.*
>
> "The sonnet is a fruit which long hath slept
> And ripened on life's sun-warmed orchard-wall."
> —*John Addington Symonds.*

* *Sonnets on the Sonnet:* An Anthology. Compiled by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

"The sonnet is a diamond flashing round
From every facet true, rare-colored lights."
—*Edward Burrough Brownlow.*

"A sonnet should be like a dew-drop, round,
Full-orbed, and lucid." —*Alice F. Barry.*

"Brief but most full art thou,
O little song." —*Charlotte G. O'Brien.*

By some curious freak of carelessness, the sonnet ascribed on page 73 to Dr. Kalbe is printed on page 16 as anonymous!

Part IV. of the book, under the title of "The Sonnet's latest Votaries," contains thirty "sonnets on the sonnet" written "to order," expressly for this volume.

Part V. will be useful to students as furnishing examples, which easily fix themselves in the mind, of the rondeau, villanelle, and other forms of verse allied in structure to the sonnet, as well as onomatopoetic specimens of the various classical metres, while an appendix furnishes a sort of encyclopædia of the sonnet by very high authorities.

A book well worthy our careful study has just appeared from the clever author of *Mooted Questions of History*.* What we like best of all in the new publication is its thoroughly legal tone. Dealing with several topics of vital moment and intensest interest, the writer briefly summarizes the general principles of law thereto applying and cites a few cases and decisions in point. But earnest and enthusiastic Catholic as he is, Mr. Desmond's words might well be those of one vested in ermine. Clear, incisive, of resistless simplicity, he contrives without even an appearance of argument to leave the Catholic attitude of mind justified both by reason and authority.

The book will be of interest to all thoughtful people, and clarify the ideas of many intelligent Catholics and non-Catholics who have never before had the opportunity to find such delightfully brief and clear summaries of the *status* of questions like Laws against Blasphemy, State Chaplains, Benefit of Clergy, Right of Sanctuary, Seal of the Confessional, Requests to Charity, Parental Rights, etc. The section on Bible Reading in Public Schools is delicious, and the appendix of quotation from a plea made by the writer before the Supreme Court of Wisconsin as irresistible as it is concise and dispassionate.

The topics treated are not discussed at length, but rather lightly touched upon, of course, and the law of this country

* *The Church and the Law.* By Humphrey J. Desmond. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

is the only legislation considered. Careful study of the book would furnish matter for thoughtful discussion of the general trend and character of our legislation as regards religion, and Mr. Desmond's book, small as it is, seems to afford a telling index of our national cast of mind.

The scores of volumes, monographs, and essays that can be classed under the title of Cabot literature leave a good many perplexing questions still unsettled. Necessarily some of them will remain in dispute, but for a better understanding of the points at issue and for establishing a basis of definite judgment, nothing is more essential than *objective* presentation of the evidence at hand. Here, as in the customary controversies, most contributions are *ex parte*, and we are thankful that the writer of number three in the "Builders of Greater Britain" series has chosen for his work* the deeds and character of the two Cabots, and has made it his aim to place before the reader an accurate collection of the testimony available at first hand.

These two Italians, players of so striking a *rôle* in the modern expansion of European empire, have had rather variable fortune in the pages of history, as in their voyages of discovery. John Cabot, the elder, has been raised to higher fame by the researches of modern savants. With the son's reputation it has happened quite otherwise. Undoubtedly his life was not altogether a noble one, and his dealings were sometimes questionable, or rather outright dishonorable. Still Mr. Beazley, with perfect reason, dissents from the extreme view taken by M. Harrisse in his history of John Cabot and his son.

The large proportion of citations from letters and contemporary records indicates at what immense pains Mr. Beazley must have been in preparing this delightful book for the public. When details are uncertain he so states, and presents the evidence uncolored for the student's perusal. Thus, in regard to the diverse and perplexing accounts of the first voyage, he candidly admits that he can but sift the evidence and leave us to form our own judgment as to the importance of Sebastian's *rôle* on that trip, the number of ships, the exact course and duration of the voyage, and the identity of the land discovered.

The story of the Venetian Intrigue is a strong comment on the quibbling and duplicity of the person whom the older writers, even in this century, lauded extravagantly as a man

* *John and Sebastian Cabot.* By C. Raymond Beazley, M.A., F.R.G.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of heroic mould, noble in character and pure of motive. Still, none can deny his ability—the admiration of Peter Martyr and the confidence of Spanish and English politicians, as well as of the Council of Ten, must certainly place his accomplishments beyond reach of cavil. Dishonest as he sometimes was, playing upon credulity and ambition as he occasionally did, he nevertheless stands out—even beside the nobler proportions of his father—as a man of science and achievement, whose life has left its imprint on the pages of history.

An excellent little *Soldier's Manual** has been issued by the Californian C. T. S., for circulation in the army. It is especially compiled for the use of soldiers, and while full enough to serve as a convenient pocket prayer-book for the well instructed Catholic, it contains very complete and pithy chapters on the duties of a Christian soldier, on prayer, the nature and ceremonies of the Holy Mass, indulgences, sacramentals, etc., and will serve excellently for the use of inquirers into Catholic belief.

The practical lessons scattered through the book are pointed and not "preachy." For instance:

"The Christian soldier should be brave in the face of danger, and should be willing to endure all things rather than shirk his duty to God and man. . . . He should be straight in mind as well as in body, and clean in thought and word and deed."

The instructions as to preparation for a battle, and the care of the soldier's own soul or those of his comrades when sick or wounded, are very detailed. Some of the questions given in the examen of conscience will probably be surprising to the Protestant soldier who picks up his neighbor's manual, as, "Do you seriously try to acquire the knowledge and experience necessary for you to fulfil the duties of your rank? Do you shirk work? Are you wasteful of government property?"

It is interesting to notice the multiplication of smaller books of devotion and practical instruction, adapted to the needs of plain people who have very little time to read and very much less inclination to pore over the more complete volumes of theology, whether dogmatic or ascetic. The English Catholic press is far ahead of us in this regard. The Catholic Truth Society has undertaken the work as its special province, and its success in accomplishing what it has undertaken is enviable the world

* *The Soldier's Manual.* San Francisco: Catholic Truth Society.

over. But there is lacking in most of its publications, anyhow when they get to this side, on account of the tariff exactions and the ocean freights, the element of cheapness, which is a necessary quality if these publications would be placed with the people for whom they are principally written. What characterizes "things printed" in these days, is not so much the literary quality or the beauty of mechanical detail in their typography, or even the successful marketing of books, but the amount of literature one can get for the lowest price. The "bargain-counter" principle in book-making must be acknowledged in the publisher's art, though much we may dislike it, and however so much it may antagonize our sense of the fitness of things. The people buy what they can get for the least money, and if they cannot get something for little money they will not buy at all. In fostering the missionary work through the press, to shut one's eyes to this fact is to deliberately cut off an avenue of usefulness, and not to avail one's self of the popular tendency for cheap books, by putting Catholic truth and Catholic devotion in a handy, popular, and withal attractive form, is to be unmindful of a great opportunity.

Father Buckler has condensed into less than fifty pages a good deal of spiritual instruction for working men and women, under the title of *A Good Practical Catholic*,* and Cardinal Vaughan says in a prefatory letter that "it will promote true religion and piety, by presenting in a simple and compendious form to the mind the great doctrinal and moral truths upon which religion and piety are based."

I.—SCHEEBEN'S "DOGMATIK" IN ENGLISH.†

The second volume of the *Manual of Catholic Theology* is an accurate and careful English adaptation of the German *Dogmatik* of Scheeben, and it is far more valuable than the poor and incomplete French translation we already possessed. Scheeben's book is one of the most learned and erudite theological manuals of our times. Cardinal d'Annibale has well said that we have been pestered with a *farrago manualium* that added little or nothing to the sum of true Catholic science.

Original and suggestive in matter, positive and scholastic in

* *A Good Practical Catholic:* A Spiritual Instruction to Working Men and Women. By Father H. Reginald Buckler, O.P. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *A Manual of Catholic Theology.* Based on Scheeben's *Dogmatik.* By Joseph Wilhelm, D.D., Ph.D., and Thomas B. Scannell, B.D. Vol. ii. New York: Benziger Bros.

form, it will undoubtedly in its new English dress appeal to the cultivated layman—Catholic or non-Catholic—to whom very often the treasures of Catholic theology are hidden beneath the veil of an unknown language.

The present volume treats of The Fall, Redemption, Grace, the Church and the Sacraments, and the Last Things. The problems dealt with in the volume are therefore those that Protestantism has tried to solve in a way different from that of the primitive Church, and in a manner alien from the spirit of Scripture and tradition. The idea of sin, actual and original, the work of the Redeemer, the prerogatives and office of Mary the Mother of Christ, the doctrines of grace, justification and predestination, the constitution of the church, the sacraments—all these are touched on, as briefly, it is true, as needs be in a compendium of theology, yet clearly and accurately, so as to leave no doubt as to the Catholic position, and answer the chief objections of the latest opponents of Catholic teaching.

The value of a compendium is its presentation in accurate language of the very gist of Catholic belief. There is no one in these days of voluminous and indiscriminate statements, originating in untrained reasoning and unscholarly thinking, who will not feel grateful for the possession of a manual which can be relied on as an exact and faithful mirror of what the church teaches. The volume under consideration furnishes us with all that we may desire in this regard. The statement of the *rationale* of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart is made in a few lines, and yet it says the last word necessary to a thorough grasp of the sense of the devotion. Such questions as the Temptation of Christ—how, as God possessing the Beatific Vision, he could undergo a temptation that was anything more than a dramatic posing on the part of Satan, or how the will of Christ could be really free while "He and the Father were one"—come in for a scientific discussion and settlement. The great problem of the universality of salvation and the practical consideration of the fact that there have been and are so many to whom the knowledge of the truth has not come are happily reconciled. So, too, the questions of justification by faith and the mistaken doctrines of grace, launched so vigorously by the first Reformers and still held by the more simple of their followers, get their adequate consideration. The teaching concerning "baptism of desire" is shown to be not a modern makeshift to explain away a difficult state of affairs, but a traditional teaching of the Fathers back to the earliest times.

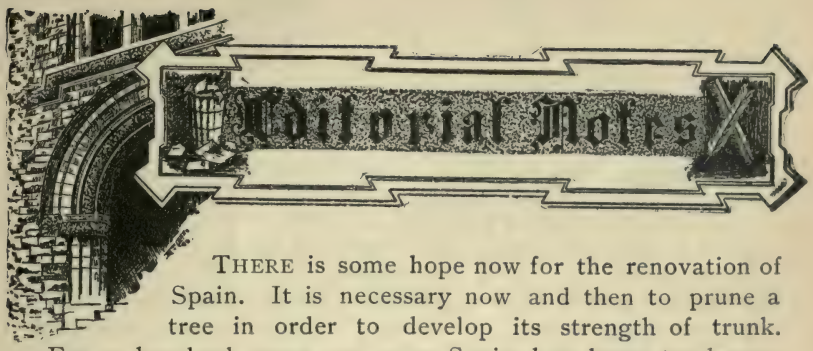
Just these few hints of the value and present purpose of the questions treated will develop an interest in the volumes and materially assist in their circulation.

2.—THE REACTION FROM SCIENCE.*

Father Madden has proven his ability to say good things in a new and original way by his previous effort in the book-making line. For this reason we are glad to see his name appended to another book. While we find fault with the title of this second effort, we are able to say none but words of commendation of the matter. The return of scientific men to religious standards is not "the reaction from science," but the reaction of science itself from the outer darkness of materialism and agnosticism. It is scientific men who are hanging out the flag of distress, because without a God acknowledged and known in their system of instruction, there is no proper correlation of forces, nor is there any systematic co-ordination of principles. To place God as the First Cause and as the Last End in a system of philosophy is to harmonize all the elements.

This generation will suffer to some extent from the flood of irreligion that has devastated the intellectual world, but the evidences are not wanting in almost every department of the educational world that the flood is subsiding, and the laws of nature and nature's God are able to establish themselves; with the subsidence of the flood of agnosticism will come a revival of the spirit of faith. Religion better understood, more fully reasoned out, stripped of the trappings of silly superstition, will regain its ascendency over the mind again. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* produced a decided stir in the intellectual world not so much because it antagonized the so-called scientific method, as it was because its statements awakened a sympathetic echo in the hearts of many. We think that for this latter reason Father Madden's *Reaction from Science* will be gladly accepted as an interesting statement of an intellectual movement into which the best minds are throwing themselves.

* *The Reaction from Science.* By Rev. W. J. Madden, author of *Disunion and Reunion.* Published by the author. Modesto, Cal.



THERE is some hope now for the renovation of Spain. It is necessary now and then to prune a tree in order to develop its strength of trunk. For a hundred years or more Spain has been top-heavy. She has been plagued by a greedy officialdom. Her colonies were but feeding-grounds for a rapacious aristocracy, with the result that the resources of the colonies were drained and neither the people at home nor abroad were benefited, but the pockets of fast-living officials in civil and in military life.

It is said that among this class of officials Free-Masonry is rampant, and is about the only great bond of union. It was deemed necessary for perpetuation of this class that Cuba and the Philippines be preserved an integral part of the colonial empire. Hence the lodges, rather than let them go, precipitated a war as the only hope of retaining possession.

If Spain were the real Catholic country she is represented to be, the Church would have had her way. As she always stands for peace, war would have been averted and a peaceful restoration of rights to the people have been brought about.

We have not seen in warfare, ancient or modern, what appears to be such a merciless castigation, seemingly given by the hand of some superhuman power, as that received by the Cervera squadron down the sixty miles of Cuban coast on Sunday morning, July 10.

With the lopping-off of the last of the colonies Spain may turn her attention to internal improvements, develop her rich resources, stir up internal commerce, and awaken commercial rivalry. We may then hope for the New Spain which will regain her lost footing among European nations.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE reception which the Reading Circle Union of Philadelphia tenders to Archbishop Ryan annually is to this organization what commencements are to other educational institutions. The scene presented at Horticultural Hall on the evening of June 15 carried out this idea fully. The beautiful hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with an audience in which the fair sex overwhelmingly predominated. As is the custom at these reunions, each circle had its own section and its members wore distinctive colors. The arrival of the archbishop was greeted with a salute from waving handkerchiefs, the owners of which remained standing until his grace took the seat of honor on the platform. Then the exercises began with the singing of Abt's "Ave Maria" by a well-trained chorus. The friends of the Reading Circle have come to know Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., the indefatigable director of the movement, as an interpreter of "Enoch Arden" and of Dante, but they were scarcely prepared for the new *rôle* which he assumed on this occasion as leader of the chorus. With a roll of music in his hand as a baton, he beat time while the vocalists sang. The solo parts of the "Ave Maria" were sung by Miss Mary Agnes Burns. Miss Josephine Baumann played all the accompaniments.

Miss Kate C. McMenamin's annual report was brief but pointed. She began by welcoming the guests and compared them to the planets whose motto, like that of the circles, is "God gives us light." Speaking of the Champlain Summer-School, she said Philadelphia had given it its first president, its first flag, and its first cottage. After songs, Miss Mary C. Clare read her annual report as secretary, showing that at the end of the fourth year of the union it has 23 circles, an increase of two, with an increased membership of 60, making a total of over 600 members. Each circle is at liberty to select its own line of study, resulting in an interesting variety. The courses pursued during the past year covered history, biography, Christian doctrine, poetry, political and social economy, and other branches. References were made to the union lectures by Rev. Dr. Loughlin and those of others under the auspices of individual circles. Several pleasing selections were then rendered by the Chrysostom Mandolin Club.

Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, of New York, president of the Champlain Summer-School, was called upon for an address, in the course of which he said that it was too hot to talk and too late, and it would be well to take the advice given him on one occasion when he asked an audience what he should talk about, and a small boy answered "about a minute." The warmth of the evening, he said, was only typical of the affection existing between New York and Philadelphia, and between Philadelphia and the Summer-School. With the customary modesty of the people of the Quaker City the reports of the officers had told of the work of the union. There is no question that the Summer-School owes much to Philadelphia. The priests and people of Philadelphia helped the school when it was small and young and did very much towards bringing it to its present condition of prosperity. Not only did they build the first cottage, but they were the cause of the second being built. "Dr. Loughlin," continued the speaker, "said I should see that New York built a cottage. Said I, 'We have no money.' 'Neither had we,' said he; 'put yourself in a hole; they will have to pull you out.' So I did, and the people saw my heels sticking out and pulled me out—not all the way, but I have great hopes before long of being again on terra firma."

Archbishop Ryan was then introduced. He said that he was delighted by the scene, which was an evidence, as was the secretary's report, of the work done during the past year. It may seem strange at first that this organization should be called the Catholic Reading Circle Union. What connection is there between any denomination and literary work? There is more connection than one might see at first. Woman was degraded and is now degraded in non-Christian lands. Here he related an anecdote of a conversation between an abbé and a Chinese convert, who was amazed to learn that women had souls, and was going to hurry home to tell his wife. In parts of China women are not permitted to pray. The men do all the praying, contrary to what is too often the case in other lands. The pagan theory is that if women were permitted to pray it would put them on an equality with man. The Chinaman bade the abbé beware and not teach this doctrine that women had souls. The women had already found out that they had wills, which fact the men also had found out. The teaching of this doctrine would cause a revolution in China, and when religious equality would be granted then it would lead to social equality. He spoke of how social equality had followed religious equality, and finally how men had discovered woman's intellectual equality. On some lines she is intellectually his superior, though in others inferior, but on the whole she is his equal. He concluded by congratulating them on the thoroughness of their work, and urged them to continue zealous and devoted and to be regular in their attendance.

At the conclusion of the archbishop's address refreshments were served in the foyer. Among the priests present were: Revs. John J. Hickey, Rondout, N. Y.; Peter Kelly, Trenton, N. J.; Frederick Medina, O.S.A., Villanova College; William Kieran, D.D., Thomas J. Barry, D. A. Morrissey, James P. Turner, Walter P. Gough, Francis J. McArdle, James A. Doonan, S.J., Francis Siegfried, Henry T. Drumgoole, James J. Smith, B. F. Gallagher, and Joseph V. Sweeney.

* * *

The Fénelon Reading Circle held its closing reunion for the present season of 1897–8 at the Pouch Mansion, the occasion taking the form of a reception to Bishop McDonnell, honorary president of the organization. There was a large and representative attendance of members and a number of guests, among the latter being the Rev. M. G. Flannery, former director of the circle, and the Rev. Sylvester Malone. The Rev. J. P. McGinley, the director, presided. The programme consisted of a musicale, supplemented by the president's report of the year's work and a brief address by the bishop. The report of the year was read by the president, Miss Leonora F. Shea. She reviewed the work accomplished by the active members in the study course, which dealt with church history, literature, and art at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Several interesting, comprehensive papers bearing upon the history and folk of that period were prepared and read before the circle by various members during the year. The members found the course so interesting that it was decided to continue it next year. At the monthly social meetings the following were the lecturers: Walter Lecky, the Rev. William Livingston, Dr. Maurice F. Egan, the Rev. C. W. Currier, and Professor Goodyear. The Rev. Edward W. McCarty and John W. Haaren were the speakers at the Mitchell memorial meeting, held on May 3. During the year the active members' roll was increased by fifteen, ten of whom are on the waiting list, and the associate ranks were increased from 264 to 315, making a total addition of 66 members. The president closed her report with an expression of thanks to the bishop, and to the director for his assistance. On the conclusion of the programme Bishop McDonnell spoke briefly. He congratulated the circle on

its showing and paid a tribute to the earnest work of Father Flannery, who was director for five years, and to Father McGinley, who assumed control last fall. He spoke in words of approval of the study course and advised special attention to Dante during the next season, and concluded by stating that he desired the Fénelon to be a model for Reading Circles. A reception followed, during which scores of people were presented to Bishop McDonnell. The reunion concluded with the serving of refreshments.

* * *

The closing meeting for the season of the Hewit Reading Circle was held at the home of Miss Mary E. Colby, on Fifth Street, Williamsbridge, N. Y.

The meeting opened with a quotation from each member, several of which referred to music; the subject of the programme was Music and Musicians. Notwithstanding the rain-storm, there were nineteen of the twenty members in attendance, when the meeting was called to order by the president.

The first number on the programme was the Palestrina Myth, from the pen of Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P., read by Miss Dooley; the second number was a biographical sketch of Mozart, and a review of his works, read by Mr. Dooley; the third number was a paper on the Harp and Irish Music, by Miss Caroline Colby; the fourth number was The Raven, read by Mr. Edwin Pilsbury; the last number was a magazine article entitled The Great German Musicians, from Bach to Wagner, read by Miss Colby.

At the close of the meeting a vote of thanks was tendered to the president, Miss Colby. After the meeting there was vocal and instrumental music by several of the members; refreshments were then served, after which all joined hands to sing Old Lang Syne. Many regret that the meetings are at an end and all are desirous of reuniting in September to continue the work.

* * *

The Reading Circle Convention, held at the Opera House, Malone, N. Y., June 9, 10, 11, has been widely discussed. Some of the papers presented show a high order of merit, and deal with vital questions relating to mental development. Much attention was given to the welfare of country children, who have abundant opportunities for reading during the long winter evenings. Another advantage in their favor is that they are protected from many of the distractions of city life. Rev. W. Rossiter presided at the opening meeting, and introduced the Right Rev. H. Gabriels, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg. He traced the development of communication among men from its earliest forms through speech and letter-writing down to the invention of the printing-press by the Catholics, Faust and Gutenberg, in the fifteenth century. He spoke with appreciation of the work of the Reading Circles of his diocese and gave the Wadhams Reading Circle, of Malone, the credit of inaugurating the movement to bring about a convention of them and a permanent organization.

Rev. M. W. Holland, of Port Henry, N. Y., took for a text Acts viii. 30 and 31: "And Philip ran thither to him and heard him read the prophet Isaias, and said: Understandest thou what thou readest? And he said, How can I except some man should guide me?" The speaker, after picturing the growth and advance of good literature, dwelt also with less pleasure upon the vast amount of worthless and pernicious matter which in our day and country is poured forth by numberless printing-presses, and comes in the way of all men and women, and particularly the young. What was the remedy? Some would say, "Leave it all to individual judgment"; others, "Let the state regulate it." But neither of these solutions could be accepted by the speaker, though the state might to some

extent assist in eradicating the most vile prints. But there should be a steward of books and good reading, and that steward should be the church. It was presumptuous for one to claim that any man was competent to say what books were good or bad, just as presumptuous and vain as it would be for a layman to enter a pharmacy and to dispute that the educated pharmacist was better qualified than he to decide upon the effects of a thousand drugs, some deadly poisons. This illustration was carried to considerable length and with good effect.

The next speaker was Mr. Charles A. Burke, who represented the Wadhams Reading Circle. After a few well-chosen words relative to the reasons for calling this convention, the work to be done, the results it was hoped might be reached, Mr. Burke nominated as chairman for the convention Rev. M. W. Holland. Mr. Burke presented the chairman with a neat gavel trimmed with Wadhams Reading Circle colors, purple and white, and informed the convention that the gavel was made for the occasion by one of the youngest members of the Reading Circle, William Eugene Kelly.

The chairman said that as the object of the convention had already been stated, they would immediately proceed to the business of organization. In a brief time motions were made, seconded, and adopted, and committees appointed on constitution and by-laws and nominations of officers.

Next came the consideration of the subject of Reading Circles. Rev. Richard F. Pierce, of Colton, N. Y., gave the opening talk on this subject. He first dwelt upon the importance of Reading Circles in this part of the country and alluded to the fact that all people read. They are anxious to read; they do read whatever they can find. The Reading Circle could and does aid in the selection of good reading. It guides, leads, discriminates, and advises as to the nature of the reading. He said that, judging from his observations running through many years, he believed that people read newspapers more than any other form of the printed word; that next came cheap, worthless novels; then clean books, such as are found in libraries connected with schools and institutions, and that last in quantity read were religious and historical works. He argued from this condition of affairs that the importance of Reading Circles was great, that the Reading Circles would foster a liking for and aid in providing good literature. He hoped that the Reading Circles would help to increase the attendance at the next session of the Champlain Summer-School.

Practical methods of organizing a circle in every parish in the diocese were presented and ways and means of sustaining interest suggested. Co-operation is Christian and progressive. Select officers and formulate a simple order of exercises. Don't kill the new-born child with rules and refreshments. Let the work be neither too serious nor too light; mingle the agreeable with the useful. Have a reception once in awhile, but not all the while. Do not try to do everything the first season, but strive to be the leaven that will permeate the whole mass in time. He gave as one means to keep a circle going to have a convention every year, and to make that convention an event intellectually and socially.

Mrs. B. Ellen Burke opened the discussion by suggesting that questions be asked by those intending to establish Reading Circles, and that suggestions be made by those belonging to Reading Circles now. Very Rev. J. H. O'Rourke, of Lowville, urged the establishment of Reading Circles in every parish in the diocese. He dwelt upon the need of such work, and hoped that at the convention next year every parish would be represented by a delegate from a well-established circle. Rev. J. P. Murphy was emphatic in saying that there should be a

Reading Circle in every parish, that they must be had in order for the people to keep abreast of the times. Mrs. Jere Coughlin, of Watertown, spoke feelingly about the good she had known to be done by Reading Circle work. She said that with a pastor as leader great progress could be made. Mrs. John Kelly, of Malone, agreed with Mrs. Coughlin, and said that in the circle of Malone a large measure of its success was due to the encouragement given by the pastor. She said that the first year of the existence of the Wadhams Reading Circle the pastor attended about every meeting.

The next topic for discussion was Libraries. This was ably handled by Rev. P. J. Devlin, of Chateaugay. He dwelt upon the necessity of libraries in order to meet the needs of the people, the way in which a library might be begun, the manner of giving out the books, the care that should be exercised in selecting the books, and the good that libraries had done in parishes where he had seen their results. He spoke of the library in his own parish and the great good it had done.

A unique paper from the Sisters of Mercy of Gabriels was read. The paper was one of the most valuable contributions to the convention, because, under the guise of a library established in an imaginary country village of Northern New York, it gave valuable and practical suggestions as to how a Reading Circle might utilize a library. The whole spirit of the paper was what might have been expected from Sisters of Mercy, intensely altruistic. Self-culture seemed to have been forgotten and only culture and uplifting of others considered. The lateness of the hour prevented further discussion of the subject of libraries.

Very Rev. John H. O'Rourke, of Lowville, N. Y., discussed the subject How to reach the Country Children. The remarks made by the speaker indicated how deeply interested he was in this important work. After giving reasons why the subject of reading for the country children should be given special attention and great attention, he gave several practical ways of bringing the reading to the children. The circulating library in each school district, controlled by the trustees of the parish library, was one method; that a certain number of books be loaned to each school district, and at stated intervals these books be exchanged. He suggested having one or more persons in each locality trying to cultivate the taste for good reading, gathering the children on Sunday afternoons and reading to them, leading them to discuss what they had read, talking about the characters of the people mentioned, etc. Every one ought to have heard this valuable discourse.

After the interesting paper of Miss Sheehan, of Potsdam, there was a discussion of the same subject by John Kelly, of Malone, and participated in by many priests and laymen. Several ladies contributed their share of suggestions, among them being Misses Teresa Kennedy, Minnie Hinds, and Mrs. Burke, of Malone. Father Crowley, of Plattsburgh, delighted everybody by a humorous account of how Father Holland had organized the Reading Circle at Tupper Lake, which that reverend gentleman took with as great good nature as anybody. It appeared that Father Holland had formed the conception and done the planning, but the assistant priest (Father Crowley), as usually happens, had done all the work.

After a stirring address by the Hon. D. B. Lucey, ex-mayor of Ogdensburg, a permanent organization was formed to provide for the extension of the Reading Circle movement, and to arrange for another convention.

M. C. M.

After War.

Above the roar of cannon,
The battle-clamor shrill;
Above men's groans and curses,
A voice cries, "Peace, be still!
Enough of blood and slaying,
Enough of strife and hate;
The bitter wrong is righted:
Lo! Peace stands at the gate."

O Peace! God's white-robed angel
With spotless skirt and feet,
How welcome thy returning,
Thy gentleness how sweet!
The red sword of the nation
Drive hilt-deep in the sod.
Now twine thy lilies round it,
And both shall honor God!

JAMES BUCKHAM.

"THE IRON CHANCELLOR."

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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RIGHT REV. MATHIAS LORAS, FIRST BISHOP OF DUBUQUE.

BY MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

FROM time to time saints pass over the earth, for the greater glory of God and the greater edification of men.

Saints are those who have appropriated to themselves in a pre-eminent manner the spirit of Christ, and have risen in moral righteousness and in the endowments of the spiritual life so high above their fellows that we fitly consider them embodiments of the Christian religion, and exemplars upon whom we may safely fix our gaze, while we labor to reproduce the Divine Master in our own minds and hearts.

It were a grievous mistake to imagine that only those who have been declared saints by the official voice of the church have led a life of sanctity. In every age there are saints to whom the honor of canonization does not come. Those even who receive that honor are few in comparison to those who do not receive it. Only the saints who are canonized are entitled to public homage and public invocation, but all merit that their memories be revered and that their virtues be imitated.*

*In his introduction to the *Life of Blessed John Baptist de Rossi* the Most Rev. Herbert Vaughan (now Cardinal Vaughan) explains how it not infrequently happens that servants of God full worthy of canonization fail to receive the honor. One reason is that no organized effort is made to awaken public interest in such servants of God, and to lead the supreme authority of the church to institute official examination of their merits. Religious orders seldom fail to do the work needed to insure canonization for the saints appearing in their ranks. Hence it is that the modern canonized saints not members of religious orders are few in comparison with those belonging to the orders. It is not that saints are few outside religious orders; it is that outside religious orders steps are not so often taken to procure the canonization of saints.

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I do not hesitate to number among the uncanonized saints Mathias Loras, the first Bishop of the Diocese of Dubuque, and as my warrant for so doing I cite the story of his life. I appeal to the testimony of those yet living, who knew him during his missionary labors in the Northwest, and who, knowing him, admired and loved him.

It is fortunate for America that saints appear among her sons and daughters. America is in need of strong examples in the supernatural order.

Men have their destiny not merely within the lines of this earthly orb. Their destiny reaches out far beyond this orb, unto the realm of God in the supernatural world. The limitation of human thought and action to this present world excludes preparation for a future world, which is of much deeper importance than the present, and deprives even the present world of its own holiest and best elements, which grow and endure only under supernatural influences.

Now, America's peril is that she lose sight of the supernatural. So wondrously rich are her resources, so wondrously rapid her developments in the natural order, that she easily becomes dazed by her achievements in this order, and is likely to think that there is nothing, or at least that nothing needs be cared for save what brings earthly wealth, earthly joys, and earthly glory. Naturalism, and the worst form of naturalism —materialism—confronts Americans as the deadliest foe to their civilization and to the eternal welfare of their souls.

We must bring upon the scene powerful counter-agents, we must draw into the battle against naturalism the forces of the supernatural. And the strongest force of the supernatural is not counsel or precept; it is example. Let us have saints, men and women, who hold their souls above the allurements of earth, undefiled by the lightest miasma from the region of human passion, unmoved from the direction of duty by the clamorous interests of earth; who live in this world because they are created for it, but who live also for the higher world because they are likewise created for that, and who in all things turn the purposes of this life toward union with the purposes of the coming life, since the one is intended as a preparation for the other; and when saints have been given to us, let us observe well their ways and treasure sacredly the lessons of their lives.

The Diocese of Dubuque has had its saint—Mathias Loras.

The Diocese of Dubuque is indebted for its first bishop to the classic land of missionary zeal, to the land from which have come to America so many other apostolic and holy bishops and priests—a Flaget, a Cheverus, a Bruté, a David, a Dubois, a Cretin, a Badin, a Sorin. Truly the Church of France has merited well of the Church of America! France gave to America great apostles, illustrious exemplars of personal holiness and of apostolic virtues, worthy to be founders and patriarchs of a great church; and France gave them to America when there was most need of apostles, when the current of missionary zeal from other Catholic countries coursed sluggishly toward the shores of America.

Mathias Loras was saintly by inheritance. He was the child of a sturdy Catholic family, in which faith ran in the life-blood, in which religion was the bone and sinew of the education of youth. The days of revolution and schism were bearing heavily upon France, and the head of the Loras family had occasion to show of what stern stuff he was made. John Mathias Loras, the father of the future bishop, was imprisoned for loyalty to social order and religious unity. In vain his wife, accompanied by her eleven children, holding by the hand the youngest of them, Mathias, knelt before the chief agent of the Revolution in Lyons, to implore mercy for the protector of her little ones; she could not stay the hand eager to slay. The mockery of a trial was granted to him. As Monsieur Loras was led before the judge friends advised that, in his replies, he should in some degree explain away his past acts and dissemble the motives which had inspired them. "What," he quickly answered, "tell a lie to save my life? Never!" Shortly before he was led to the scaffold he was asked, as was the custom, whether he desired any favor that might in the circumstances be granted to him. "Yes," he said, "I desire to see my pastor, the parish priest of the church of St. Paul." The priest was hurriedly called. The intrepid Loras spoke aloud: "Sir, you have given your adhesion to the schism now desolating France. I know, however, that to those in danger of death any priest may give absolution; I wish, therefore, to make my confession to you, but, I pray you, understand that I have no part with you in your schism."

A brother of John Mathias Loras followed him within a few days to the fatal guillotine because he, too, had upheld order and religion. Two sisters of Madame Loras died martyrs, their "crime" being that they had concealed in their home

faithful priests who would not submit to the schism imposed upon the country by the revolutionary government. Our future bishop sprang, indeed, from a race of saints and martyrs.

After the death of Monsieur Loras the family possessions, which had been considerable, were confiscated, and Madame Loras was left without fortune and without helpmate to rear and educate her large family. But Madame Loras was a remarkable woman. She gradually re-established the mercantile business in which her husband had been engaged, and was thus enabled to procure for her children an excellent education. With especial care did she see to their religious formation, supplementing the instructions of well-chosen masters by her own intelligent teaching and by the continuous example of her own deep and enlightened piety. As a result of her work in this direction, vocations to the priesthood and to the religious life have been numerous among her descendants, and those descendants to the third and fourth generation have all shown themselves loyal and practical Catholics. In France it is a cherished tradition that the descendants of families who have suffered for the faith during the Revolution have been blessed by Heaven with rich spiritual favors. This has certainly been the case in the Loras family.*

Young Mathias was blessed with a vocation to the holy priesthood. After the usual seminary career, in which he was distinguished both for piety and for brilliant studies, he was ordained by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons, and soon found himself promoted to charges of great responsibility, having had successively charge of two very important educational institutions of the archdiocese. One of these institutions was the Seminary of Meximieux, which at one time had among its pupils Joseph Cretin, afterward the first Bishop of St. Paul, and from which in later years came to our Northwest several well-known missionaries.

The way to ecclesiastical dignities in his native France was easy of access to the Abbé Loras; he could not but have perceived to what his qualities of mind and heart, and the rapid stages of ascent already made by him in his early priesthood, were surely leading. But a burning zeal for God's greater glory was devouring his soul; a holy passion to sacrifice himself in

* The writer of this introduction, visiting Lyons in the year 1887, was the honored guest at a family reunion of the descendants of John Mathias Loras, at the home of Olivier Loras, a grandson of the martyr and a nephew of the first Bishop of Dubuque, and there he had full opportunity to realize the truth of the Divine promise: "The generation of the righteous shall be blessed."

humility and self-denial upon a wider and more difficult field of spiritual conquest than his own country offered, was mastering his whole being, and distant lands, where, he had heard, laborers were few and souls were in danger of perishing, rose before his vision; and the more those lands were contemplated by him from afar, the more the hardships and obscurity of missionary life were revealed to him, the more he yearned to leave the comforts and the prospects of his native land and to spend himself among strange peoples beyond the seas for God and for humanity.

It is difficult for many to understand and realize the great zeal for religion and the great sacrifice of self which have actuated the legions of missionaries that for more than two centuries France has been sending to the four quarters of the globe, and which—to speak more particularly of our own fathers in the faith—have animated the missionaries from France whom we number among the founders of the American Church. One must have lived very close to some of these servants of God, as the writer of this introduction, to read clearly their souls and to estimate justly their motives and their virtues.

The Abbé Loras was attracted to America. In this connection an incident worth noting occurred. In the year 1823 the Abbé Loras was superior of the Seminary of Meximieux. Among the pupils of the class of rhetoric were three young men who in a special manner won his esteem, and to whom he was willing to confide the secret of his heart. The young men were dreaming of the foreign missions. The abbé called them to his room and said: "I also intend to devote myself to the foreign missions. I will go to America. When you are ordained I shall expect you to come to me and labor with me." One of these young men was Pierre Chanel, who afterward, in the year 1841, was put to death for the faith in the island of Futuna, being the first martyr of Oceanica, and who by a decree of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., has been declared "Blessed," and placed upon the altars of Christendom. Pierre Chanel did not follow the superior of Meximieux to America, but to him, no doubt, he owed much of the zeal and charity which finally won the crown of martyrdom in the remote islands of the Pacific.

The arrival in France during the year 1829 of the Bishop of Mobile, the Right Rev. Michael Portier, in search of priests for his diocese, gave Abbé Loras the opportunity to put into

execution his long-cherished desire of consecrating himself to the foreign missions. For seven years he labored in Alabama as pastor of the cathedral of Mobile, superior of the newly founded college of Spring Hill, and vicar-general of the diocese, honoring his ministry by holiness of life, zeal and prudence of action, to such a degree that when, in 1837, the bishops of America, assembled in the Third Provincial Council of Baltimore, sought for an ecclesiastic worthy to preside over the destinies of the church in the vast Northwest, they turned their eyes toward Mobile, and selected Mathias Loras as first Bishop of Dubuque.

A great field, worthy of a great apostle, was opened to Bishop Loras. The Diocese of Dubuque then reached northward from the northern line of the State of Missouri to the boundary of British America, and westward from the Mississippi River to the Missouri River. The Diocese of Dubuque of 1837 comprised the territory which to-day is covered by the dioceses of Dubuque, Davenport, St. Paul, Winona, and the greater portion of the dioceses of St. Cloud, Duluth, Fargo, and Sioux Falls. Save the aborigines, who roamed in wildest freedom through this extensive territory, the dwellers were few—some miners around the village of Dubuque, some soldiers at military stations, some traders scattered among the Indians, some immigrants planning to build homes upon the untilled prairies. The religious equipment of the territory was three chapels and one priest. Grand, however, were the possibilities of the future! A soil unrivalled in fertility, a climate unrivalled in salubrity, an immense region enchanting in beauty of sky and beauty of landscape, prairies and forests teeming with nature's offerings, mighty rivers coveting the task of bearing upon their waters southward and northward to earth's great seas, for the weal of nations, the rewards of human industry—this was the Northwest to which Bishop Loras was sent by the providence of God and the commission of the Pontiff of Rome.

Even then it was evident that great and prosperous commonwealths would soon spread over this territory. For Loras, the question was how to build in this region of promise the spiritual edifice of Christ's Church, to bring it into strong and beauteous form worthy no less of the storied church herself than of the rich and youthful land over which she was seeking to establish the reign of her Founder.

A man of eminent qualities was needed as the first builder of Catholicity in the Northwest. He must needs be one whom

the early solitude could not dismay, whose large mind could survey and comprehend the coming years, whose sure judgment and skilled hand could lay deep and sure the foundation walls, whose whole life would so enshrine his name and memory in the esteem and love of men that for ages he should be proclaimed the model apostle, the glory of the church in the Northwest. Such was the first Bishop of Dubuque.

Without delay the new bishop sailed for France, where then, as long before and long since, levites, in the stillness of seminaries or among the busy scenes of the ministry, were dreaming of devoting themselves to the foreign missions, and where generous souls, through love for Christ, were filling the treasury of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that the laborers in the foreign missions might have wherewith to be fed and clothed. He obtained there some money and some co-workers, and in October of 1838 took shipping in Havre on his return voyage to America.

The names of the companions of Bishop Loras on this voyage we must record. They are names of our fathers in the faith, and we love and reverence them—Cretin, Pelamourges, Galtier, Ravoux, Causse, and Petiot. One of them, Joseph Cretin, was destined to be in later years, when the time came for a division of the Diocese of Dubuque, the first Bishop of St. Paul, and to be, as Bishop Loras himself, a patriarch of the church in the Northwest.

The journey of Bishop Loras and his companions from the American sea-port New York to Dubuque shows the condition of this country sixty years ago; the same journey now consumes thirty hours of travel in sumptuous railway coaches. From New York they proceeded to Baltimore, whence four of the party, who were only sub-deacons, were sent to the College of Emmitsburg. From Baltimore they travelled toward the Alleghanies, crossing the mountains in slow stage-coaches. Leaving Pittsburgh, they went by boat down the Ohio to Cairo, and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. There, however, they were compelled to remain three months, navigation upon the upper Mississippi being closed for the winter, and an overland journey to Dubuque being considered too arduous an undertaking. The bishop could not be idle; he gave missions to the French Catholics of St. Louis and Carondelet. With the first northbound boat he and his companions hurried to their chosen field of labor, arriving at Dubuque April 19, 1839.

A subsequent journey of Bishop Loras further illustrates the difficulty of travel in those days of early Western history. In the autumn following his arrival in Dubuque Bishop Loras and Father Pelamourges ascended the Mississippi as far as Fort Snelling, aboard the one steamer that was wont to make an annual trip to that distant military post. Their missionary labors not being completed when the steamer turned her prow southward, they remained at the fort, and when ready to return homeward they seated themselves in a birch-bark canoe and courageously took hold of the oars. At the end of the first day, their hands being badly blistered, the bishop practised on himself an heroic remedy, which he proposed in vain to Father Pelamourges. It was to heat the oar in the camp-fire, and then press it closely in his hands. The skin became at once dried and hardened. The process was not painless, but the bishop was quite ready on the morrow to row without danger of blistering his hands.

This incident was often told, in later times, by Father Pelamourges himself, with the addition of another incident of a somewhat more comical nature.

The same night strange noises were heard for long hours in the vicinity of the camp-fire. Louder the noises seemed to grow, nearer they seemed to come to the camping ground. "It is, no doubt," said they, "the terrible Sioux." Up rose the bishop, exclaiming repeatedly the one word he had learned at Fort Snelling of the language of the Sioux, "China-sapa"—black-gown. The noises gradually ceased, and the bishop rejoiced that the mere announcement of his priestly office had quieted the savages. But alas for poetry and sentiment! A little reflection after the dawn of the next day showed that the dreaded noise of the night had been the croaking of myriads of frogs in the swamps situated a short distance south of the site upon which the city of St. Paul has since been built.

When Bishop Loras's slender canoe glided over the waters of the Mississippi things along its banks had changed but little from what they were in the days of the first white men that saluted the noble river—the Franciscan, Hennepin, and the Jesuit, Marquette.

Bishop Loras's labors in the Diocese of Dubuque lasted until February 19, 1858. During the long years of his episcopate he was truly the man of God, truly the shepherd of souls. For the details of his apostleship we must refer the reader to the excellent biography of the bishop, given to the public by

one who knew him as no other did, his nephew and fellow-laborer, Rev. Louis De Cailly. In the introduction, which it is our privilege to write, we can trace only the larger lines of the bishop's life and character as we have learned them, not only from the pages of Father De Cailly's volume, but also from the traditional accounts of the bishop's career, which in our youth and early priesthood we often heard from the lips of the pioneer missionaries of the Northwest.

Bishop Loras was a true man and a true Christian. In him natural and supernatural virtues blended in beauteous harmony, the natural preparing the soil for the fullest development of the supernatural, and in turn the supernatural endowing the natural with the richest hue of the skies.

He was a gentleman of the old French school. He was most polite in manner, without allowing the smallest suspicion of affectation or studied formalism, scrupulously exact in his attire, which often betrayed poverty, but never meanness or untidiness, always dignified in bearing, even when stooping to apparently menial tasks that circumstances of the times commended to his spirit of zeal and humility. His word always revealed the honesty of his soul; it was ever unimpeachable. He was of gentle temper, too gentle almost for this hard, rough humanity amid which his lot was cast. Yet when duty spoke he knew how to be firm and brave even unto the courage of the martyr. He was most kind and affable to all, to the lowliest as to the highest, seeking to serve and please others, and in order to be able to do so forgetful of and even harsh toward self. His conversation was always charitable and genial, at times witty; his purpose was never to offend, but to do good, to diffuse around him innocent joy. It used to be said by some that he was economical to a fault in using money. It was not that he loved money, for he never retained it, or that he loved the advantages it could procure for himself, for he never used it beyond most necessary measure for himself; it was that he desired it for the succoring of the needy, who lovingly thronged round him, and for the wants of religion in the diocese which he always supplied so long as a penny could be reached.* It was a delight to meet anear Bishop Loras, and a continuous sweetness of life to be in abiding converse with him.

* "Be assured that I impose and shall continue to impose upon myself every privation, that the resources at my disposal may be greater. To a missionary those privations are but trifles; he knows that he is the minister of Him who had not whereon to repose his head." (Letter written August 22, 1839, by Bishop Loras to the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*)

In every fibre of his being Bishop Loras was the Christian, the priest, the apostle. He truly lived a supernatural life, which is the life of the elect of Christ. "The just man," it is written, "liveth by faith." Faith permeated Bishop Loras's mind and heart, inspired his thoughts and acts, dominated his motives and affections. His piety was deep and tender. He loved God with the simplicity and the effusiveness of the love of a child for a father. He was a man of prayer. His delight was to hold converse with God. Every morning he made a mental meditation. Frequent during the day were his invocations for light and strength; frequent, too, were his visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Before undertaking any work of importance he was wont to recite the "Veni Creator." The last act of his life was the recitation of the breviary. He had become quite ill, and as the evening advanced he asked to be left alone in his room. "The office is long," he said, "and I must recite the whole of it before I go to sleep." Two hours after he had spoken those words the harbinger of death, unconsciousness, had come to him.

"Language is inadequate," wrote one who had known him well, "to describe his piety, his devotion, his entire consecration to God. Before the dawn of day, in summer and in winter, in sickness or health, would you find him before the altar in prayer, or engaged in the discharge of his sacred duties." It was an edification never to be forgotten to see him kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament pouring out almost audibly his fervent invocations to the hidden Saviour. People were happy to be near him when he conducted the sacred functions or the devotions of the church.

Such piety bore rich fruits in the daily living of Bishop Loras. Pure and unsullied, marked by the most scrupulous fidelity to duty, effulgent with every virtue, was his entire life. In it the most severe censor discovered no stain. From first to last Bishop Loras's long career gave glory to God and edification to men.

"Qui pius, prudens, humilis, pudicus,
Sobriam duxit sine labe vitam
Donec humanos animavit auræ
Spiritus artus."*

* "Saintly was he, with prudence richly dowered,
And lowly, and like unto an angel pure,
O'er mortal men his self-dominion towered
That through his life did constant e'er endure."
—*Office of Confessors, Roman Breviary.*

Those special virtues which are the fruits of the Gospel and belong to the saints of Christ's Church shone brightly in the life of Bishop Loras. He was remarkable for self-denial, for the spirit of personal sacrifice, which is the vitalizing element of all holiness, and one of the surest indications of a sanctified soul. Unselfishness and humility revealed themselves in all his acts. He was patient amid trials. The test of unalloyed devotion to God's service was allowed him—the ingratitude of men to whose welfare he had consecrated his entire strength—and he suffered not from the test. He loved the practice of poverty, because it brought opportunities for personal self-denial, and provided the means to give in charity to the needy. He lived for God and for souls; his one ambition was to be a true follower of Christ; the one reward which he sought was that of eternity.

They who knew Bishop Loras or who read his biography will not believe that the supernatural finds in these modern times no abiding place in the souls of men.

NOTE.—The above sketch of the Life of Bishop Loras will be finished in the October issue of this magazine.

BROTHER ALEXIUS, PROVINCIAL OF THE AMERICAN PROVINCE.

THE SONS OF ST. XAVIER.

BY LYDIA STERLING FLINTHAM.

STUDENTS of church history have many times observed that God in his Infinite Intelligence opposes to every evil a remedy, to every poison its own particular antidote. When Arianism was plunging the early church into misery and confusion, he raised up a Hilary in the West and an Athanasius in the East. The day that Pelagius was born in England, St. Augustine first saw the light in Africa. The great military

orders, still commemorated in song and romance, hurled their lances against the followers of Islamism, and St. Dominic and St. Francis of Assisi were the "hammers of heretics" successfully directing blow after blow upon the Albigenses and the Waldenses. Luther hurled denunciations against the Vatican; a bullet pierced a soldier at Pampeluna! That soldier was the great St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuits, whose lives and principles have ever since been the sternest refutation of Luther's errors.

Broad though the statement may seem, every religious order, society, or congregation seems to owe its existence to an evil directly opposed to its own aim and end.

In our day, when doubt and infidelity under the name of liberty of conscience beset our youth on either hand, numerous religious orders have received the blessing of the church and have steadily opposed their benign influence to the deadly evil. Among these, in modern times, we find the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Brothers of Mary, and of the Sacred Heart, and later still, but by no means least, the Xaverian Brotherhood.

The schools of America were always Christian in their tone. In former times God and his laws were taught and prayer began and ended each lesson. The characters of Washington, Franklin, Adams, and other patriots whose names are our household words, testify to the religious tendency of the early schools. Not until the first half of the present century was the now prevailing system introduced, and at that time there arose the founder of the Xaverians—its opposing force!

Theodore James Ryken was born August 30, 1797, at Elshout, in the Catholic province of North Brabant. His parents, pious and respectable people, died in his infancy, and he was entrusted to the care of a saintly uncle, a priest, who ably discharged the duty of training his young relative in learning and piety. More than one of Theodore Ryken's family had been blessed with a religious vocation, and in the priestly calling had displayed great charity and zeal in the cause of religion.

As we look for vocations and virtues to repeat themselves, so we are not surprised to learn that from earliest childhood the young Theodore showed himself piously inclined, shunned worldly amusements, was happiest when in solitude, and found his greatest delight in the company of destitute and helpless childhood.

When quite a youth he became the secretary of Le Sage Ten Brook, the celebrated convert, writer, and philanthropist, who has been styled the Orestes Brownson of Belgium. Ten Brook's loss of eyesight whilst yet in the vigor of manhood had forced him to lay aside his versatile pen, but with Mr.

ST. XAVIER'S COLLEGE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Ryken as his amanuensis he was still able to continue his noble avocation.

In an orphan asylum erected by the generosity of Le Sage Ten Brook, Mr. Ryken first became impressed with the great value of Christian education, as opposed to godless teaching.

Sweetly, strongly, the voice of God whispered in his heart, and attentive to the divine prompting, the young man formed a resolve to establish a congregation whose members should devote their lives to that end.

After taking counsel with his friend and adviser, and calmly and earnestly deliberating the plan, he concluded that Europe was already well equipped with religious orders, and he turned his longing gaze toward the new world—America.

With the earnest desire of preparing himself for the life he had in mind, Theodore Ryken left Belgium and started for America, in 1835. Arriving in this country, he joined some

French missionaries and labored zealously among the Indian tribes of Illinois, Indiana, and Missouri. Later he travelled extensively through many States, familiarizing himself with the habits and customs of the people, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with their needs. With such occupations, together with prayer and austerities, he matured his plans, and, convinced beyond doubt of his special call, in 1838 he placed his resolutions before the Right Rev. Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis.

To the latter Mr. Ryken explained his intention of returning to Belgium, gathering together some pious youths, and, after proving them well, binding them by vows and coming to America to devote themselves to the instruction of youth in religion and literature.

The plan was heartily endorsed by the Bishop of St. Louis, upon whom the bearing and conversation of Mr. Ryken had made a deep impression.

Seven other distinguished prelates added their approval to that of Bishop Rosati, and, much encouraged, he returned to his native land.

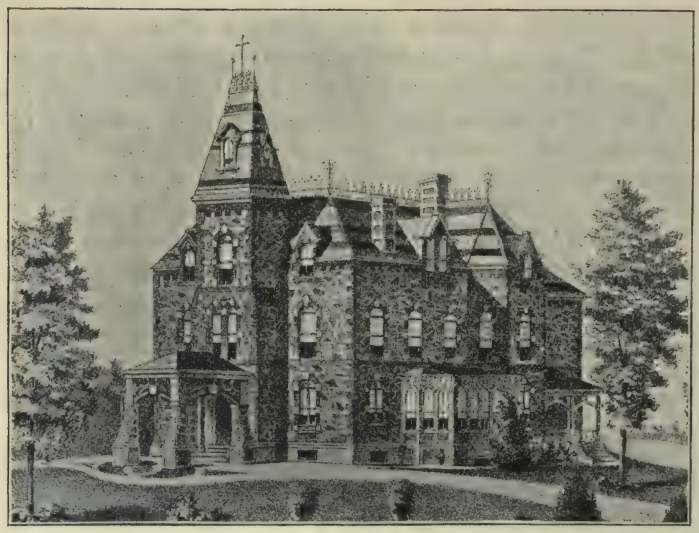
There, in old Bruges—where historic memories cluster like ivy on the crumbling walls of some venerated cloister—with the approval of the bishop of that city, Theodore Ryken rented a suitable dwelling in the Rue de Bandet, and on June 5, 1839, the Feast of St. Boniface, he took possession of it.

Was ever beginning more lowly? There was not even the "two or three" to gather together in His Name. For five days the embryo religious lived entirely alone. How fervent were his prayers for companions! On the sixth day two young men arrived, sent by the Redemptorist fathers from St. Trond. These were examined and received, and from that hour applications from pious and worthy young men were frequent.

It is not difficult to imagine the trials and hardships of this new religious organization. How ever ready is the world to cry down the lofty aspirations of the soul that meekly seeks to follow in the footsteps of the Crucified!

Apart from the poverty and privations of this little band, frequent petty persecutions were encountered from the outside world; but these young men, with the example of their chosen patron, St. Francis Xavier, before their mental vision, gladly laid such offerings—the violets of humility—upon the altar of self-immolation.

The number of these young men rapidly increased, and their example and many virtues greatly edified the venerable



ST. JOHN'S NORMAL COLLEGE, DANVERS, MASS. NAMED "STONYCROFT" BY WHITTIER.

Bishop of Bruges, Francis Rene Boussen. With characteristic caution, however, the latter waited for over a year before he issued the formal commendation of the Congregation of Xaverian Brothers. This authorized Theodore Ryken to proceed with its foundation in Bruges, and recommended the society to the charitable people of the diocese.

Through the interest of the inhabitants of Bruges, Mr. Ryken was enabled in July, 1841, to purchase Walletjes for the first novitiate and parent-house of the Xaverian Brothers. This property comprised a large mansion, the remnant of a famous feudal castle, surrounded by the usual moat and approached by an old-fashioned drawbridge. A handsome garden, planted with fruit and ornamental trees, was attached to the mansion, and a high wall and hedge enclosed the entire domain.

In the archives of Bruges, Walletjes has special mention as a place of great distinction, whilst to the pioneers of Xaverianism it is truly a hallowed spot.

The rules of the new society having been drawn up, and the approbation of the reigning Pontiff, Gregory XVI., being secured, the labors of the infant order now began in earnest.

In 1842 a night-school for young men was opened, which was promptly patronized. The following year the founder and

four postulants were invested with the habit of the order—a robe similar to that worn by their patron, St. Francis Xavier, whilst engaged in those remarkable missions in India and Japan. This habit consists of a simple black cassock, with belt and white collar. The religious names of the pioneers were: Brother Francis Xavier, the Founder; Brothers Ignatius, Alphonse, Dominic, and Stanislaus. Of these the last named still lives, and is director of St. Xavier's College, Louisville, Kentucky. Three years later all took their vows for life, and to that list we find added the names of Brothers Aloysius and Alexius, the latter of whom has the distinction of being Provincial of the American Province and President of Mount St. Joseph's College, near Baltimore, Maryland.

The Xaverian Brotherhood grew and flourished, and, in addition to the second school which they had by this time established at the Walletjes, the brothers were urged by the clergy to open an academy for boys of the middle and higher classes of society in the centre of the city. Thus was laid the foundation of the now famous St. Xavier's College, at present attended by over four hundred students.

This college is the largest establishment in Bruges. Eight large buildings have been added from time to time, and as external alterations are prohibited by law, in order that the ancient architecture of the city be maintained, the college presents a most unique appearance, with its lofty, moss-grown walls, its narrow, winding passages, and ponderous gates and turrets.

The first mission of the Xaverians was opened at Bury, England, in 1848, but the Catholics there being too poor to support a community of teachers, the brothers accepted an invitation to locate in Manchester. In that city they were remarkably successful, and to-day one of Manchester's greatest boasts is the Catholic Collegiate of the Xaverian Brothers.

Brothers Ignatius, Alexius, and Stanislaus were the pioneers of that mission, and to them belongs the no small honor of having introduced into Manchester the exercises of the "May devotions." Brother Alexius opened the exercises by reciting the rosary and litany, reading then a selection from some book of meditation. Brother Stanislaus led the choir and played the organ, and the voices of the old mingled with those of the children as the sweet titles of Our Lady floated heavenward. Crowds of people attended the devotions every night, and many owed their conversion, and others their perseverance in virtue,

to these meetings. Until the coming of the brothers the May devotions were unknown in Manchester. 'Tis true, there was ever cherished by the faithful a tender affection for our Blessed Lady, but it is a surprising fact that there was not even a statue of her in any church in Manchester!

The people of the city seconded every effort of the brothers in behalf of youth, and their schools rapidly became the centres of that piety and culture which to-day find noble expression in the Catholic gentleman of Manchester.

In the character of an educator, Brother Ignatius was himself a peer, as the government inspectors more than once, in their reports, asserted. On one occasion such an inspector—a Protestant—was so delighted with his methods as a teacher that he invited Brother Ignatius to accompany him on his visit to the schools, and introduced him to teachers and pupils as the *model school-master of England.*

As an acknowledgment of his merits in his chosen calling, the English government in 1893 placed Brother Ignatius on the "retired list," giving him a pension for life.

In 1853 Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, then Bishop of Louisville, Kentucky, went to Belgium to procure young priests for his diocese from that thoroughly Catholic country.

Hearing of the new Brotherhood, he paid a visit to Brother Francis Xavier, the founder, to whom he extended an invitation to open schools in America. The zealous religious was not slow in accepting, for such had long been his desire. America's youth—open, honest, intellectual—they had fascinated him from his first acquaintance with them, long before the foundation stone of his congregation had been laid, and now that the building was erected, how eager his delight to see his dearest hopes about to be fulfilled! In the following year, therefore, six brothers, accompanied by the founder, took passage for America, and arriving in Louisville, Kentucky, were at once domiciled in comfortable quarters. Two schools were soon opened, St. Patrick's and the Immaculate Conception, and thus was the standard of Xaverianism planted upon American soil —a standard not upheld without a struggle, however, for the hardships consequent to all new settlements were greatly increased by the prevalence of Know-nothingism, which served to considerably retard the progress of the undertaking.

In 1860 the colony was strengthened by a band of six from the parent-house, and Bishop Spalding procured for the brothers a suitable dwelling, centrally located, where they opened St.

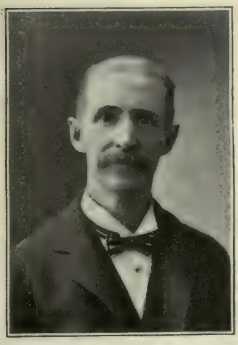
Xavier's Institute. This marked a period of prosperity for the Xaverians, and in 1890 the steady increase of students, and consequently the staff of teachers, demanded the purchase of a larger house. The name of the institute was legally changed to that of St. Xavier's College, which has now become one of the most successful seats of learning in Kentucky. The buildings occupy a square in length, and are surrounded by forest trees and beautiful grounds. Among those who point to St. Xavier's College as their Alma Mater are many who are the pride of God's al- tar, serving him as faithful shepherds to his flock, whilst pro- minent business men and others ranking high in the fields of law, medicine, and science recall with tender recol- lection the days spent under the care of the noble Bro- thers at St. Xavier's.

BROTHER STANISLAUS.

The present di- rector of the col- lege is Brother Stan- islaus, one of the immortal pioneers of the Xaverian Congregation, who also enjoys the honor of being its oldest living mem- ber.

REV. FRANCIS CASSIDY, S.J., Graduate of St. Xavier's, Louis- ville, Ky.

In 1860 he join- ed the band in Louisville, and for thirty-eight years has remained at that post of duty. In 1885, being appointed director of the Louisville house, he was obliged to resign his position of teacher at St. Patrick's; but the pastor and the entire parish, fearing the effect of his disconnection with the school, offered to pay his usual salary, to have him identi- fied with the young members of the con- gregation. As his heart has ever been in teaching, he gladly continues, at the age of eighty-one years, to visit the schools several times a week, and gives personal assistance when needed.



THE FIRST GRADUATE OF ST. XAVIER'S.

Brother Stanislaus is a born musician,

and the talent which found juvenile expression in whittling whistles, odd flutes, and indescribable instruments of many kinds, later distinguished its possessor as a musician of no mean order. He it was who furnished the music at the first "May devotions" in Manchester, and he it is who at St. Xavier's College regularly presides at the organ, touching the chords with the grace and ease of youth, despite the fact that the snows of eighty years have thrown their mantle round him.

When Bishop Spalding was called from Louisville and raised to the dignity of Archbishop of Baltimore, he made a farewell address in which were enumerated the many charitable institutions erected during his administration.

"There is yet one more," he said, "which cost me twelve years of incessant labor, and which I consider the *grandest work of my life*, and that is the introduction of the Xaverian Brothers into this city, to educate our boys in sound religious principles."

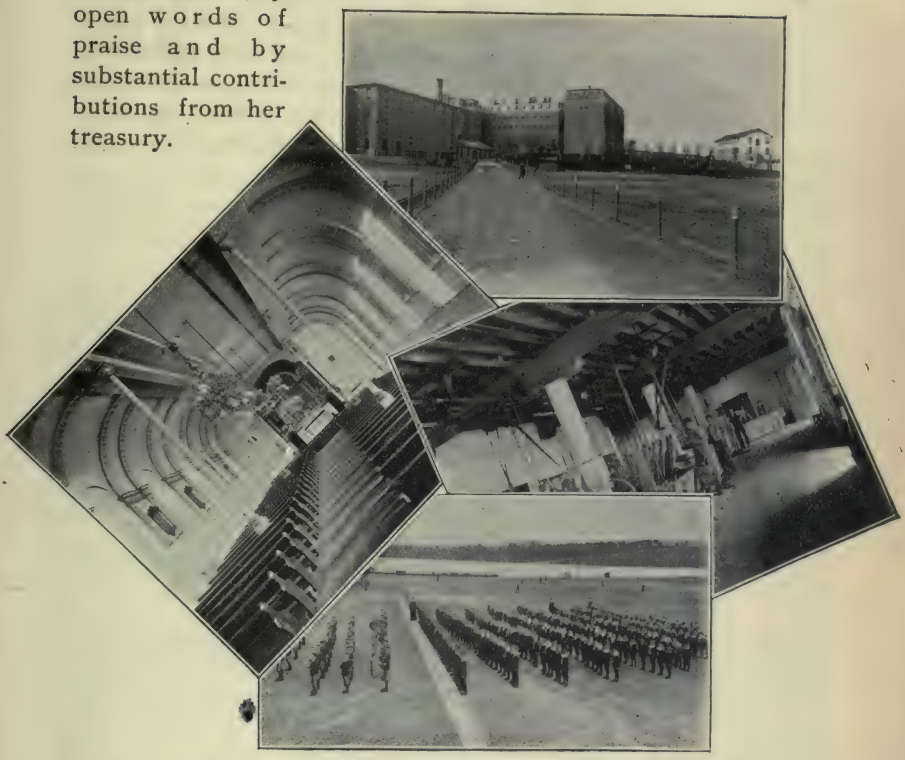
His love for the brothers was again displayed by his urging them to enter his new diocese, to take charge of St. Patrick's school in Baltimore, and of St. Mary's Industrial School, just outside that city. The foundation of the latter institution was due to the energy of Monsignor McColgan, a striking character in the Catholic hierarchy of America, called "the Father Mathew of Maryland."

It was he who founded the first Catholic temperance society in Baltimore, which formed the nucleus of that great society, the Confraternity of the Sacred Thirst.

In his visits as a priest, Father McColgan saw many evidences of neglect in parents towards their growing sons, and he conceived the idea of establishing a home in which such lads might be taught useful trades and receive a wholesome Christian education.

Archbishop Spalding, to whom he explained his views, readily approved of the plan. A meeting was held at which twenty thousand dollars were subscribed by the Catholics of Baltimore, and by personal exertions Father McColgan obtained many other donations, which soon enabled him to found the institution, and to gather therein many neglected boys, regardless of creed. By his influence he also secured the passage by city council and State legislature of measures which made it a semi-public institution. Baltimore has reason to pride herself upon St. Mary's Industrial School and its corps of zealous Xaverians, and she is ever ready to give evidence of her appre-

ciation both by open words of praise and by substantial contributions from her treasury.



ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, BALTIMORE, MD.

Brother Dominic, the leader of that faithful band of self-sacrificing brothers, is a man of great force of character and loftiness of spirit. Nor is that loftiness of spirit to be confused with hauteur, nor his force of character inimical to gentleness of method. It is his constant care, as it is also that of his associate brothers, to turn into proper channels the natural propensities of his charges. No boy leaves St. Mary's with the stamp of the reformatory upon him; no boy leaves St. Mary's with broken spirit and crushed ambition. In his person is respected and defended the priceless jewel of human liberty. He is not thrown into a mould to issue forth stamped with another's will, but he is tenderly guarded, his lessons made easy and pleasant, and kindness and benevolence are the weapons which conquer in almost every case.

The well-known missionary, Rev. Simon Herderick, C.P., sums up the qualities of St. Mary's Industrial School, in an in-

terview granted a reporter of the Baltimore *American* at the close of a spiritual retreat given to the boys.

"I have been in many institutions," remarked Father Herderick, "without commission and commissioned by the governors of New York and New Jersey, but nowhere is there anything to approach St. Mary's Industrial School. No bars, no manacles, no cat-o'-nine-tails, no whips, no lash, no cells, no bread and water, no keepers, no 'whaling expeditions,' no 'red juice,' and a condition of morality that no aggregation of boys anywhere, gathered for any purpose, can surpass, if they can equal! Brother Dominic and his Xaverian associates have done a marvellous work, and I shall commend them and their methods wheresoever I go to all interested in the preservation of youth. By the way, did the gentlemen who recently pondered the problem, 'What to do with our boys,' have a conference with Brother Dominic?"

The youth that enters St. Mary's finds there a great republic, where good conduct and desire for advancement are always encouraged and rewarded. His stay depends on himself. He needs no "influence" to secure his withdrawal. He is well fed, warmly clothed, and *especially* he has time for play.

The brothers, with true religious fervor, lose their identity in their labor. They are never separate from their pupils, but in work or play are their constant companions, though their presence is never regarded as a menace to freedom, the boys well understanding and appreciating the affectionate interest of their teachers.

St. Mary's School is an immense structure fronting on the Frederick Road, one of the principal thoroughfares leading into Baltimore. A large farm is attached, and the building itself is fitted with every equipment necessary for the acquirement of the trades. In 1897 eight hundred boys received shelter and instruction in the institution. Each boy is obliged to attend school, the hours for study being conveniently arranged to suit age and employments. Thorough and substantial progress has been made in all the lines of study, which embraces the branches necessary for a complete business education.

A thorough knowledge of the trades is acquired under skilled mechanics, and a practical acquaintance with them obtained by the application of such to the present demands of the institution. Thus, the boys in the carpenter shop assist with the repairing of the exterior and interior of the buildings. Those in the painting and glazing departments aid in renovating such

portions as need freshening from time to time. In the "House" tailor shop is made and repaired all the clothing required by the boys. The same may be said of the hosiery department; whilst in the bakery are employed five boys, who convert barrels of flour into bread, cakes, and pies for the use of the inmates. Five large greenhouses give occupation to a number, whilst the farm of fifty acres, once a dense forest of trees and undergrowth, but now cleared and drained, yields as a result of the boys' labors cereals and vegetables of

THE TAILOR SHOP.

such excellent quality as to always command the highest market price.

The brothers are justly proud of *St. Mary's World*, a neat little journal that issues from the press at St. Mary's Industrial School. It is a model of type-setting and printing, and would put to shame many a more pretentious sheet. Its entertaining and instructive pages are a source of edification to the boys, and many compliments have been paid the same by leading journals of Baltimore. The type-setting and press-work are done entirely by the boys of the school, and the interest which they must take in a publication of their very own is in itself

a training in language perhaps superior to any other method in ordinary use.

The amusements during recreation hours include all the games that engross the attention of boys everywhere. Foot-ball is practised, but under regulations that secure invigorating exercise without the possibility of danger to life and limb. In base-ball the boys have achieved high honors, the Seniors winning twenty-nine out of thirty-four games in contests with the best amateur clubs of Baltimore.

Perhaps nothing is more conducive to pleasure, however, than the music of the three bands, under the direction of a capable professor. The brass band consists of thirty-six boys, the orchestra of twenty-four, the fife and drum corps of thirty, whilst there are five trumpeters. There is also a vocal class of two hundred and fifty boys.

An annex of St. Mary's, which has been doing valuable work, is St. James's Home for working-boys, which was established in Baltimore City, by Cardinal Gibbons, in 1878. This is, of course, in charge of the Xaverian Brothers, and furnishes a home for worthy working-boys, who, after obtaining employment, contribute a small portion of their wages to defray the expenses of the household. Thus is fostered a feeling of independence, and besides there is furnished a pleasant security from the baneful influences of the world.

In 1875 the second chapter of the Xaverian Congregation was held at the parent-house in Bruges, and at this chapter the three provinces, Belgium, England, and America, were created. The provincial chosen for the American Province was Brother Alexius, who had acted as superior both in Bruges and Manchester, and who had besides for six years directed St. Mary's Industrial School.

One of the new provincial's first acts was to secure a suitable novitiate for the candidates of the order, and a favorable location was obtained in a large property on the Frederick Road, west of Baltimore. A substantial building was erected and solemnly dedicated as the novitiate, under the name of Mount St. Joseph, November 30, 1876. Simultaneously the Brother Provincial, at the instance of the clergy, opened a school for young men which was incorporated under the name of Mount St. Joseph's College. Both institutions have proved a success, the former adding from year to year many recruits to the army of Xaverian educators, and the latter carrying on its roll an average of a hundred pupils annually.

No Catholic college in the South bears a higher reputation than Mount St. Joseph's has achieved under the able direction of Brother Alexius, Provincial of the American Province and President of the College. Although over seventy years of age, the years sit lightly upon the truly noble face of the zealous provincial. Despite the cares and anxiety incident to such an office, he wears the appearance of manhood's prime. In fact, the ease with which the Xaverian Brothers bear the weight of years has frequently been a subject of wonder. To attain the age of seventy, eighty, or even ninety years is a common thing, whilst piety without singularity and suavity of manner are the distinguishing marks of their character.

BROTHER JOSEPH.

BROTHER CHRYSOSTOM.

BROTHER PAUL.

In the management of affairs at Mount St. Joseph's Brother Alexius is ably assisted by Brother Joseph, the director and vice-president of the institution, who was also the first member of the Brotherhood in America. Of Irish birth and education, we find him leaving home in early youth and filling with merit a position of trust under the English government.

BROTHER VINCENT.

BROTHER ISIDORE.

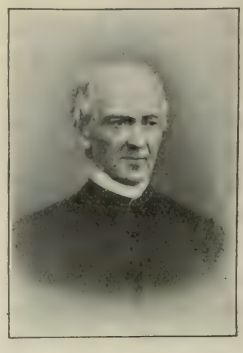
In the early fifties we discover him in America, where, in Louisville, Ky., after a career of honor and usefulness, his restless ambition finds unfailing peace in the quiet cell of the Xaverian Brother.

Brother Joseph was director of the colony of Xaverians that entered Baltimore in 1872, his first charge being at St. Patrick's school. Affairs here were found in a state of chaos, but under his masterful direction things assumed a proper shape and to-day no school stands higher. In many of the municipal chambers, editorial chairs, offices of prominent business houses and railroad companies, young men are found who attended St. Patrick's school when Brother Joseph taught there, whilst lawyers, doctors, and priests point to him with pride as their beloved and honored tutor.

Any account of Mount St. Joseph's, how slight soever, would be incomplete indeed without a mention of another, who in the capacity of prefect of studies has for the space of thirty years given an example of wisdom, tact, and unfailing devotion to duty which has won and held every heart whose good fortune it is to have met and known him—the noble Brother Isidore.

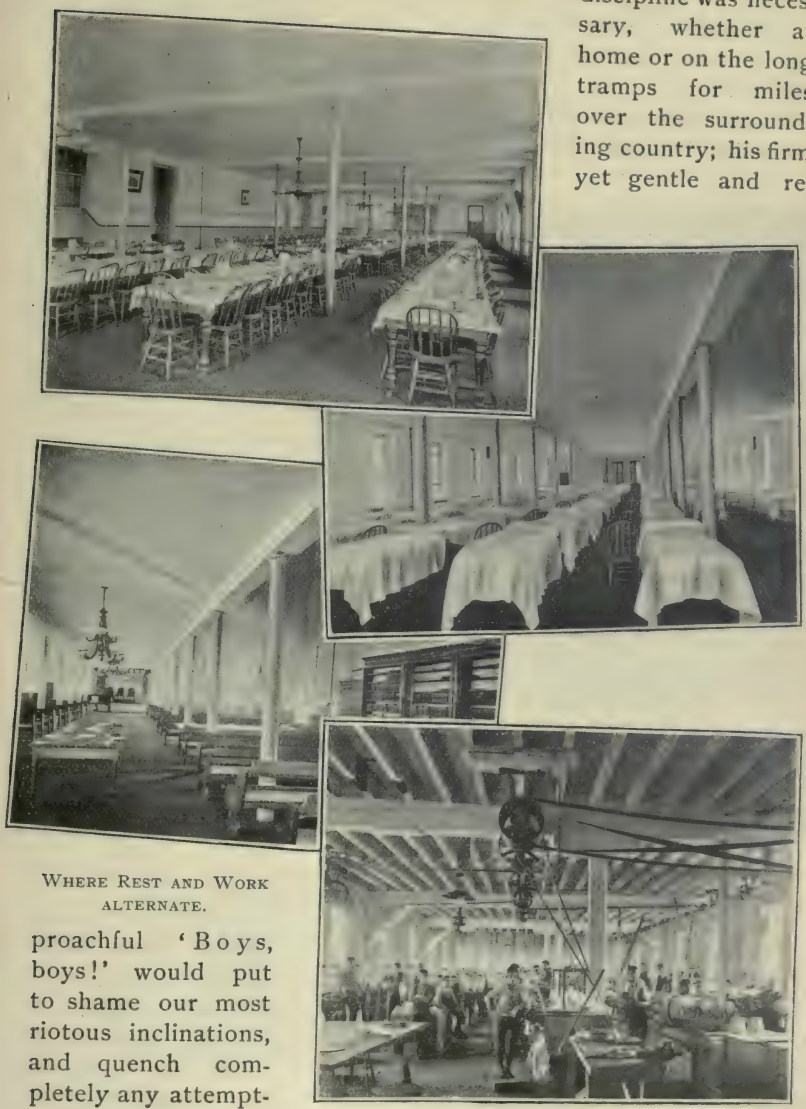
With a gracious and commanding presence he combines a charm of manner and a firm yet kindly dignity which, magnetic in their manifestation, serve to conquer the most incorrigible by gentleness, and to lead the more willing youth to heights never dreamed of by him before.

Whether in the class-room, making easy and pleasant the perplexing mysteries of book-lore, or in recreation hall, relating many a merry experience of a busy life, or on the grounds, released from the restraining walls—the best hour of all to a boy—the wonderful influence of Brother Isidore is remembered now by world-weary men, who recall with pleasurable emotion the ne'er forgotten days at their beloved Alma Mater.



BROTHER FRANCIS.

"A *look* was enough from him," I have heard an old pupil say. "No rod nor



WHERE REST AND WORK ALTERNATE.

discipline was necessary, whether at home or on the long tramps for miles over the surrounding country; his firm yet gentle and reproachful 'Boys, boys!' would put to shame our most riotous inclinations, and quench completely any attempted infringement of the rules."

No fairer spot could have been selected than the one which marks the situation of Mount St. Joseph's. It is within easy reach of the Monumental City, and the commodious building, with its charmingly appointed grounds, is a fit ornament for a

section with which Nature has been generous in her gifts. Smiling fields, rich in grass and grain, spread to the gates of the college, and all around it is a country rich in historic memories.

Kentucky and Maryland are not alone the scenes of the Xaverian Brothers' labors. At the instigation of different pre-

THE "STARS" BASE-BALL GROUNDS, ST. MARY'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, BALTIMORE, MD.

lates, they have been introduced into Richmond, Virginia; Wheeling, West Virginia, and into Massachusetts, where they conduct schools in Lowell and Lawrence. At Danvers, Mass., is St. John's Normal College, where a thorough course in normal, literary, and scientific training is pursued by aspirants to the great army of educators, assembled under the standard of St. Francis Xavier. This magnificent property was christened "Stonycroft" by its one time neighbor, the poet Whittier.

The sons of St. Xavier, ever anxious to enlarge their field of usefulness, have recently purchased a magnificent property at Old Point Comfort, where there will be immediately begun a series of buildings to bear the name of Old Point Comfort College. Apart from all the interior equipments necessary for

health, study, and comfort, there will be a diamond, and bowling alley, and hand-ball court, but the brothers will make it their aim here, as in all their colleges, that brawn will be subordinated to brain; the intellectual man will take precedence of the physical man. And let me here ask if it might not be well for some of our colleges, presided over by others than religious, to gather a grain of wisdom from such a suggestion? How is it that we daily see noted in papers and magazines the progress of our young men in base-ball, foot-ball, rowing and swimming, but rarely, I may say never, a word as to their attainments in letters? Are the future rulers of our nation to be the long-locked, muscular creatures who figure so conspicuously in our journals as the models of "college education"? If so, then may we well exclaim: "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"

Our safety in the present, our hope for the future, lies in the methods of educators, for they are directly applicable to the orderly growth of religious life. And without religion what have we? Chaos! To the religious, then, we must look for the profitable instruction of our youth, and under their benign influence we may hope, without presumption, for a day when carping doubt and wretched infidelity shall be no more.

HOW MY UNCLE LOST HIS WILL.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

AM quite aware that ghost-stories are not the fashion nowadays; we have done away with such nonsense for ever, and explained all theories of a supernatural agency with good, sound common-sense facts, which appeal to our highly cultivated reasoning powers. If any one sees ghosts it is due to disordered nerves or a disordered liver, or treated altogether as a practical joke of a somewhat played-out character. But in spite of our vaunted progress and superiority to such things, I think human nature is much the same in this nineteenth century of phonographs and Röntgen rays as it was in the good old days when all men believed in spirits.

However, be this as it may, I never was much of a believer in ghosts; in fact, had not given the subject any consideration whatever, having been far too much occupied with other things, besides being a most practical person, without a touch of dreaminess or superstition in my composition. Therefore the story I am about to relate, which is the one incomprehensible episode in my otherwise humdrum life, may be interesting to others who feel in the same way about spiritual occurrences.

Of course those who sit in the seats of the scornful may explain the thing in the most lucid and scientific manner possible and in a way wholly convincing to themselves, but to me it is one of the mysteries of life and will always remain such. So I can only relate the facts as they happened, and leave wiser brains than mine to decide their meaning. But now for my story, which from this preamble may appear a much more exciting affair than it really is.

In the days when it all happened, not so many years ago, I was a young lawyer waiting patiently for the briefs that were so slow to come. I had my office in a good building in a prominent street (which cost me, by the way, far more than I could afford), but no luck ever seemed to come my way; and as time went on I became thoroughly depressed, for the outlook was anything but hopeful, and my little capital, slender at the best, slowly decreased. A profession or business of some kind was

absolutely necessary for me, for I was not like many fellows who have rich fathers to fall back upon if their playing at a profession fails as a means of livelihood.

My father had died a year before, when I was at Harvard; and when affairs were settled up it was found that we were considerably poorer than we had imagined, and my mother had only a small annuity on which she could just manage to live in comfort. Having studied for the law by my own special desire, and being at that time altogether hopeful of succeeding in it eventually, I hated to give up the profession I had chosen for a business which might bring me quicker returns, so I decided to struggle on awhile. My only near relative besides my mother was an old uncle, my father's eldest brother—reputed to be very rich but a terrible miser, and his behavior towards us after my father's death, at a time when he could have helped my mother in many ways, disgusted me with him. For myself I wanted neither his patronage nor support; for even from a child I disliked him and never willingly approached him.

A keen, successful business man himself, hard and stern, my uncle had the greatest possible contempt for my father's unlucky speculations, which had cost us so dear; and in the perfunctory visit of condolence he paid us, the only consolation he offered was the characteristic one that "poor Henry always was a fool in business matters, and he supposed his son would follow in his footsteps." This speech naturally did not mend matters between us, and relations became more strained than ever. The breach culminated about a year before the events I am about to relate took place, when I became engaged to Clare Summers, the prettiest girl in Baltimore, refined, lovely, and sweet in every way, and of a very good family, but, like myself, not over-blessed with this world's goods, and, moreover, the daughter of a man my uncle had had some business trouble with and disliked immensely. We were very much in love, Clare and I, and with love and youth between us and confidence of success, we felt all would come right in time, and were content to wait till fortune should walk in upon me suddenly, and I should wake up one morning and find myself famous.

Just after our engagement my uncle paid us one of his periodical visits (he only came when he had something disagreeable to say), and found my mother alone. He vented all his displeasure on her, working himself up to a state of perfect fury over the idea of "two young ignoramuses without a cent between them thinking of getting married," and winding up with

the parting assurance that if I persisted in this "unwarrantable folly" we should never see any of his money. And what my uncle says he does, as I have good reason to know. When I came home and heard of his visit my rage at his meddling in my affairs was almost equal to his own, and poor mother had to bear the brunt of two storms; but what mothers will endure is past the comprehension of mortal man.

Of course, like all hot-headed young fools, I lost no time in writing my uncle a letter, and telling him I would thank him not to trouble himself about my affairs; that I should marry whom I pleased, and he was quite at liberty to leave his money to any one he liked, as I had never counted on it in the least. Needless to relate, after my first passion cooled down I regretted the impetuosity of my letter, and my manner of wording it; but for the life of me I can't say yet that I regret the substance of it, for his attack was both unwarrantable and unjust.

We heard nothing more from my uncle after this, and I plodded on as best I could; but it nearly drove me wild to think of Clare, wasting her bright young girlhood waiting for me, when she might have had so many richer and better fellows than myself.

In fact, I had almost determined to go to her and break the engagement, cost me what it would; for it was an injustice to ask her to continue it. Through all my disappointments and failures my darling stood by me, and her brave, cheery words of hope were my only solace in a world that looked black enough to discourage any one.

And, indeed, I began to think the worst had come to the worst one cold winter day early in the new year, when I sat in my chilly little office (I couldn't afford to heat it even with a gas-stove) and looked dismally around from the scanty furniture and grim old law-books which formed my only stock-in-trade to my light pocket-book, where a few dollar-bills were the only thing left between me and failure, unless I drew on my mother's small allowance, which I had steadily refused to do in spite of her repeated generous offers—the dear mother! Just as I was seriously turning over in my mind by what work I was best adapted to earn an honest living, a ring came at my door, and the hope that springs eternal in the human breast rose within me and I straightened myself up in the expectation of the long-looked-for client. Alas for my hopes! It turned out to be only the postman with a letter; but even a

letter was better than nothing in the present low ebb of affairs, and I took it eagerly, only to experience a fresh thrill of disappointment when I recognized in the address my uncle's characteristic handwriting, minute almost to invisibility.

I knew the man too well not to believe that he had anything pleasant to communicate, and I was well aware that no idea of relenting would ever come into his flinty old heart. The letter was short, business-like, and to the point; altogether so like my uncle that I had to laugh there by myself when I had finished it—but not a mirthful laugh by any means! It ran:

"DEAR NEPHEW HENRY: I wish to make a new will, having mislaid my old one; and as you are my brother's son and a lawyer (though I hate the whole race of them), I feel it my duty to give you a little business in spite of your unwarrantable behavior to me. Of course, not being interested in the will in any way (as I told you at our last meeting), it is quite legal that you should draw it up! Therefore I shall be obliged if you can make it convenient to come out to Allanmore tomorrow evening and do this business for me. I will send carriage to meet you at 7:30 train.

"Yours sincerely,

"JOHN ALLANMORE WEST."

What did the old man mean by this communication? Did he only want to remind me, for fear I might be tempted to forget the fact, that I was cut off his inheritance, or was it in contemptuous pity for my briefless state, or even perhaps intended as a grim practical joke? My uncle, however, was by no means inclined to joking of any sort, and I decided to write him an instant refusal, alleging too much occupation in the city as an excuse. But the extreme absurdity of it struck me in its most ludicrous light as I thought of how easily my urgent engagements could be postponed. At the same time I felt anything but inclined to eat humble pie, and accept that curt and peremptory summons just when he chose to extend the hand of patronage to me. "The old miser wants to save lawyer's fees by employing me," I thought, "for I'm morally certain it is not from any love of his nephew. I believe I will astonish him after all by taking him at his word, as nothing better offers just now, and if he tries to get the better of me he will find his match."

My uncle's letter had come just at the right time. Under

other circumstances I would not even have noticed it, but I had grown so desperate with enforced inaction that I positively welcomed a change of any sort—a tangible something to which I could lay my hand.

So I went home and informed my mother of my intentions, showing her uncle's letter, over which she waxed highly indignant, packed my slender portmanteau, and started next evening for Allanmore in a not particularly Christian frame of mind. Like all local trains, the train simply crept through the snow-covered fields of the dreary winter landscape; and when it finally drew up at the country station which was the nearest point to Allanmore, the short January twilight was already falling, damp and chilly. My uncle's carriage, which waited for me, was a lumbering, heavy affair, of the kind probably in fashion in the colonial days; and it was drawn by two fat old horses of ancient and solid appearance. But the inside of the vehicle proved most luxurious, and as I sank back into its roomy depths it appeared by no means the worst place one could choose for a long two-hours' drive through the hill-country, when the bleak winds were whistling outside with a cutting blast.

It scarcely seemed half-an-hour before we were passing the stone gates of my uncle's mansion, and bowling smoothly along the gloomy avenue of sycamores which led to the house. As we drew up at last before the portico with its imposing columns the house presented an appearance of uniform and absolute gloom; for not a light appeared at any of the windows, and I reflected half-jokingly, half-angrily, that my uncle had certainly not killed the fatted calf for my arrival.

By the time the coachman had ponderously descended from his perch and opened the door of the carriage, the hall door was flung open and an old butler appeared, holding up a lamp, behind which he peered out cautiously into the darkness—evidently expecting that I might be bringing a band of tramps or house-breakers in my train. He ushered me into a fine old oak-wainscoted hall, which looked cold and dreary even with its huge open fire-places, and explained to me on the way to my room that Mr. West never left his rooms in the evening, but would be pleased to see me after I had dined.

Matters were better in my own room, for it was small and cozy, more modern-looking than the gloomy apartments we had passed, and even boasted a small though economical fire.

After telling me that dinner would be served as soon as I was ready, the old butler took himself off with his lamp,

leaving me to the mild radiance of a couple of wax candles; and when my simple toilet was completed I proceeded to descend, but was somewhat taken aback at finding no light in the corridor, so I had to return for one of my tall silver candle-sticks to light me on the way. After several wrong turns —for the house seemed to be fairly overrun with corridors and staircases—I finally found my way to the dining-room, where my old friend, the irreproachable butler, waited on me in gloomy state.

It was a splendid apartment, hung with fine old family portraits, among which the most recent was my Uncle John, with his keen, cold face and piercing eyes, and as I sat in solitary magnificence in an oasis of light at the end of the long table, with a hearty appetite disposing of the various dishes the butler brought me, I wondered fancifully what would be done with all this brave company of Allanmores when their present owner went over to the majority. They would very likely be knocked down in a job-lot by an auctioneer, or perhaps my uncle might leave his portrait to my mother and myself as a token of his affection. He was quite capable of doing such a thing. One matter, however, the old gentleman had not economized on in this dreary old mansion of his, and that was his *chef;* for I never sat down to a better-cooked, better-served dinner.

I can see my *fin-de-siècle* reader raising his eyebrows as he reads my comments on the dinner, and saying with superior intuition, "*That* explains the ghost-story." But let me observe from the outset that the argument will not answer, for, fortunately for myself, I have the digestion of that much-abused bird, the ostrich; and even now, in my sober middle-age, have yet to taste the dinner which could give me the nightmare.

As I sat after dinner, smoking an excellent cigar, waiting till it should suit my uncle to summon me, it appeared altogether a desirable thing to own all this solid luxury and comfort; and I sighed as I thought of Clare, and how well it would have suited her stately beauty to be chatelaine of this fine old mansion, instead of a poor man's wife, with all the sordidness and petty troubles of a daily struggle with scanty means.

It is well for a man to be obliged to work and have the spur of necessity, for it brings out the manliness of his nature; but for a woman it is another thing, and, in spite of the New-

Woman theory, I think a woman is better and happier in her home life, undisturbed by business and its cares.

More and more bitter grew my thoughts as I went over "what might have been" under different circumstances; and when the noiseless butler approached once more to say that "Master would be pleased to see me now if quite convenient," I rose in anything but a complaisant humor to face my grim old kinsman, feeling more than half-inclined to throw the whole business over, and let the old miser find some one else to draw up his will than his much-injured nephew. But my good angel prevailed, and in the end I found myself meekly following the man along the interminable, badly-lighted corridors towards my uncle's rooms, which were situated in a modern wing of the house far apart. We had traversed, as it seemed to me, a distance of about half a mile, when the butler paused at last at a door at the very end of the corridor, knocked, and threw open the door, announcing pompously, "Mr. Henry West."

A tall figure drew itself slowly out of a capacious chair to greet me, and I could hardly restrain a start of surprise when I recognized in this feeble, aged figure, with its white hair, my Uncle John, whom I had last seen, barely two years ago, a hale and hearty man. Defiant as I felt, my feelings were somewhat softened by his appearance, and, as if divining this and resenting it, the old man hastened to greet me with one of his usual sharp speeches.

"Well, nephew Henry," he said testily as he shook hands, "don't stand there staring as if you had seen a ghost! I am changed, no doubt, since we met, but I tell you, young man, one doesn't pass through an illness like mine of last winter without its telling upon one, and I am no longer as young as I was!"

Taken aback by this direct reference to my thoughts, I stammered something about not being aware of his illness, etc.

"Of course not," he snapped; "you are not in the habit of troubling yourself much whether I live or die; but," with a keen glance under his shaggy eyebrows, "I don't mean to die just yet, and in any case it won't make any difference to you. By the way, do you still keep up that confounded nonsense with the Summers girl, or have you come to your senses at last?"

If he had intended to rouse me from my first impulse of pity for him into a deliberate rage, he succeeded thoroughly. All my old dislike and antagonism came back redoubled at his taunting words, and I was beginning a reply as insulting as his

own when it struck me how thoroughly childish it was to quarrel with an old man like this. So with an effort I restrained myself, and said in studiedly calm tones:

"I don't think I came here to discuss my private affairs, Uncle John, so we will leave them alone, if you please. I understood you wished to see me on business matters; but if this is not so, I must ask you to excuse me, as I have no time to waste on useless discussions."

"Hoity-toity!" quoth my uncle indignantly; "what are the young people coming to, dictating what their elders shall say—private affairs, business matters, forsooth!" And he went on with a torrent of angry words; but there was an odd twinkle in his eye as after awhile he drew his dispatch-box toward him, and proceeded to give me all the instructions about his will in the most business-like manner; and when it was drawn up in due form, and I read it to him for his signature, he nodded approvingly from time to time as if in high good humor over the disposal of his property. I believe the old wretch thought he was inflicting a terrible punishment upon me in doing this; but it really troubled me very little now who fell heir to his miserable money, as long as I was out of the running. At last all the formalities were completed, two of the men about the place were called in to witness the document, and the business ended. I waited in silence to hear if the old man had anything else to say, determined not to be the first to commence a conversation. He threw himself back into his chair with an air of relief, looking at me furtively from time to time, as if to see the result of his tactics; but my bored air of utter indifference had produced its effect upon him, as I knew it would, and he grew really angry at last, piqued at his failure to draw me out; so I was not surprised when he wished me a curt good-night, signifying his desire of being alone. Equally ready to gratify him, I jumped up at once and moved towards the door, but just as I opened it he called after me:

"As you confine yourself so strictly to business matters, nephew, perhaps it will not suit you to wait till to-morrow morning for your fee, but I must ask you to do so, as it is inconvenient for me to give it to you just now."

If he thought I would say he did not owe me anything he was greatly mistaken, for I intended having my pound of flesh as well as himself; so, disregarding the sneer in his voice, I merely answered coolly that it would do perfectly well in the morning, for I felt if the conversation continued my powers of

endurance would not hold out, and I should end by giving my uncle a piece of my mind.

When I reached my room it was nearly twelve o'clock, and I locked the door of my sanctum behind me with a feeling of relief, and prepared for a comfortable smoke by the fire, being glad to be alone once more, for my uncle's power of stinging and irritating me to the last degree had been fully exercised to-night. I was determined it should be the last time, and that before I went away I would let him know in plain terms that he and I were to be strangers for the future, as I had had enough of this sort of thing. Then I began thinking over what lay before me, seriously now, for all hope of ever inheriting a penny from Uncle John had been settled to-night, and it was time to be up and doing. But I was very tired, and gradually the warmth and the soothing influence of my cigar combined began to tell on me. I found myself, in spite of my very real trouble and anxiety, becoming prosaically drowsy, and I made up my mind to go to bed and follow the wise advice of letting to-morrow take care of itself.

I must have slept the very instant my head touched the pillow, for I remember no more after blowing out the candle and climbing into the old-fashioned wooden bedstead till I woke suddenly with a start from an unusually vivid dream, in which I thought I saw Clare walking away from me down a long passage. From time to time she would turn and beckon to me, and I tried to follow, but never seemed to come any nearer, after the elusive manner of dreams.

I rubbed my eyes, sat up, and became thoroughly awake in a second, with that strange sense of the quickening and perception of the mental powers which so often follows a sudden wakening from a dream. But the strangest thing about it was that the footsteps went on as they had done before in my dream of Clare—softly, continuously, with a firm, even tread; but instead of receding, they seemed to be coming steadily nearer. Silence, complete and utter, reigned in the house, a silence almost oppressive, when one's own breathing and the ticking of the watch were unnaturally loud and startling, and only the sound of the monotonous footsteps continued, softly echoing down the corridor, coming nearer and nearer till they paused outside my door. I thought immediately of my uncle, that perhaps he was ill or needed something, and I waited for a second in expectation of a knock at the door, then called out "Who's there?"

No answer came, so I repeated my question. Still no response; so I decided on the usual solution of a midnight mystery in old houses—"rats"—turned over again and tried to sleep, having, as I said before, very little imagination and not being in the least nervous. But sleep seemed a difficult thing to-night, after my first sudden waking, and I lay there quiet but utterly sleepless, turning over in my mind the events of the day, when suddenly the footsteps began again, but this time in my room and coming towards the bedside. This was too much for human endurance. "Who are you?" I called again, springing out of bed and fumbling to light a match, for the fire had gone out, and the room was in total darkness and filled with an icy air which chilled me through and through.

I struck and struck in vain with the matches, which obstinately refused to light, as they always do when wanted, and again as I did so the footsteps sounded, this time nearer than ever, as if a person were slowly pacing round the room.

At last the match caught and the watery gleam of the candle lighted the room dimly. I gazed around with dazed eyes, expecting at least to see some shadowy figure start up out of the gloom. But not a thing was visible! I found my revolver, and clutching it in my hand searched in every nook and corner of the room, carefully lifting my candle to see. The fastenings of both door and window were alike undisturbed and absolutely nothing was to be found. Once more I tried to persuade myself it was a mistake, when the footsteps came again, actually *passing me* where I stood transfixed in the middle of the room, so closely that I could have touched the person (had there been an earthly being to touch). It is no exaggeration to say that at that moment my blood fairly ran cold with horror, for this was no tangible thing I had to deal with. If it had even been something I could *see*, the horror of the situation would have been lessened; but to stand there petrified, helpless, with those soft footfalls echoing around me, unable to speak or move—for when I tried to speak the words froze on my lips—with that weird, invisible presence surrounding and enveloping me, was horrifying.

A moment more and I felt my senses would have left me, when the footsteps appeared to recede from my side and pass towards the door, and then I heard them outside the locked door once more and pacing down the corridor!

"My God!" I gasped, when, as if delivered from some terrible oppression, the power of speech came back to me again.

Great drops of perspiration stood out on my forehead and my heart beat with throbs that seemed as though they were audible, while I felt as if struck by some sudden and crushing blow almost depriving me of thought and movement.

But with the steadily receding footsteps my terror seemed to fade a little and my practical nature speedily reasserted itself. Hastily I managed to get on some things and, grasping the candle in one hand and the revolver in the other, forced myself to set out for the door with stumbling steps, though a strong physical aversion to my task seemed to prevent me.

I unlocked the door with difficulty, for my fingers were trembling, and passed out into the corridor. Here, instead of the total darkness I had left it in when I retired to bed, the corridor was now literally *ablaze and flooded with light!* A large lamp was placed in a bracket on the wall, but I had not noticed its being lighted on my way to my room. At any rate, it was turned up now and flaring to its highest extent, blazing above and below the chimney, which was cracked in several places, and the panelling of the wall behind it was blistered and discolored by the strong heat. Nothing can be more uncanny in a quiet, deserted house at midnight than a strong, blazing light which almost seems to accentuate the utter stillness. It was the last touch needed to complete the strange occurrences of the night. I hesitated a moment, looked out on the windows of the corridor which gave on the garden side of the house, and then, opening one wide, I snatched the bronze lamp out of its bracket and threw it out of the window with all my strength as far as I could throw.

Not a moment too soon, for, not being the modern safety lamp, it exploded suddenly as it fell, but the flames were instantly extinguished in the wet grass. How I ever touched the lamp with my trembling fingers and carried it to the window is one of the mysteries of that most mysterious night, but sometimes strength, which afterwards seems incredible, is given to us in moments of bodily weakness.

I took up my candle and again resumed my journey along the corridor, for having recovered a little strength and courage with my physical exertions I obstinately determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. I opened every door and examined every recess, but nothing was there and not a sound disturbed the terrible stillness that reigned in this quiet house, where not a soul but myself seemed living and breathing. I paused for a second baffled, and once again came the sound of the

mysterious footsteps—slowly, softly, down some steps which lay just before me, bringing with them a renewed chill of cold horror. But I persevered in following and found myself at last in the new wing where my uncle's rooms lay. A faint glimmer of light shone out from under the door of the library, so he was evidently still awake, and it gave me a feeling of relief to realize that another human being shared my midnight vigils. Not a movement, however, came from within the room, and silence reigned supreme, unbroken even by the ghostly footsteps, which had now completely ceased. I knocked at the door, but no answer came. I pushed the door open, not without a feeling of apprehension as to what might confront me, for the events of the night had somewhat unhinged my nerves.

To my horror, as I opened it, a smell of burning filled the air and a dull, smouldering flame of fire leaped up into a blaze, fanned by the draught of the suddenly opening door.

The room was on fire! All the papers and inflammable matter on the writing-table were burnt, and the steady flames were creeping up the tapestry window-curtains near it. I instantly perceived the originator of the mischief in the guttering wax candle fallen from the candlestick, which had first ignited the papers. The arm-chair beside the table was empty—this much I could see through the clouds of thick yellow smoke already filling the room in volumes, so I tried to make my way to the further door leading to my uncle's bedroom to warn him of his peril before alarming the house, but at the first step I stumbled heavily over a prostrate figure near the window—my uncle, lying face downwards, motionless and rigid, apparently asphyxiated!

Unspeakably awful was the situation: alone in that burning room with the dead man in my arms, half choked with the fumes of smoke, and groping desperately for the bell-rope to ring, for though I lifted my voice again and again in a desperate cry for help no answer came.

I managed to turn my uncle slightly so as to feel his heart, and to my surprise found it still beating. With a superhuman effort and the courage hope had given me I half-carried, half-dragged him from the library into the passage, and then, darting back through the burning room to his bedroom beyond, almost tore the bell-rope down in my desperation, still shouting for help as I did so.

As a final effort I tried firing off my revolver, and at last, to my intense relief, heard a replying shout and a sound of doors hastily thrown open in the distance. In a second the quiet house became a scene of bustling confusion, for the butler, my uncle's valet, and many of the servants appeared—most of them in a half-dazed condition at being so suddenly aroused.

It was the work of a moment to send one of them for the doctor and two others to carry my uncle to a room far away from the fire, whilst the rest of us, with the help of the grooms and stablemen, who brought their hose and buckets into play through the windows, managed, after considerable exertion, to put out the fire, which by now had made considerable headway.

When I saw that all was going well, I returned to my uncle and found him quite revived, by the aid of the restoratives his valet had given him, and able to recognize me when I approached him. In the meantime the doctor arrived, and judging from his astonished appearance when he beheld me I must have presented a curious figure as I arose from my uncle's bedside all blackened by smoke and flames and singed out of recognition, though fortunately not burnt.

He had evidently received some explanation of the affair from the servant, and immediately proceeded to examine my uncle; and, after asking me a few questions as to how I found him, etc., declared that the old man was not in the least injured, but only shaken and stunned by his heavy fall, and that a little rest and care would bring him round again speedily. After taking a few hours' sleep, for it was daylight, I made a thorough inspection of the premises and the grounds, questioning all the servants and trying to find some clue to last night's mystery; but in the end I was obliged to confess myself thoroughly at a loss to account for it in any way.

The fire and my uncle's peril had completely banished the subject from my mind for the time being, but now that I was at ease concerning that, the mysterious footsteps and the strange light which had actually been the means of my discovering the fire, absolutely haunted my thoughts. The more I tried to understand it the more mysterious they appeared. My obstinate convictions on such matters die hard; but facts are more than convictions, and I acknowledged in my innermost thoughts that those had been no human footsteps that I followed last night along the corridors of Allanmore,

but a warning sent by Heaven in order that I might be the means of saving human life; else why, why had they penetrated even to my very bedside, and guided me straight to the door of my uncle's library? We think we are so unerring in our proud philosophy, we poor mortals, and in the great light of science which beats so strongly on our dying century, we can explain all things by natural causes. But let one ray from that spirit world which encompasses us like the air we breathe fall across our path, and we are fain to lay down our armor and confess ourselves vanquished by a power higher and more farseeing than our own. My meditations were interrupted by a message from my uncle asking to see me.

Now, I had made up my mind it was no use telling about the mysterious footsteps, for people would either think I was drawing on my imagination for effect, or else that I was slightly out of my mind—a conclusion I should most certainly have jumped at myself had any one told me such a tale.

My uncle, however, began the conversation; and, holding out his hand, said bluntly, coming straight to the point as was his wont: "I have a great deal to thank you for, nephew Henry. If it had not been for your presence in the house last night and your prompt assistance I should now be burnt to a cinder, and a coroner's inquest would be taking place here to-day; that is to say, if the house hadn't been burnt to the ground too! Believe me, I am grateful for your goodness, for we did not part on the best of terms last night, and after all it would not have been much more than I deserved had you let me alone. By the way," he said suddenly, "why didn't you let me burn? for if you had, you would have found yourself heir to my property this morning."

"Do you take me for a villain and a murderer as well as an idiot, Uncle John?" I asked indignantly. As usual, we were not many minutes together before we began to quarrel. "I only did my duty in rescuing you, as I would have rescued any human creature from a horrible death; and if I had not been there, your valet or some one else would have found you in time, so there is nothing so wonderful about it after all."

"Yes, my valet, very likely!" snapped my uncle with scorn; "away at the other end of the house, and hard to wake as the Seven Sleepers. No, no, Henry West; you know very well you are talking nonsense; and it is to you and you alone I owe my life, even if you did only consider me as the abstract fellow-creature and not your poor uncle. Gratitude is a hard

pill to swallow, it seems, for any one as proud as you are, but you have to take it from me, young man, whether you will or not." And he chuckled to himself in a knowing way, till I began to think his mind must be wandering slightly.

"Look here, Henry," he said at last, "add one more favor to what you have already done me, and tell me the whole story of last night from the beginning. First of all, what made you come to my room?"

So I told him I had been awakened by some noise in the night, and starting off to see what it was, found my way to his room at last, and discovered it on fire, etc. I could see, however, he was not satisfied with my explanation, as he pursued the subject as to *why* I had come in his direction, so far from my own quarters, how I had found the way, etc., and as I perceived that he was getting feverishly excited over it, just to satisfy him I told him everything, just as you have heard it, secretly rather curious to see what he thought of it. Contrary to my expectations my uncle did not interrupt me with any incredulous questions or sneers, but heard me in profound silence to the end.

"It is a strange story—very strange," he repeated, after a prolonged pause. "The strangest thing I ever heard; but I know you, nephew Henry, and that you are telling me the truth. I don't believe in such things myself, never did. But there seems no other explanation to offer for this than one of a supernatural agency, and if the footsteps had not come you would not have been aroused. Though *why* my poor old, useless life should have been spared by an interposition of Divine Providence, seems a strange and incomprehensible thing to me. Well, well, God's ways are truly wonderful, and when you get to my age, nephew, you will find many things in this life not to be explained by your modern science, wonderful as you think it; but I am truly grateful for the mercy which has spared me. Perhaps God wishes to give me time to do better things with my life, for I've been a hard man in my time and refused him much I might have given him."

He seemed to be going off into a brown study, altogether lost in his thoughts and apparently oblivious of my presence; but suddenly he roused himself to say sharply: "You say you found me lying on my face last night in the library. Did you notice anything in my hand?"

I replied that I had not, for my only thought was to get him out of the burning room.

"And all the papers on the table were burnt too?" he persisted eagerly.

"Everything that was outside," I answered, "but the desk itself is uninjured beyond being charred and burnt a little at the sides."

"Then let me tell *my* story now," said my uncle gravely; "and you, nephew, will have the kindness not to interrupt me till the end.

"After you left me last night I began thinking things over, and didn't find myself quite so happy over the disposal of affairs as I thought; for the injustice of what I had done seemed to rise up and reproach me. I am getting old now, and don't look at things quite in the way I used, and many a time in my lonely old age I have wished to be friends with my only nephew and his mother. I certainly might have treated you better at the time your father died; indeed I had the intention of doing so, but your confounded pride (so like my own) always stood in the way, and it was a hard thing for an old man like me to make advances to a younger one. Then came that unfortunate affair of your engagement to"—I made a restless movement at this point, but my uncle held up his hand and proceeded—"don't be afraid, I am not going to say anything more about it; you have chosen for yourself, and it makes no difference now; but I don't like the girl all the same. Your obstinacy on that point, too, so contrary to all my wishes, and the letter you sent me just afterwards, settled any lingering weakness, for as you know, I am a hard man and obstinate, as you are yourself, and find it difficult to forgive a slight or crossing of my will.

"Well, I heard, as time went on, you were not succeeding in your sturdy independence, and I made up my mind the other day to ask you to come here on business and try another time if you were willing to give in; thinking, like the old fool I am, that the sight of all you were losing by your obstinacy might tempt you to succumb; but I might have known you better and foreseen what exactly happened—that it would make you more set in your way than ever. Then last night I got angry again with your cool way of shutting me up, and thought you had all you deserved for being so pig-headed; but, as I say, the instant you walked out of the room with your head in the air I felt I was a blundering old fellow and had expected you to put up with more than human flesh and blood could bear. So I thought and thought of what way

I could get out of it without giving up my pride, and I began to look for the old will I had mislaid—turning out drawers and corners I haven't been to for years; and I found it at last in a long-forgotten secret drawer, for my memory is not as good as it used to be. But I was glad to find it, for my obstinacy would not have let me make another even then. However, I was weak and tired after my long search, bending over drawers and cupboards and staying awake so late in the night, beyond my usual time; but before I went to bed I wanted to get the matter off my mind and do justice to you at last; so I took the will you drew up last night and held it to the flame of the candle to burn it slowly, but as I did so one of my old attacks of fearful dizziness and faintness suddenly came over me and I swayed back in the chair, falling to the ground, and I suppose knocking my head as I fell against the table, for I remember no more till I woke this morning in the bedroom. Now, I did not mean to divulge this, but I have told you so that you may know it was my intention to change my will *last night*, *before* all this happened; for I know too well that in your pride you would accept nothing from me had you thought it done out of gratitude. No, don't deny it; you think not now, perhaps, but if I had come to you this morning and offered to leave you my fortune *because* you saved my life, I can well imagine the way my gift would have been thrown back in my face with scant gratitude. Why, even this morning you would take no thanks nor acknowledge any indebtedness on my part.

"Well, you have heard my story, nephew Henry, and will believe it as one honest man believes another. And I can only ask you to forgive me, and think a little better of me in the future. It's not a pleasant tale for a man of my disposition to tell; but, hang it all, I owe you far more reparation than humbling my pride a little. Go away now and think about it, and when you feel you can get over it come and tell me; but don't let's talk about it any more."

I quite understood the old man's feelings—much the same as my own would have been under the circumstances—and I heartily grasped the hand he held out to me, for, as I told him, I also felt myself to blame for the estrangement which had parted us for years, for had I had less pride matters might have gone better all round.

Happily for us, however, a higher power had taken the guidance of affairs out of our hands and brought them to a happy conclusion; and who knows but what the occurrences of

that strange night at Allanmore had brought good to us both?

The next day, my uncle being much better, I left him to go home, and his last words to me on leaving were: "God bless you, Henry, for all you've done for me; don't forget to come and see me occasionally, for it will make new life in the old house to have your cheery presence in it sometimes. You and I are too much alike, lad, not to be friends, but"—lowering his voice—"don't bring the Summers girl to see me *too* soon. Let me get used to her gradually; but mind, I respect you for your obstinacy about it, all the same." I had to laugh at this characteristic parting as I drove away from Allanmore in the short dusk of a January afternoon, not without a shiver and chill as I looked up at the house where I had gone through such strange experiences.

When I reached home I found my mother and Clare together, and in a state of the greatest excitement, for they had read of the fire in a paper, but had no further news but my brief telegram telling of my own and my uncle's safety. Of course I had to go over the story again with every detail, and was made out something of a hero by my womankind; but they both looked pale and grave over the description of the footsteps, and Clare crept closer to me, with her great blue eyes dark and shining with excitement, and laying her hand softly on my arm, whispered: "Harry, it was your guardian angel, sent to warn you of the fire. He is always by your side, and why should he not be allowed to let you hear him in such a moment of peril?"

I had never thought of this explanation of my mysterious visitant; but God bless my darling for her beautiful faith, which is so divine a thing to our more material natures! It is certainly possible that might be the solution of the mystery; though Heaven knows I was not particularly worthy that such a mark of favor should be shown me, unless indeed it was on account of the prayers of those two good women whom I know are always praying for me.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S FOREIGN POLICY AND THE DREYFUS CASE.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

A GOOD deal of writing and speaking has taken place in America concerning the proposal for an Anglo-American alliance. I am not disposed to deprecate an alliance between the United Kingdom and the United States when it is for the advantage of both powers, but it is quite another thing when the idea is thrown out by a public man suspected by the ministry of which he is a member, and without a particle of influence among the rank and file of the Tory section of the Unionist party. Every one knows this section is the overwhelming majority of the party, that its success at the hustings is a fairly determinable matter; on the other hand, a hundred influences affect the candidature of a Liberal Unionist, and by no possibility could the most successful campaign make the Liberal Unionists anything more than a fragment of the coalition. Therefore, Mr. Chamberlain, the public man referred to, has not it in his power to establish an alliance on the part of the United Kingdom. I admit Lord Salisbury has thrown out baits for one with the United States, that his foreign policy has been cautious and creditable in many respects; and that conceivably if he led a strong Tory majority in both houses, instead of one held together by an uncertain influence which makes repulsion a temporary attraction, he would be warranted in entering on an alliance with any country. One of the baits thrown out by him was that Spain was a dying power, and this in connection with a double-barrelled suggestion: that the United States should be in at the death—that is, at the division of the spoils—and second, "England"—not the United Kingdom—would sustain the other against the European nations. England is "the predominant partner" in the Home-Rule controversy, according to the views of Lord Roseberry, but I totally deny that she is that in a war with civilized countries. England with Ireland against her would be as paralyzed as a man bound hand and foot. I may accept Mr. Gladstone's high-sounding illustration of the respective forces of England and

Ireland in conflict, namely, a great vessel of war dragging a boat behind her stern; but a war with France, a rebellion in Ireland, and infinite possibilities in England, and with the United States as a basis for operations in Canada, give quite another aspect to the boat trailed in the wake of the leviathan. These are considerations worth taking into account on both sides of the Atlantic.

INTERNATIONAL WIRE-PULLING.

But it is not Lord Salisbury who is the special promoter, the irresistible medium of the alliance. Mr. Chamberlain, who grasps great schemes, aims at securing Germany as an ally against France, and Russia and America as one against the world. The utter infamy of the policy by which a war between Germany and France is sought to be brought about is only in keeping with the smallness of the materials and the weakness of the influences set in motion by, or on behalf of, Mr. Chamberlain. An article appears in the *National Review* for June which is entitled "The Truth about Dreyfus." It is an attempt under the guise of a vindication of that officer, convicted by a competent tribunal, to excite feelings of jealousy between France and Germany concerning their relations in general and those connected with the province of Alsace in particular. Nothing could justify this wickedness. When Mr. Goschen described the situation of England as one of "splendid isolation," he must have thought that her interests did not permit friendly sentiments or dealings with the rest of the world. The idea of the Elizabethan pirates who maintained there was no peace beyond the Line, the perpetual war on the Spanish Main in those days, and the lawlessness of opinion which permitted in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries English soldiers to help the rebels of friendly nations, have each and all their counterpart in the grasping spirit which underlay the recent policy of isolation. It simply meant, Bear no part in the comity of nations, so that your hands may be free to seize whatever you may safely lay hold of. The world is not so obtuse as not to have seen this; consequently distrust, hatred, and contempt were the feelings of mankind towards the power which would make the seas and oceans its highways and the territories of semi-civilized and savage nations the theatre of its commercial frauds. Isolation, however, will no longer pay.

THE CUNNING TACTICS OF FLATTERY.

So an ally is wanted against Russia in Asia; against France

in Europe, Asia, and Africa; against Italy in the Mediterranean, the Levant, and Africa; against Austria's policy in Turkey; against the world, because England's interests were deemed to be hostile to those of all other nations with the exception, fulsomely expressed, of the German Empire and the United States. At one time the British government described the latter power as the United States "of North America." I wonder has this added clause of a queen's speech during the Civil War passed from the memory of Americans? I remember well the construction put upon it in England at the time: it was regarded as an intimation to the public that the government was about recognizing the independence of the Confederate States, and indeed it could have meant nothing else. If America's mission is, in any way, to enlarge personal and political liberty, to contribute something to the advancement of the race by encouraging the exercise of honest judgment, and by respect for the dignity of human nature, in the assertion of the moral equality of mankind; if her aim is to add to the sum of happiness by securing within her domain the rights of all her people and by keeping far away from the lust of conquest which curses the states of the old world; and if she has been at all successful in this mission and aim, it is solely because a great slave-owning empire does not dispute with her the possession of the American continent. Bearing this in mind, she must assign their true value to the appeals of cousinship made by Mr. Chamberlain, the Tories, and those Whigs who out-Tory the Tories. The religious element is blended with the ethnological, the Protestant Teutonic stock, English and German; the Protestant Anglo-Saxon race, English and American; but no consideration of religion or of race would have prevented England from splitting up the Union if she could have accomplished it when the Southern States were winning victory after victory.

A COVERT THRUST AT THE CHURCH.

Among the expedients and influences set at work in newspaper and periodical, platform utterances and quasi-diplomatic representations, not the least sinister is the intemperate and officious assault on the French military authorities, the Jesuits, and the upper-class Catholics of France in the article to which we have already alluded. The paper in the *National Review* is signed "Huguenot." In it the writer speaks of the English military college, which corresponds to the École Polytechnique in France, as "our Woolwich"; we, therefore, suppose he is an Englishman—we are not prepared to say he is a Jew; but the

unreasoning fervor of his praise of the Jews—a praise hardly relevant—the unlimited bitterness of his references to any writer who does not regard their influence in a country as a blessing, and the wanton malignity with which he drags the Jesuits and the Catholics of rank into a quarrel with which they have nothing to do, are circumstances which might justify the opinion that he is, if not a Jew in belief, at least a person of Jewish descent and sympathies.

INTRIGUE AND SECRET INFLUENCE.

That an article with nothing to recommend it on the score of ability or matter should appear in a publication of the status of the *National Review* can only be due to the possession of special political knowledge or influence, or of a secret of some social importance. If the last consideration has anything to do with the publication, it must be connected with political influence. As for any special knowledge of the interior history of German intrigues in France, we do not believe "Huguenot" possesses it; still less has he an acquaintance with the secret hopes of the higher classes of Catholics, or that he knows more of the hidden policy of the Jesuits than any Newdigate or Whalley of the English Parliament, any Johnston of Ballykilby or similar Irish representative of Protestant civilization. Then the conclusion is, the article was written in the interest of some man high in the councils of the British government—written as the *avant courier* of a tentative policy and believed by the editor to have been inspired. The subject-matter, along with the circumstances of style and treatment, leads to the conclusion we have mentioned: the intention of forcing Germany and France, if not into a war, into relations so strained that the former country would become an ally of England.

THE SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS OF SELFISH AMBITION.

The European powers, considering England could be at any time arrested in her policy of aggression and her pursuit of commercial monopoly, indulged themselves in the luxury of reciprocal jealousy. Now, this condition of affairs had not been seen by Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Goschen at first, but it was distinctly appreciated by Lord Salisbury all along. Humiliating as it is to Jingo insolence, the rampant war-party of England, with Mr. Goschen and Mr. Chamberlain at its head, must now acknowledge that that country only escaped from a combined attack on her possessions and commercial centres all over the globe by a jealousy such as that which has kept

from death the moribund empire of the sultan. Hence the alliances sought at Washington and Berlin, hence the rhetorical decoys to draw Germany, the common Protestantism, ancestral ties, the near relationship of the royal houses of Prussia and England, a combined policy in the East and in Africa, the ruin of France and its consequence in the partition of her commerce between England and Germany. These rhetorical flourishes, uttered like base coin wherever Englishmen could circulate them, are focussed in the article with which we are dealing. It is an argumentative challenge in a *res judicata*. One would suppose a competent tribunal of a country deciding on the guilt or innocence of an accused person might be relied upon; rather than a foreigner whose knowledge could not be greater than that of any other outsider, and whose ability to use the knowledge common to all was less than that of the many English Liberals who considered that the court-martial which tried Dreyfus and the French ministry of war should be left to decide a matter so exclusively their own. The very delicacy of the subjects involved, such as the alleged betrayal and purchase of military secrets, the debatable condition of the province of Alsace between the two powers, and the conviction of both that war was prevented on several occasions only by the intervention of Russia to save France from dismemberment, and to prevent Germany from obtaining an ascendency in Europe—all of them matters so grave and unapproachable, so fraught with danger to the peace of the world, should have prevented their being treated in a foreign journal. One has not words to express what he thinks of the review which allowed them to be handled in a reckless article and by a writer under the obscurity of a pseudonym.

THE EFFORTS FOR AN ALLIANCE ARE FUTILE.

Having before us the efforts of Mr. Chamberlain, with another Liberal of his own stamp, in the same Tory cabinet, behind him—we mean Mr. Goschen—to form an alliance offensive and defensive with the United States; we write in the interest of that country when we say that no alliance between the United Kingdom and the States will be of value unless one made at the time when a really Radical government rules the British Empire. Mr. Goschen belongs to the banking interest, the plutocratic camp in the midst of London society, almost in possession of the press and acquiring possession of the land. For that body there is no country—the world is its oyster. All the resources of the British Empire would be employed, if it had

its way, in securing markets, violating treaties, cajoling, coercing, plundering. It cannot be for the interests of the United States that a league should be entered into with this party. Mr. Goschen is the figure behind the curtain, but Mr. Chamberlain is the actor before the world. The latter has one quality of clever men, he rapidly takes up the ideas of others; he has another quality not so valuable, he appropriates them without acknowledgment. He believes he is the prophet of the foreign policy beginning to be called Chamberlainism, while in point of fact, in its splendid and barbaric form, it is the offspring of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's genius, and in its shareholding and exchanges of the world shape it is the inspiration of the Rothschilds and the other giants of finance or of fraud. Now, Mr. Goschen has inherited the calculating talents of his race, and he sees that no more money is to be made by "the splendid isolation of England"; consequently the adventurous member for Birmingham, who, like Bottom, would play every part, is prompted to extend the empire, but in alliance with Germany and America. It would be invidious, perhaps, to say that even in the foreign policy which the Secretary for the Colonies has grafted on the business and usages of his office he is the puppet of the financiers instead of being the leader of the Jingoes.

THE PROSTITUTION OF ALL PRINCIPLES FOR PERSONAL ENDS.

To support the wicked fantasy of a man incapable of originating anything great or sagacious, but gifted with the fervid perception which confers eloquence, and in the lurid light of which good and evil are confounded; which can advocate an immoral policy as warmly as a scheme of national regeneration, and on the other hand defend the latter on an emergency with more than the passionate rhetoric of a Burke or a Clarkson,—to support the wild fantasy called the imperial policy of a man like this, France is insulted, her ministers outraged, her system of jurisprudence scoffed at, her military tribunals, always believed to be courts of honor as well as of law, held up as corrupt boards sitting to do the will of the war-minister for the time being. This "Huguenot" proves too much. No one has a particle of honor or of conscience. Again, his assumptions are taken for facts, but we cannot allow them as evidence against the integrity of either the military or the civil courts of France. From beginning to end he flings out surmises, suspicions, theories, never a solid fact or an intelligible principle. M. Drumont is a literary gladiator who has assailed the Jews

with bigoted malignity, therefore Dreyfus was sacrificed because he was a Jew. We do not buckler the cause of M. Drumont, but we are at liberty to say that, though there may be much to explain his hostility to Jews, he does not possess the support of the high-class Catholics of France in what this *National Review* writer describes as his crusade against the Jews. We are aware that from time to time, in England and on the Continent of Europe, epidemics of hatred of Jews swept over the masses of the people.

THE CHURCH THE DEFENDER OF THE JEWS AGAINST OPPRESSION.

In Catholic countries, and in Catholic times in those countries which later on became Protestant, prelates of the church exerted their influence to protect Jews; even, as it were, compelled kings and great nobles to protect them. For such a purpose the powers of the church were threatened. Now, so far as I know, Jews were not favored in Protestant countries. Nay more, excellent men opposed the removal of their disabilities in England; there are excellent men among the clergy and laity of the English Church who still maintain that the admission of Jews to the bar, to the Houses of Parliament, to the army and navy, is incompatible with the claim of England to be regarded as a Christian country. We shall pass from this unpleasant feature in the case made for Dreyfus, informing "Huguenot," the editor of the *National Review*, the Protestant Jew, Mr. Goschen, and his agent, Mr. Chamberlain, who is converting the Colonial Office into a chamber for conspiracies against other nations, that so anxious were popes to protect the Jews, from the eleventh century to the latest hour of their moral authority in Europe, that they, to some extent, succeeded in establishing as a rule of evidence the principle that no Christian should be believed in a charge against a Jew unless he was corroborated by a Jew. In one country, the most intensely Catholic in Europe —Poland—this rule became part of the law of evidence; and it was the recognized law in the Papal States when Jews were persecuted everywhere else.

THE INTEGRITY OF THE CATHOLIC FRENCH NOBLES.

We are justified, therefore, in supposing that the Catholic nobles of the Faubourg St. Germain were not sufficiently interested in the proceedings of the authorities of the Freemason and Jewish Republic of France to have this Alsatian Jew, Dreyfus, condemned by the court-martial. These men of

pure blood and honorable traditions—all that had been left them in the cataclysm of their country—kept aloof from the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe, as they had from the allurements of the First Empire and the adulatory homage with which they were courted by the Second. Theirs was not the custom to seek for place, or even to ask the favor of election to the Chamber. They lived in themselves—ready indeed, as in 1870, to give their lives for France—content if allowed to bring up their children in the religion of their fathers; too haughty to belong to a society which made its wealth by dishonesty, too careless to bear a part in a government which was pushing the country over the brink of the precipice. To-morrow, as in 1870, they would come forward to save the country given up to an invader's armies by the rulers who inherited the sense, the patriotism, and the religion of the Reign of Terror, they would pass through the circumcision of a Commune behind them, and in the face of the foe obtain such terms as would enable the Jews and Freemasons who had fled in the hour of danger to return to the interrupted exercise of government and robbery. This they would do, and having done it, they would go back to the Faubourg or the remnant of their estates and sit with folded hands while laws would be enacted depriving their children of education, and their relatives in the religious orders of bread, nay, the right to live in the land they had saved. We think, then, we can hardly accept the opinion of this English "Huguenot" holding a brief for Goschen *cum* Chamberlain as to the hand the upper-class Catholics of France had in forcing the court-martial to condemn an obscure German Jew.

THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST STEWARD EXEMPLIFIED.

Mr. Chamberlain's angling for a German alliance at this juncture wears something of the character of the steward's proceedings which served to point the moral in one of the Divine parables. If political parties can be trusted in the matter, the Tories are getting indignant at his plotting against the head of the government, the Liberal Unionists are in a tremor of excitement similar to that which, experts say, affects a lady of a certain age who has secured an admirer and is expecting an important declaration. But the opposition, according to its sections, eyes him with various feelings—wonder, scorn, and hope. The Roseberry wing, to which office is not merely the reward of labor and sacrifice, but is the tribute due to that superior status to which labor and sacrifice are foreign, looks with hope to a government led by that noble lord who is re-

sponsible for the phrase "predominant partner" and the desertion implied in it, and Mr. Chamberlain, who has proved himself since 1886 the inveterate enemy of Home Rule. The genuine followers of Mr. Gladstone regard with scorn the man who plotted against his chief as he now plots against Lord Salisbury; while the rest of the opposition look with wonder at the minister whose utterances are the expression of a dominant militarism, but who, at a time not very distant, had compared the English government in Ireland to the rule of the Russians in Warsaw, that of the Austrians in Venice. His conversion to this latter policy is consistent with a German alliance, a league against national rights and the liberty of weak peoples, between England and the camp which menaces Europe.

THE DEPLORABLE CONSEQUENCES OF A FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

We are not in love with the present government of France, but we should regard an attack on France by Germany as a terrible calamity whose consequences cannot be estimated, and could never be repaired in the generations yet to come. It is with a feeling akin to horror we contemplate the result of another war—we are putting Russia out of consideration for the moment—like that of 1870. A race which with many faults has many qualities of a high and engaging character would be reduced to servitude under a people conspicuous among Germans and the nations of the world for coarseness, brutality, and greed—we mean the Prussians. The politeness which earned for Frenchmen a character for insincerity in England would become the servility of the slave, the refinement of thought which expressed itself in a certain chivalry of action and sometimes in a gaiety, sometimes in an elevation of language, which powerfully attracted strangers of the best classes—this politeness and this refinement would be killed by the horse-laughs, the guttural explosions, and the more than Batavian elegance of the conquerors. But for the world at large, who can measure the injury? Fancy, at the fall of the Western Empire, the Barbarian nations in her provinces without a moral influence of inconceivable and irresistible might in the midst of them to reorganize and construct; wars upon wars carried on with a ferocity that knew no limit; passions uncontrolled and hardening into habits with each successive war, tumult, outbreak; law an empty name, or rather a sword to smite the feeble and innocent; magistracy only powerful when maintaining some iniquitous suitor in a high place, shielding some great criminal from the charges of humanity oppressed and wronged beyond the patience of the slave; all

this you would have if Prussia should again march over France. The finest influence of civilization, apart from the effect religion has on character, is found among the French. Englishmen cannot conceive it; else why do they regard the courtesy of a Frenchman as the symbol of dishonesty? Now, those qualities of manner, those graces of speech, those elevated tones of thought, linked as all are to a national character emotional and idealistic in an eminent degree, have a good effect on the rest of Europe. The nation of shopkeepers, with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Goschen at their head, may think of unbounded wealth to be realized in an empire more extensive than a Cæsar ruled; but amid his dreams of gold and power one can conceive an Englishman missing somewhat the people of whom it was said they alone would go to war for an idea. We can conceive a German government in France, German fleets in the Baltic, in the North Sea, in the Atlantic from the North Sea to Spain. We can contemplate with a prophetic sense of vindictive justice an army composed of Germans and Frenchmen drilling night and day for the invasion of England; while the masses of Russia kept pouring from trans-Caspian railways on the north-western, from Afghan railways on the north-eastern, frontier of India.

A PROPHECY OF ENGLAND'S PUNISHMENT.

Now, this last speculation is no dream; so completely convinced of its unaërial character is an expert in Indian politics, that he recommends a conscription in England as one means to save India from Russia, while mainly relying, or pretending to rely mainly, on the cultivation of friendly relations between both states.* The other may be visionary in a degree because it supposes the defeat of France. But whether it is fanciful or not, Englishmen should be taught in America, if they mean to use that country to ruin France, that they leave out of account the part played during the War of Independence by Cornwallis and Burgoyne, for instance, on the one side, and that by Lafayette and his brother officers on the other. It is as paltry as many of Mr. Chamberlain's other methods to employ the writer in the *National Review* to work himself into an enthusiasm for justice, because a Jew from Alsace was convicted of selling military secrets which his position as an artillery officer enabled him to learn. It is not necessary for our purpose to express an opinion on the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus.

*The gentleman who takes this view is E. C. Ringler Thompson, late Assistant Agent to the Governor General of India, etc., etc.

He was tried and found guilty; we are not a court of appeal from the court-martial, and *pace* the writer in the *National Review*, we do not think it is creditable to any foreigner to pose as a court of appeal, but we are bound to consider the accused was rightly convicted until a higher authority corrects the finding of the court-martial.

THE EVIL RESULTS OF AN IGNOBLE POLICY.

To put the matter in plain terms, we think nothing more unscrupulous has taken place in our time than the line of policy pursued toward France by Mr. Chamberlain, except, indeed, his proceedings against the Transvaal. If the ability and influence of "Huguenot" were of a far-reaching character, or if the condition of affairs between France and Germany were on the same footing as in 1870, and on some occasions since, this dreadfully unprincipled production would be the spark in the magazine. The world would be involved. A war now between the two powers would not be a duel; all Europe would spring to arms; nay, the leading characteristics of the universal outbreak, which Macaulay so admirably described as following Frederick's invasion of Silesia, would again be witnessed. In China, in India, all over Africa, in Europe from the Vistula to the Rhine, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, the nations in their frenzy would destroy all the best results of the progress of this century over three continents. Government would be pulled down and brute-force set up; horrors like those that attended the advance of the Mohammedans in Asia and Eastern Europe, the Vandals in Africa, the Goths and the hordes of Attila in the Western Empire, would afflict the world: fertile provinces would be turned into deserts, cities sacked or levelled to the ground; confusion, as of the days preceding the end of all things, would wrap the earth in its folds; until possibly some strong power, like Russia, would emerge from the universal wreck to restore that order which is a despot's law, that security for subjects which springs from an irresponsible will.

THE IRRESISTIBLENESS OF A DESPOT'S WILL.

We do not think, however, that this "Huguenot's" article, though the latest fly-leaf issued by Mr. Chamberlain as the exponent of a plutocratic imperialism, will bring on a battle of Armageddon. Men have earned immortality by the doing of acts, wicked indeed but commonplace in their performance—like the destruction of the Temple of Diana—so there is no reason why the vanity of a colonial secretary and the pen of a reckless hireling should not in the abstract accomplish much

harm; but there is, fortunately, a security for the peace of the world in the profound statesmanship and solid strength of Russia. That power believes the strong hours are bringing up the day when her purposes will be fulfilled; and so believing, she will risk nothing by premature action. She is advancing to India from the west and the north; her mind is set on Constantinople, though her progress has been retarded by a Crimean War and a Tory policy of alliance with Turkey, but no war against her by France and England as allies will again take place. France in the west is an effectual instrument of Russia's policy. It is the purest folly for Mr. Chamberlain and the English Jingoes to think they can launch Germany on France, when her eastern frontier is exposed to the innumerable troops of Russia. Between the latter and France, Germany would be crushed in upon her centre with the certainty of fate. This is the security, at present, for the peace of Europe and the world.

THE BASELESS SUPPOSITIONS OF A FOOL.

It is idle for a writer like the Jingo penman of the *National Review* to hold up the military authorities of France as imbeciles, the officers as ignorant and incompetent, the rank and file—every branch of the military service—as feeble and cowardly. We cannot believe that such a change has come over the French nation in all its classes as that there are no longer talents of leadership among the men in command, no gallantry and endurance in the grandsons of the soldiers who conquered Europe almost within living memory. We do not think these marvellous phenomena are proved because Captain Dreyfus was convicted of having acted as millions of men, wrongly or rightly, believe most Jews are ready to act for a consideration. That there are Jews of admirable qualities no one will deny, but that these do not form the majority of the race, we fear, will hardly be disputed. Indeed, the absurdity of the tone of this article is conspicuous throughout, while the writer's unfitness for handling a question of evidence, involving matters of state and international complications, forces itself on the attention of any reader acquainted with the rules determining the admissibility of such evidence. When Mr. Chamberlain, in embarking on such a scheme of alliance to strengthen the hands of England in Europe, selects among other media of advancing his views a writer like "Huguenot" in the *National Review*, we think the United States should be slow in lending her ear to the statesman from Birmingham, charm he never so wisely.

THE OPEN-AIR FOLKS-PLAY AT MERAN.

BY E. C.

IN the southern part of Tyrol, where the foaming waters of the Adige and the Passer unite in a stormy embrace, lies beautiful Meran, embedded in roses and grape-vines. Magnificent villas surround it as with a costly girdle, and the heights above are studded with castles and ancient strongholds. Though snow-capped ridges mark the sky-line, the valleys are resplendent in the warm color of the South. This is the home of the Burggräfler, a bold and puissant race, proud of their hills and their freedom. In their neat red-trimmed jackets, their broad green suspenders, knee-breeches and white stockings, these great fellows offer an original picture. Their large shoulders give an impression of elemental force, while their clear eyes betray a child-like simplicity. As they stand before the church on a Sunday morning, hundreds strong, they would but need to shoulder their guns to be ready to march, a troop of well-fitted soldiers, to the battle-field.

And so it happened once, eighty years ago, when their "Anderle" led them, shouting and rejoicing, against the "Franzos." He was the pride of their race, this Andreas Hofer, a true hero of the people, about whose strong intent many weaker minds had risen and entwined themselves in a moment when in old Europe there seemed to be only bent backs and bowed heads. This is why even to-day in its innermost fibre the heart of each Burggräfler is stirred by the name of Andreas Hofer. Here in Meran every spot speaks of him, of his fortunes and misfortunes. Through these streets he once marched, triumphant and glory-crowned, at the head of his faithful followers. The same streets saw him betrayed and bound, his courageous wife by his side with their little son struggling to keep back his tears because his father wept not. There, in that little house, he spent his first night as a prisoner; here, he underwent his trial before being transported to Mantua.

Several years ago the popular writer Karl Wolf had the happy thought of choosing the Tyrolese war of freedom of 1809–1810 as subject for a folks-play, which was first given in

ANDREAS HOFER.

1892 on the occasion of the general assembly of the German and Austrian Alpine Club. The success was immediate, and since then it has been repeated every spring and autumn. These representations, interesting above all by their simplicity and fidelity to nature, are accompanied by ancient Tyrolese battle-songs and patriotic melodies, inspiring alike to actor and spectator, to Tyrolese and stranger, to peasant and citizen. In many places the dramatic effect has a touch of antique strength and largeness.

The play itself consists of a series of loosely-linked scenes from the national history, interspersed with *tableaux vivants*. The actors are citizens and peasants, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the combatants of 1809. The costumes and weapons and many of the stage properties used are even inherited from those times.

The theatre is in a meadow, a quarter of an hour's ride from Meran. The open stage represents a village green; in the middle is a wooden peasant house whose movable front opens and closes according to the exigencies of the case; right and left are side streets. A majestic natural background is formed on one side by the softly undulating vineyards of the Küchelberg—the bloody battle-field of 1809. Beyond is the ancient castle of Tyrol from which the country took its name; on the other side is the thickly wooded Marlingberg, while over the whole towers the magnificent mountain chain with its sap-green meadows and its snowy crest touching the blue heavens.

Cannon shots, echoing from the mountains, announce the opening of the play. A hearty "Grüass Gott!"* in the Tyrolese dialect welcomes the spectators, and at the sound of one of their old folk-songs the action begins. It is the morning of the village fair. A shepherd calls his flock, petty tradesmen set up their booths, country boys and girls pass and repass, the whole a richly-colored picture with the quaint, brightly clad figures, artless and free in motion. On a sudden the busy fair life is interrupted by the appearance of a Bavarian† constable announcing the imposition of new taxes. The rough, mocking tone of the hated intruder, still more the importunities of the accompanying soldiers toward one of the peasant girls, cause the long pent-up feelings of the people to overflow, and the young fellows show a desire to let the strangers feel the weight of their Tyrolese fists. However, through the intervention of the jovial host of the Eagle Inn, a serious quarrel is prevented. Like the last ray of sun before the breaking of a storm, there is heard above the complaints and protestations of the oppressed people the subdued refrain of one of the loveliest of the Yodel-songs:

Und a Waldbua bin i,
Und a Walddiandl liab i,
Bin a Bua a junger,
Schleich im Waldschlag umer.

* God greet you.

† Tyrol then belonged, through the varying chances of the Napoleonic wars, to Bavaria.

O diandl dein Treu,
Deine Aufrichtigkeit,
Deine schone Maniar
Hat mi hergfüart zu diar.

O diandl mei, mei,
In mein Herz wachst a Zweig,
Brock diar'n ab, frisch'n ein,
Aber treu muasst miar sein.*

At this moment appears the charcoal-burner, formerly a rich peasant, the "Moar am Egg," now bowed by grief and years. His son had been a scout, and when the French, led by a traitor, came upon the father's farm, they burned the house to the ground, binding and lashing the old man, while the son they hanged before his mother's eyes. The whole family now wander beggared through the land. "Since then," the old man says bitterly, "I know but one prayer: God in Heaven, be merciful and gracious. *Hoamzohln lass mi, hoamzohln!*"† And a hundred eyes sparkle with revenge, a hundred mouths repeat "*Hoamzohln.*"

The tale of the charcoal-burner, softened here and there by a word from his lovely daughter Therese, and his two grandchildren, produces a profound effect and is a masterpiece of eloquence.

Then Stauber, "das Kraxentrogerle,"‡ a creation full of appealing humor, comes to stir the fire. While fulfilling his trade as pedlar, he is at the same time the messenger for the leaders of the people. "Mander," he cries, "s ist Zeit, merkt's enk, s ist Zeit."§

At the moment of the greatest excitement the Ave-bell sounds, and each falls upon his knees. Here we have one of

* And I am a forest swain,
And I love a forest maiden—
A young swain am I,
And I slip through the glade.

O maiden! thy faith,
Thy sincerity,
Thy lovely way,
Have drawn me fast to thee.

O maiden mine, mine!
In my heart grows a sprig;
Oh pluck it and plant it,
But keep faith with me.

† Let me pay back. ‡ The pedlar. § Men, 'tis time; take notice, 'tis time.

the most beautiful features of the play. The Ave-bell softens the cry for revenge, giving the insurrection its true character of a battle for "Gott, Kaiser und Vaterland."* This is why Stauber says with such solemn earnestness: "Heunt läutet de Glogg'n nou zum Gebet. . . . Wenn de Glogg'n aber a mol a andre Sproch rödn, wenn sie Sturm läuten Lond aus und Lond ein, zelm Mander muass ma lei uan Schroa hearn im gonzen Lond: Zeit ist's, drauf los!"†

At the end of this first act follows the *tableau vivant* "Ave Maria." Stauber, Gstirner, and the landlord of the Eagle are seen grasping each other by the hand; at the side, the touching group of the charcoal-burner with his daughter and grandchildren; about them, the picturesque figures of men, women, and children. The fine combination of color and line, the expression of true and pure devotion, made a profound effect; the curtain fell, the last tones of the music died away, and still a silence reigned among the spectators, as if each feared to efface the impression. Then a storm of applause broke forth like the roar of one of their mountain torrents.

The whole first act is indeed a masterpiece of folk-poetry. Here is no catching after cheap effects, for one movement is developed from the other in natural gradation, the dramatic passion of the whole reaching its highest point in the person of the charcoal-burner. The attention of the spectator is nowhere divided or impeded by burdensome side-effects. The form of the leading theme stands out clear and sharp, and the lovely *genre* pictures which are scattered here and there cling round it like green tendrils around some sturdy trunk. One sees how the storm of the insurrection gathers itself, one hears the mutterings from afar which, quickly approaching, would break in a single clap were they not softened and transformed by the Ave Maria picture which, like a bow of promise, arches itself over the whole.

The second act represents the council at the "Sandwirth's" in Passeier, a faithful representation of the historical room in Hofer's house. Among the robust figures of the commune deputies the eye is immediately attracted by the manly appearance of Hofer. He makes known that the prayers and complaints of the people have been presented to the "liaben Kaiser

* God, Emperor, and Fatherland.

† To-day the bell still rings for prayer. . . But when the bells once speak another language, ringing the whole country to alarm, then, men, but one cry must resound: 'Tis time: up, forward!

ANTON CHRISTIAN, WHO PLAYED THE RÔLE OF ANDREAS HOFER IN THE FOLKS-PLAY AT MERAN.

Franz"* by the Archduke John, and then traces the plan for freeing the country from its foreign dominion. The proclamation in the name of the kaiser is to be spread among the people; shouts of joy accompany Hofer's reading of it. Stauber, "das Kraxentrogerle"—who during his wanderings keeps his ear open and, being born on "Frauensuntig,"† is

* The dear Emperor Francis.

† Our Lady's Sunday.

supposed, according to the legend, to be able to hear the grass grow—relates what he has seen and heard, and gives to Hofer "a Liabsbriafl,"* telling him not to let his "old woman" see it. In this "love-letter" the faithful Speckbacher† writes that it is high time the girl was married (meaning the reunion of Tyrol and Austria), the dowry is ready, as many guests can come as wish, and the 9th of April is to be chosen for the nuptials (*i. e.*, the general uprising). They all find the letter "fein ausgekopft und der Speckbacher ist Kuan Narr."‡

After the details have been agreed upon, Hofer brings out a torn and blood-stained flag. "Often has it heard the whistling of the balls, but never once been lowered in battle. Where it has fluttered in storm and wind, there the Tyrolese have stood firm as their mountains against the enemy, unshaken in their love for Kaiser and Austria." All bare their heads and shout: "Miar sein die alten, Hofer; miar sein und bleiben öster reichisch"!§ And falling upon their knees, they lift their hands in symbol of the sacred oath. "Up now, men," cries Hofer, "with God, for Kaiser and for Fatherland!"

The act finishes with a touching *tableau vivant* representing the marching forth of the general levy. Armed with scythes, sickles, knives, clubs, old guns, they approach; the standard-bearer waves the flag aloft in circles after the old Tyrolese custom; a Capuchin monk binds a crucifix on the handle of a rusty sabre and goes with them as chaplain; here a mother blesses her only son, there a woman hides her face on her husband's shoulder, and children cling about their fathers' knees. The most brilliant feature is Andreas Hofer himself, on horse-back, surrounded by his Passeiers. The sorrowing farewell of the women and old men, the wanton merriment of the young fellows, the high courage for battle displayed by the troops, whose hope is reflected in the face of Hofer, have a powerful effect on the spectator, who knows too well the tragic end of the hero. Suddenly, when the picture has fully developed itself, the groups, as if by a magician's wand, seem changed to stone, and no hand moves, no eyelid trembles, as the curtain slowly falls. The sudden transition is most effective.

The third act, Andreas Hofer's day of honor, opens with an indescribably beautiful picture representing the battle on the Isel mountain, and reminds one of the unparalleled plastic art

* A love-letter. † One of the patriots.

‡ Well conceived, and the Speckbacher is no fool.

§ We are the old stock, Hofer; we are and we remain Austrian.

of the living pictures of Oberammergau. Otherwise this act is the weakest of the five. A lack of artistic unity and an unpleasant seeking after effect make themselves to be felt; another hand than that of the practised Karl Wolf having evidently come into play.

The scenes are enacted in the Hofburg at Innsbrück, where Andreas Hofer is made governor of Tyrol. As testimony of the kaiser's favor he is presented with the golden "Gnaden-Kette."* His first act as governor is to offer his country to God, in the historic words: "To-day I offer the land of Tyrol to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus, which will fortify me. This chain shall remind me to pray day by day 'God protect my fatherland, Tyrol.'" Then, as the affecting tones of the Austrian national hymn are heard, spectators as well as actors rise to their feet and the act closes.

In the fourth act we are again conducted to the village green. A stillness reigns over all since the departure of the men. Women and children pass and repass in the streets about their accustomed duties. Before the Eagle Inn sit a group of old men discussing the recent occurrences, while a swarm of school-boys play at battle.

Suddenly a young fellow bursts from one of the houses with the cry: "Up, men; the French are coming!" The inhabitants press from all sides in the greatest excitement. A moment and a division of French troops appears, leading the captured Hofegger.† The commanding officer orders the mayor to provide quarters for his soldiers, and threatens to burn the village to the ground if any one gives a signal or help to the insurrectionists.

"Understood each word, each," the mayor answers calmly, and then begs mercy for the prisoners; but the officer thrusts him harshly aside. "Not so, Herr Commandant," he protests; "who knows what the next hour will bring?" He has scarcely spoken when the report of guns is heard in the distance. Louder and louder they sound. The officer quickly gives his corporal orders to convey the prisoners under guard to Meran, and retires himself with his remaining men to take part in the impending fight. Immediately the peasants, young and old, press between the guard and the prisoners; a shrill whistle, and from the bushes around jump armed men, the soldiers are easily overpowered and the prisoners freed. The women then busy themselves with providing refreshments, foremost among them the

* The grace-chain. † One of the patriots.

"Steinhuberin," unsuspecting the cruel blow awaiting her. Soon the victorious insurrectionists are seen entering the village. In advance pretty Pichler Annerle, the bride of Hans Honegg. The shouting stops as they approach bearing some wounded, among them the dying Steinhuber. Overcome with grief at the sight of her husband, the courageous Steinhuberin sinks with her two children by the bier. "Look," she cries, "look at your father! This the French have done." At this moment the French taken captive in the recent fight are brought in, among them the officer. "A grüass Gott,"* says the mayor, "we meet again." At this juncture Honegg, seized with a sentiment of revenge, is about to strike down the captive officer, when Annerle steps quickly before him, saying: "Since when does a Tyrolean strike a captive?"

This act, rich and beautiful in separate pictures, closes with the tableau "The Prayer after the Battle." It is introduced by the solemn words of the mayor summoning the inhabitants to give thanks to God for the victory. During the long chords of the choral the middle scene opens, and, as if by invisible hands, the figures of the foreground are joined to the middle group, forming one harmonious whole. There is the magnificent figure of Hofer, with the tattered flag in his hand and his eyes turned to heaven; at his side the picturesque Capuchin monk who, with raised crucifix, blesses the victorious combatants. In the foreground is the touching group around the dying Steinhuber. The whole arrangement, with its fine sentiment for color and for line, seems to adequately express the impressive subject.

The fifth act reveals the tragic catastrophe attending the "Blood-witness of Tyrol," as Archduke John called Hofer. The victories of the insurrectionists on the Isel mountain and the Küchelberg were to be terribly revenged, for the kaiser was forced to make peace with Napoleon and to give Tyrol to France. An imperial manifesto commands the Tyroleans to lay down their arms; but the excited people refuse to believe that their kaiser has given them, his loyal and victorious subjects, over to the French, and they hold the manifesto for false. Though Hofer's clear vision saw the danger and hopelessness of a renewed struggle, it was impossible for him to stem the tide of deep indignation, and the battle-flag was again unfurled. Later Hofer, being outlawed by Napoleon, was forced to flee; but his hiding-place, a lonely Alpine hut, was betrayed, and he made

* God greet you.

captive. His imprisonment forms the subject of the first picture. He stands in the middle scene, upright in mien, the unquenchable defiance of the hero against the oppressor, coupled with the submission of the ardent Christian to the decrees of God. His wife and child are on their knees by him, regarding him with anxious, supplicating gestures. The attitude of the enemy expresses only the mocking triumph of the conqueror. The icy winter landscape, with the snow-decked mountain-side as background of the group, heightens the mournful impression of the whole.

The next picture shows us the hero transported to Meran, where everything speaks of disaster. Women and children go furtively about the streets.

Then silently a sad procession moves through the town. In advance the soldiers, then Andreas Hofer, tranquil, fearless, with his wife and child, all bound fast. The inhabitants greet their hero despairingly, baring their heads before him. It is like a funeral procession. While the other pictures give occasion to admire the rich fantasy of the poet, this shows rather a classic sobriety all the more irresistible that it is seldom found on any stage of to-day.

In the trial of Hofer which follows, his character is once more shown in its simple grandeur.

"So this is the captain of the rebel horde?" begins General Huard.

"Na dos bin i nit,"* comes Hofer's simple answer.

"What then?"

"Andreas Hofer, governor of this province, placed here by my sovereign the emperor, which office, with God's help, I have held till now."

Huard explains to him that the emperor is no longer lord of Tyrol and that the Tyrolese must recognize the might and sovereignty of Napoleon.

"It must be so," answers Hofer, indicating bitterly the women and children bound, a speaking testimony of the power of the new sovereign. With angry shame the general commands them to be freed, for which Hofer with true dignity answers, "Vergelts Gott, Herr General, Vergelts Gott."† Then, as General Huard tells him that with time the French will teach the inhabitants to be obedient and grateful subjects, he answers, impetuous and bold: "That you cannot do. The land, the ground, the soil, that you can conquer; but the peo-

*No, that I am not. †May God reward it.

ple, never! You cannot turn their hearts as a leather purse! Tyrol and Austria belong together and are fitted one to the other as mountain and valley, as heaven and earth."

The general then reproaches Hofer with having broken the treaty of peace. Open and honest, Hofer answers that he had news of the treaty; "But how could I believe it?" he continues sadly. "Could I believe that Austria and the kaiser would abandon and deliver us up, when we had battled with possessions and with blood?"

The demand of the general for information of the other leaders of the people is refused, Hofer replying, "I am here to give answer for myself. I give no testimony of others."

As Huard tells him the penalty awaiting him, his wife turns and implores mercy; but Hofer steps before her, embracing her and his child with deep affection.

"Rise; this is no time to beg and to entreat. All is dark above the mountains. . . . Let what will come to me. That is little matter, for in every heart in Tyrol a spark still glimmers, small, small though it be, and the time will come when this spark will flare up grandly. Like the sun, it will rise over the mountains and pierce down to the deepest valley. The double eagle will soar once more over our land. We shall return to our beloved kaiser, to our Austria."

Here the curtain falls, and the refrain of the national air "Zu Mantua in Banden" is heard dying away in the distance.

The last time we see Hofer is there in Mantua, as he takes a touching farewell of those around him. He thanks his confessor for "alle sein liab und alles Guate,"* adding, "In my heart is no anxiety, nor fear of death. With the world below I am done, and the way to heaven stretches out before me, through my confidence in God."

He demands pardon of his fellow-captives, who under his leadership have come to so heavy stress, "and when you are freed and again at home, greet for me a thousand times my beloved Tyrol. Tell the people that a man was shot in Mantua, a man whose love for his land death could not extinguish, and if one of you go as far as the Passer Valley let him greet my dearest wife. Tell her to teach our children the fear of God, to despair not; they are not orphans. . . . And now, in the name of God and with the help of the saints, I go my last way." Then he moves slowly towards the door; there turning, he calls once more, in a firm voice, the words known

* All his love and all his goodness.

to every Tyrolean heart: "Ade, schnöde Welt! Adieu, vain world; death is so easy. My eyes are not even wet. Long live my Kaiser Franz!" Immediately he leaves the stage; the remaining prisoners form a group in whose midst stands the Kraxentrogerle. After a short beating of drums a volley of guns is heard, quickly followed by the "mercy shot." During the tolling of the garrison church-bell the captives sink upon their knees. The Kraxentrogerle, suffocated by tears, swears, if God permit him to return home, that he will enter every church in the land and toll for "our Anderle." "I will say, 'People, kneel, kneel and pray with me, God give him eternal peace. As to a martyr, give him a palm-branch. He died for God, for emperor, and for fatherland.'"

Here the music begins in solemn tones "Das ist mein Oestreich," and a last magnificent picture, the apotheosis of Hofer, representing him an immortal hero, living for ever and for ever in the hearts of a grateful people.

This play of Andreas Hofer is full of the true folk-poetry, charming as a mountain forest with its fragrances and rushing waters, its obscure glades and hanging precipices. The whole representation is replete with life and reality, and not alone the poet but also the actors are deserving of the highest praise.

What gives to the Meran play a singular charm is a certain intimate psychological vein—the peculiar secret of all folk-poetry. This interior quality can externalize itself adequately only in the dialect, for in the dialect its entire thinking and representation, feeling and longing assume, so to speak, flesh and blood. Therefore is a people attached by every fibre to its peculiar speech, which seems to its ears the fittest and most harmonious medium of expression. For this reason it was only possible by use of the dialect for our poet to treat his subject with such fidelity to nature that for the moment the past becomes the actual present, and an event belonging to history can exercise an emotional effect so profound on the spectator. Neither could the actors have entered so intimately into their *rôles* if for the expression of their deepest sentiments they had been obliged to choose as medium a language foreign to their thought and being. It is evident that some of the types, such as the "Kraxentrogerle," are of unique mould and impossible to render without the peculiar garb of their dialect.

The Burggräfler dialect, sonorous, rich in color, with a thousand peculiar turns of phrase, is especially adapted to a folks-

play, and the poet, a close observer of this people, has understood well how to sound the chords of their most intimate being. From this comes the warm life of the play, its healthy realism and its peculiar intimacy of representation, the rendering of the elemental character of the types, their capacity for profound emotion, their simplicity and strength. They are the Tyrolese as they live and breathe, inseparably grown together with their mountains, true to their kaiser and their Austria, lion-hearted in battle, pious as children in their faith. And here is touched the last and deepest moment of the psychological truth embodied in the Meran folks-play: the religious moment.

Folk-life is for ever inseparably connected with the religious representations which mould and move the conscience of the people. Therefore, folk-poetry indifferent to religion is a psychological impossibility. But the poetical treatment of the religious element is in corresponding difficulty to its importance. The poet has here, however, treated it in a most ingenious and delicate manner, making it to penetrate and support the whole drama without thrusting it forward at any point.

In a word, the Meran folks-play is a true picture of the people presented with that simplicity and naturalness which are the most salient characteristics of the real life of the freedom-loving Tyrolese, and a worthy memorial to him who was their "Blood-witness."

A SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

BY FRANCIS W. GREY.

F all the legends that are contained in the "Arthurian Cycle" that of "The Holy Grail" is surely the most beautiful. The long quest, the many failures, the final "vision of peace" to those found worthy—is it all true? Or is it a metaphor, an allegory? Did Sir Galahad really see that wondrous vision? Who can answer such a question? It remains unanswered and unanswerable; but Sir Galahad and the later Sir Launfal fill us with vague, unutterable longings and desires. Could we, too, only be found worthy! But to eyes dimmed with the mists of time and sense the Holy Grail remains invisible. In the "ages of faith" men might set forth on such a quest with some hope, at least, of ultimate success; but who is he that, in the full glare of civilization, may dare to follow in their footsteps? Sir Galahad is dead, and Sir Launfal—even Don Quixote lives no more. Civilization has made them "impossible."

But, for some of us at least, there is a quest that we may follow; a Holy Grail that we may hope to win, at last, after many wanderings and many failures. Chosen souls we may not call ourselves, yet chosen are we, by the grace of God; how otherwise could we begin the mystic search? Pure should we be, as Galahad and Launfal; indifferent to all the world as they were; single of purpose. Failing in these, how may we hope to attain to the "vision of peace"? And yet, even to those most unworthy in themselves, is this grace given to seek, to labor, and to find at last the Holy Grail of full and perfect truth, the Truth of God. How hardly won, God only knows; by what long wanderings, what doubts and fears, what failures and shortcomings, he alone can tell. But the "vision of peace" is granted at last, by his sweet grace. The Holy Grail is placed in mortal hands, never, if he shall keep us, to be lost again.

"What is truth?" Pilate—"jesting Pilate," as Bacon called him—"stayed not for an answer." But down the ages anxious souls, in bitter, deadly earnest, have asked the question, in saddest and most mournful iteration: "What is truth?" Is there any one to-day who can teach us "as one having authority"? He to whom "jesting Pilate" put the question could

have answered with God's omniscience and divine infallibility. But "He is risen; He is not here." Who, then, can answer us and set our doubts at rest? Amid "the strife of tongues" is there no "secret of His tabernacle" where we can hide and be at rest for ever? Is there no City of God we can seek while here on earth, and so escape from the city of confusion? Is there no living fountain that can quench our spirit's thirst—no "Holy Grail," no "vision of peace," no perfect truth to be attained except in heaven? When He said, "You shall know the truth," did he mean here and now, or only after death?

"What is truth, and who can teach us?" Is not that the first definite inquiry of the soul that is wakening into conscious life? The lessons learned at a mother's knee have hitherto been sufficient for our souls; we believe because we love her, and she tells us that it is so. That is, from the very first until the very end we believe on the authority of another. But the first simple faith grows weak and faint, alas! amid the storms of opening boyhood, and we are driven, whether we will or no, to ask the question, "What is truth, and who can teach us?" Once more, if so it may be, we rely, instinctively as it were, upon her authority who taught us first, and wait for her answer with an anxiety we cannot fully understand. To the first question, "What is truth?" she answered, "The word of God, the Bible"; to the second, "Who can teach us?" she replied, from her own personal conviction, "The Holy Spirit."

Thus, then, began the "quest of the Holy Grail," the search for truth. The authority that had pointed out the way was a sufficient guide at first; the "word of God," that she bade us study for ourselves, presented no difficulties at the outset. But as the months lengthened into years the spirit of inquiry roused itself; the simple words of earnest faith—"It is God's word"—were not enough. If it were in very deed the word of God, why should it be so difficult to understand? If men were guided by the Holy Spirit, why did they differ among themselves? Again the answer came from most sincere conviction: "They cannot differ concerning the essential truths." Again authority laid the doubt to rest, and there was peace—for a time.

"Why do the different churches not unite in one Church of God?" From "Dissent" to "Church," and back again, we were allowed to pass at will, provided only that we never attempted to enter certain churches. "Why not?" The submission to authority was less perfect now. "Because they teach error"; there could be no doubt that the answer was sincere. "How can we be sure of that?" Surely, in the search

for truth we must learn all that authority—such as we know it—was able to teach us. "Because the Bible says so." That was the final court of appeal, "to the law and to the testimony." But the decision failed to carry full conviction. If all the "churches" claimed the Bible, why did they not all unite in one Church of God? Had not Christ said "one fold"? And the answer was, "Yes, in heaven."

"What is truth, and who can teach us?" The Bible only could contain the truth of God; only the spirit of God himself could "guide us into all truth." But all men claim the Bible, "High-church" and "Low-church," Presbyterian and Congregationalist. Did the Bible contain "truth" capable of many interpretations? Did the one Spirit teach different "truths" to different souls? Or, could it be that to agree with *our own* interpretation was the test of "truth"? How should that be possible? Was it not written "no Scripture is of private interpretation"? Could it be pride that asked the question, or had the search for truth indeed begun? Was it self-will that would not be satisfied, or was the spirit "disquieted," unable to rest, except in the very Truth Himself? If men differed, being equally sincere, what then is *truth?* Who had authority to settle the question?

The Church of God? Were we not told to "hear the church," "the pillar and ground of the truth"? What is the church? Was it, indeed, "the blessed company of all faithful people"—of all, that is, who had the faith? But that was to come back to the very difficulty from which we would so fain escape: If by "the church" were meant all those who believe in Christ, wherein do they agree? If "the church" have the authority to teach us, what does it teach? To whose voice are we to listen? Is that authority given to "all faithful people" collectively, or to individuals as well? If so, "to whom shall we go"? Once more "the strife of tongues" begins again, the vision of Truth is lost amid the dust of controversy.

"Who can teach us?" Is it the "Church of England," with her history, her prayer-book, her order and reverence, her distinctive claim to be "the church" as over against the many forms of "Dissent"? What does the "Church of England" teach? Surely, in her written formularies, plain, unmistakable, and of authority—for all who choose to accept them—we shall find truth at last. Or is it only the same difficulty in another form? Instead of "the Bible only," we must appeal "to the Bible and to the Prayer-book"; but, at the very outset, we are met by a difference of opinion, important, at least, if not

absolutely vital. "The Low-churchman accepts the prayer-book because it agrees with the Bible," that is, with his individual or party interpretation of both; "the High-churchman accepts the Bible because the prayer-book says it is true." That is the beginning of controversy; the "search for truth" becomes a matter of personal choice, of individual temperament. Is there no authority? Yes, the prayer-book. Is that authority final? Surely—if you choose to make it so. Is it infallible? Certainly not; the church has erred before, has been "reformed." If liable to error, how can the church teach men? She has authority to teach; there is no other, there can be none, for is she not the Church of God?

Or is the third alternative the true one: that there is, and can be, no absolute truth possessed by men? That "truth" is beyond our reach in this mortal life, that to "know truth" is impossible for the human intellect with all its limitations? Is that the refuge of the coward? Is it to turn back, once for all, from that high quest for truth on which we entered with so much confidence, with such high hopes? Surely, Galahad and Launfal could never have attained the mystic vision had they ceased to hope for it as attainable while yet in the flesh; had they believed it reserved for heaven, not for earth. Somewhere, surely, truth is to be found; if not infallible truth, then truth which is of authority, could we but accept it as such.

A church with authority to teach, yet not infallible; which has erred before, and needed "reformation"; which has formularies, but no final court of appeal by which they can be interpreted, once for all; a discipline which cannot be enforced, since men will not submit to it; a tradition in favor of one party, denied as strenuously by others; that is the "Church of God," since men are fallible; how can fallible individuals constitute an infallible church? Must each man find "truth" as training, temperament, choice, or accident may decide? Neither Scripture, nor prayer-book, nor tradition, nor history, can settle the controversy beyond appeal; each text of Scripture is a witness claimed by either side; "Popery" and Protestantism stand side by side in the prayer-book; tradition is ruled out of court by one party, and gives evidence but doubtfully in favor of the other. Is there not that terrible hiatus called the "Reformation"? Are not the links sadly weakened if not broken altogether there? Is the church before the "Reformation" the same as the church after it? Who can answer the question with infallible and final authority?

What is the witness of history? Does it not tell of a Church Universal, one in doctrine, ritual, and discipline, in union with a visible head, all over Christendom? Does it not speak of a schism, wide, terrible, stupendous, but a schism concerning *discipline* only, and not concerning *doctrine?* And, in spite of schism in the East, did not the English Church remain for centuries in union with the Church Universal, until the "Reformation"? If the whole church had erred indeed, being composed of fallible human beings, must one small part sever from the rest, and claim for itself, pre-eminently, if not alone, purity, antiquity, Catholicity? Let us admit the claim; but is it proved? What says the other side? That the church severed, once for all, from ante-Reformation "Popery," and started forth, new and complete, on her divine (?) mission of Catholic Protestantism. The two are mutually destructive; which is *truth?* How can we *know?* If we reverently clasp one or other to our hearts as the "Holy Grail," can we be *sure* that it is not a devil's counterfeit, fit "to deceive, if it were possible, even the elect"? Is *certainty* reserved for God, and must we be content with probabilities?

So let it be, since so it must be. "Truth" is the teaching of the "church," in so far as it coincides with Scripture, with the writings of the Fathers, with the "Ancient Church." All this is denied by *men in authority within "the church";* how, then, can "the church" be Catholic? Rather, how can it *not* be Catholic when so many *men in authority* are daily teaching "Catholic truth," and practising "Catholic ritual"? Once more so let it be, since we must accept probabilities, and believe, from first to last, on the authority of another. The first authority was ordained by nature, and we could believe, at least for a time, without doubt or question. The second *we must choose for ourselves,* according to the accumulated weight of probabilities; once chosen, it is ordained by God, yet not infallible. It is of Divine appointment, with authority to teach; we must accept its teachings, if we will and if we can, and compare them with the original evidence in order to prove them true. Were the authority infallible as well as divinely appointed, we could accept the teaching without doubt or question. An authority, sent by God himself, with God's own infallibility, commands obedience, which we could render willingly. But infallibility being withheld from "God's ordained priests," from "the Church of God" herself, we must first choose and then obey, as God shall give us grace.

Here then, at last, the quest for Truth begins, with hope of

winning it; for has not "the Church of God" authority to place within our reach the "Holy Grail" of "Catholic Truth," as perfect as is consistent with the weakness and sinfulness of fallible humanity? Brother, hold out your hands, yet look well that they be pure, for lo! the "priest of God" is here, to give to your unworthy keeping the very "Holy Grail," the "Truth" itself. Kneel humbly down, and take it reverently. Long have you sought in vain, amid the mists of "error" and the din of controversy. False guides have led you far astray; the "strife of tongues" has drowned the gentle accents of "our holy Mother the Church." But the quest is ended at last, the "vision of peace" attained, the "Holy Grail" is all your own.

Are not the doubts at rest for ever? Alas! men say that this is not the "Holy Grail" in very deed, but only a snare of the great enemy of souls. Are there no marks by which we may know it to be "truth," or short of actual *knowing*, be convinced? Is it indeed the Truth, the "Holy Grail," received as such "always, everywhere, and by all men"; if not by *all*, at least by all who call themselves "Catholics"? All "who profess and call themselves Christians" say that there *is* Truth. What are the jewels which the Divine Artificer himself has placed upon his Holy Grail, with his own hands, or by his direct authority?

"Priesthood"—his own and that of his successors: his was divine, eternal, and infallible; and theirs? A human ordinance? That were a counterfeit; if it be *true*, it must also be divine. But if divine, like his, it must surely be, like his, infallible, in virtue of its oneness with his own. Or has the stone been dimmed in human hands? So must it have been, if "priesthood" be divine and true, yet not infallible. Infallible their priesthood must surely be, mediately because humanly. His priesthood was his own, and altogether immediate; theirs communicated, and bestowed. Only so far as they are faithful, only so far as he shall keep them, only in so far as they shall prove obedient to the voice of his church. If like his own, then surely like him in his utter self-denial, his spotless chastity, his perfect holiness. If it be all this, then surely, to make obedience and infallibility not only clear and distinct, but even possible, he must have given to some one, visible, enduring head his own authority in fullest measure, his own Divine, Eternal Priesthood, his own infallibility, as the crown, the measure, and the very touchstone of unfailing truth. Surely the church to which he gave authority to teach all nations, he also endowed with infallibility; how otherwise can men be sure of truth, or

even convinced? How did he fashion first the jewel of priesthood?

"We cannot *know*"; is that the sum of all human knowledge in the things concerning the kingdom of God? Is it all doubt and question and endless controversy? Did he intend that the jewel of priesthood should adorn the Holy Grail of Truth? If yes, then must it, of necessity, be like his own—divine and perfect and complete, infallible, in virtue of his own infallibility. If no, how then can this be the true Holy Grail? If men have marred it and defaced it with ornaments of their own devising, has it not ceased to be his? "We cannot *know*, we can only believe"; but if at the very outset there is doubt, how can we believe? Did Galahad and Launfal doubt when the wondrous vision was vouchsafed to them?

"Baptismal Regeneration"—surely this jewel is as he formed it first. But men deny it, as blind men deny the sun. Does not tradition witness to it, and an unbroken chain of history? Is it not the heritage of "the Church Catholic, in all its branches"? Is it not of the very essence of "Catholic Truth"? But if the tradition be broken, or most sorely weakened, by the "Reformation"; if tradition, history, and doctrine be impugned and utterly denied by *men in authority* within "the Church of God," partakers of the same priesthood, the same commission to teach all men, how can we believe? Who shall decide the question? Party against party, "priest" against "priest," bishop against bishop; each equally in earnest, equally appealing to the Scriptures, to the written formularies of "the Church of God"—is there no court of final appeal to set the question at rest for ever? How can we believe unless we are taught "*one* faith"? Once more there rises from our hearts the weary, almost despairing question, "What is *truth*, and who can teach us?" Once more the answer is returned, "The Church of God."

But "the Church of God" teaches many different "truths," any one of which must not only exclude its opposite, but turn its opposite to blasphemy. How, then, can it be "the Church of God," who is One, Unchangeable, and Infallible? We grasp the Holy Grail with trembling reverence; is it a devil's whisper or our guardian angel's that bids us scan it closely, lest it prove a mockery and not the "mystic, wonderful" reality? Is there no end to doubt, to questionings—no rest, no *certainty*, no faith which *knows*? This third and brightest jewel of them all, "the Real Presence," too holy and too sacred to be described, is it His own? Even this do men deny who bear the impress of the "priests of the Church of God"; deny utterly,

entirely. Is our reverence a blasphemy unspeakable, or is their denial? Other "branches of the Church Catholic" have a jewel, as it were differently set, and call it by another name. Is their jewel as He fashioned it, or is ours? Must that, too, remain unanswered for want of an infallible authority to decide?

Is this the final end of life's long quest for Truth? Was it reserved for Galahad and Launfal only to enjoy the mystic vision of the Holy Grail? For us, must there be only faith which battles with endless doubt? For us, no *certainty* that the vision is true, no infallible authority to tell us what is *truth?* Only authority divinely appointed, yet liable to error, to contradiction by equal authority, equally divine, if indeed it be divinely appointed after all, and not a human invention? Is that the end of all? If so, God pity us and help us.

Can we not *know?* Did He not say, who is Himself the Truth, "you shall *know* the truth"? Not here? Why, then, should he promise to be "with us all days"? Why tell us, "he shall guide you into all truth"? Has he not bidden us to "hear the church"? How, then, can the church teach us anything but truth? Is she not "His Body," the very "pillar and ground of *the truth*"? Surely, as He is One, so she must be; as he is Head and she his Body, so must she teach one faith; infallible, as he is, like him, unchangeable and eternal. Is not this the Church of God indeed, as it *must* be, since it is his. Could we but find his church, surely she, and she alone, could place within our hands the "Holy Grail," and we might *know* without question, doubt, or fear.

Is not this the end of our long quest for Truth? Other guides have led us far astray; a stranger, habited as the "Church of God," has placed within our hands a strangely jewelled vessel, bright to our weary eyes, bidding us venerate it as the "Holy Grail." But her own children told us it was *not;* our own hearts doubted, feared, and questioned. We could not *know*, since there was no infallible authority to tell us, once for all, this is Truth. And now? Surely our eyes have seen the "vision of peace," since He has bidden us "hear the Church," and we have listened to the voice of His Vicar, who has his authority, and his own infallibility. Surely our mortal hands have held, and humbly, reverently, still hold, the Holy Grail of Truth itself, the very Truth of God. Surely our feet have journeyed from the city of confusion, and we have found our way, by God's great grace, after long wandering, and many doubts, and fears, and perils, into the City of God.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY REV. GEORGE McDERMOT, C.S.P.

ON Saturday, the 30th of July, Prince Bismarck died; and so, in the opinion of the age, another of its three greatest men has disappeared. The third, Leo XIII., remains. In a sketch of Gladstone's character and work Mr. Stead said, in his characteristic way: "In this old world old men reign." He takes as proof of the proposition the Pope, listened to by the world at eighty-seven; Gladstone, just gone at eighty-nine, and Bismarck, though in retirement, speaking—so he tells us—with the most masterful voice of all German-speaking men at the age of eighty-two. That voice, masterful or not, is now hushed; we do not think that for years before it became for ever silent it carried any power beyond its owner's household. In Friedrichsruhe it was potent. For that matter, the great personality of the ex-chancellor overawed most men who came in contact with him, but in his household, family, retainers, and servants looked up to him as a god; he was not merely a great lord ruling and protecting them, but he was as one of the mystic heroes who watch over the Fatherland from Valhalla, so mightily did he tower above his time. It does not appear that proximity made him small, or that the great powers of the man became stale, in the domestic judgment. On the receipt of the news of his death William, Kaiser of the Empire made by Bismarck, at once sailed the sea from Norway, where he had been on a pleasure-trip, the flag of the imperial yacht at half mast in honor of the dead,—sailed at once in order to be present at the obsequies.

A TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD DENIED TO THE LIVING.

Calling this potentate William the Witless does not seem to express a fact quite so much as an antagonism. The wisest of kings and emperors could do no wiser and more becoming thing than this act of the emperor-king. The services to the dynasty and the country rendered by him who had in his best years of youthful manhood been called Mad Bismarck, must have rushed in a flood upon the memory of the erratic sover-

eign, and, doubtless, a feeling that the Man of Blood and Iron had received hard measure visited the chamber or organ, or whatever it is, that in him does duty for a heart. Undoubtedly, nothing seems to explain the young sovereign's dismissal of the great minister unless it was a fear that he would be overshadowed by him. It is one of the inconveniences of personal rule, one of the drawbacks in the pleasure of being absolute over wills and lives, that some one like a shadow guides the absolute will, though he may not do away with the absolute life. It may be the royal barber that takes monarchy by the nose in more senses than one—we suspect that Oliver the Devil hoodwinked that crafty old politician Louis XI.—or it may be an innocent-looking aide-de-camp who gives counsel to his dread master, but up or down there is an adviser who really rules the king, albeit the dull majesty does not perceive the fact. In flinging Bismarck into the gutter the Witless One freed himself, at least he thought so; but there is a master somewhere, though the saddle does not gall. It may be old Hohenlohe who moulds Cæsar's mind. He has the experience of seventy-eight years and knows how to sit, actually or metaphorically, at the Witless' feet and orientally to reverence the words of wisdom flowing from the imperial lips or flashing to him upon imperial wires. Rough-rider Bismarck did not possess that art, though he had one of his own which passed muster with two kings. This art was the profession of a passionate loyalty to the House of Hohenzollern, expressing itself in maxims of combined absolutism and militarism, an exaggerated sentiment of feudal devotion to the king as the head and chief of the race hardened by Roman imperialism into a ferocity in application which makes the German statesman stand forth as the most tyrannical minister since Sejanus converted Rome into a shambles and a whispering gallery of informers.

BISMARCK'S UNPROMISING YOUTH.

The way men turn out at times is a mystery. No one would have predicted that the hard-drinking, duel-fighting student of Göttingen University would one day be the greatest figure in Europe for awhile. Think of him at Versailles, when that garrulous old gentleman—so he described poor Thiers—the moment the latter left after concluding the negotiations for the peace,—think of him fulfilling his promise not to mention the surrender for a few days by whistling the German hunting tune, "In at the Death." The aides-de-camp and others learned

from this whistling the result of the conversation between him and the hapless President of the Republic as plainly as if he had declared that the talkative Frenchman, after infinite circumlocutions, agreed to surrender Paris and so forth. One pities poor old Thiers then. He seems to have felt keenly the humiliation and disasters of his country; but his policy or his politics in other days prepared for it, led up to it. There is a Power above this world; and if French politicians play the Liberal-infidel or the devil and the fool in one, Nemesis—or it may be even Ate commissioned—comes behind with sinewy, asphyxiating hands. But all the same it was a wonderful time in which to be the central and controlling figure, a time life seldom gives a man was in those hours when France lay upon her face, German potentates forming a court around the old king who was receiving homage as the first German emperor. It was an empire fashioned in the war which revenged Jena, the occupation of Berlin, and many another ignominy and wrong wrought by France in the early days of the century, when Prussia and all Europe were in arms against her; and as Bismarck stood by the side of the emperor whom he made, in that supreme moment of the realization of such dreams of ambition as seldom visit the sleep of sane minds, he may have thought even then of a wider dominion than one over armies and nations—a rule over the souls of men.

THE METHODICAL MADNESS OF AN INSPIRED LUNATIC.

It was not until 1873, however, that the policy expressed in the Falck laws was embodied in action; but that this inspired lunatic, whose madness was so methodical, had the conception of it in the imperial scheme mapped in his mind, we think in the highest degree probable. His steps were not movements of chance; the war with Austria had been long determined upon, but how it was to be brought about may not have been so clear. We know enough of the circumstances of the war with France to conclude that that event should come to pass if life were sufficiently the ally of death to spare Bismarck for the task of filling to the full the other's maw. The folly and wickedness which pervaded French society were reflected in the court of the gingerbread empire of Napoleon III., and had their outcome in an administration which loaded the people with taxes to maintain an army formidable only on paper, and a system of commissariat by which scoundrelly contractors and corrupt generals amassed fortunes. France was

punished for the profligacy of this imperial child of the Revolution, but the stars in their courses are fighting for the overthrow of the Empire of Blood and Iron raised upon her defeat. No more significant instance of the superintending providence which sways the destinies of states and directs the moral forces of the world can be demanded than the utter failure of the persecution to which the church was subjected. There the revenge of France began to work, not because she in herself deserved such atonement so much as that her enemy earned overthrow.

THE LAST FLING OF FRANCE AT AN OLD FOE.

The wretched publicists of France, who vindictively sing pæans over the death of the conqueror of that country, profess to perceive the approaching dissolution of the empire constructed by him; and attribute this judicial punishment to one knows not what fanciful theory in which France is an object of the peculiar tenderness and care of the spirit or dæmon which presides over civilization and progress. Indeed, it was with something of a shock I read the shrieks of those birds of prey over the dead body of the wicked but undoubtedly great minister who raised his country to the pinnacle of power and fortune. When the *Figaro* says he goes down to the grave amid the execrations of France, it does not in the slightest degree help towards the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine or the repayment of the indemnity; it does not help towards some measure of atonement for the horrors of the war, or for the humiliations since. It is very paltry, indeed, face to face with the great issues recalled by the statesman's death. But splenetic as they are, womanishly petulant as they are, the French writers on foreign politics are keen enough to discover a power working amid the foundations for the ruin of the mighty edifice. This is the Socialist movement taking vengeance on behalf of humanity on a system which turned the nation into a camp. The roar of the Socialist tide, menacing though it be to-day, would not have been heard were it not for the resistance and triumph of the church. The *Jour*, which discovers in Bismarck's death "the beginning of the era of revenge," as it grandiloquently says, overlooks the circumstances in France itself which render the glory of that era very problematical. There have been some nasty disclosures recently which indicate something like the inefficiency so disastrous in the war of 1870.

A CASE OF "GLASS HOUSES."

Making all allowances for the Semitic and sensational sympathies of the friends of Dreyfus and Zola, it is still to be feared that they hit blots on army administration which display a weakness in the War Office, and the entire discipline of the forces, resembling the show of control exercised in a country whose army consists solely of volunteers rather than the iron rule of a military nation. A force so led, drilled, and supplied would have a poor chance against the training of the rank and file, the knowledge and experience of every one in command, and the perfect commissariat of Germany. The spirit of Bismarck is behind all the arms of the empire, as the strategy of Moltke is the property of every subaltern as well as of every general officer. So, *pace* the *Jour*, the *Liberté*, the *Temps*, the *Patrie*, we do not think that the effacement of his work will come from France as now she stands; and the Man of Blood and Iron himself would say so, with collected cynical contempt. But what would he say if the revenge in question were spoken of in connection with a Catholic France? He would then make pause, for his furious persecution, backed by irresistible might breaking in his hands like a rotten twig, would rise like a ghost to tell him, as men have been told before by a thousand examples, that a power exists which armies cannot conquer.

A SURPASSING ORGANIZER, NOT A STATESMAN.

It would be mistaking the Toryism of Bismarck to attribute to it any part of his hostility to France. He was not a statesman in the sense in which Burke and Gladstone were statesmen. He was simply an organizer, but a surpassing one. He conceived a policy, or rather he grasped the method for the nineteenth century to carry on the policy of Frederick the Great. He succeeded beyond the dreams of an enthusiasm endowed with the aid of fate as long as he adhered to the camp-statesmanship of that monarch. Frederick was a philosopher and knew better than to war with ideas. He fought only against material forces weaker than those he could command. Now, Bismarck, as conscienceless as Frederick, was too unimaginative to recognize an intangible power; and this though he seems to have had a strong belief in the supernatural. A brief glance at his life may give the reader some notion concerning the causes of his success and the failure, or at least disappointment and dishonor, which marked his closing years.

BISMARCK'S POLICIES PROVOKE THE CENSURE OF NATIONS.

Some time in 1863 Bismarck proclaimed, in connection with the movement of sympathy with the Poles running through all Europe, that the Prussian government was not a constitutional one like that of England, where the ministry were the representatives of the parliament. In Prussia, he said, ministers were the servants of the king. This was the first step in a line of action similar to that which Strafford advised his sovereign to try in England; and which brought that minister to the block, and later on his master. But in a very short time the consequence of this principle of Bismarck's, so like absolutism, took life in the reply of the King of Prussia to an address from the Chamber of Deputies, stating he would govern without a parliament, as his ministers possessed his confidence. Not a country in Europe at that time but, either by its government, sent remonstrances to St. Petersburg, or, by its press, appealed to humanity on behalf of unhappy Poland—not a country except Prussia. Now, when we find the Italian premier telegraphing to Prince Hohenlohe, on behalf of the Italian government "and of the whole country," that the name of this enemy of liberty and justice "is engraved with indelible letters in the history of both peoples," we can point to another proof of the dishonesty of the Italian revolution and the empty character of the cry for Italian unity which accompanied the declamation of Italian patriots against what they called the tyranny of their rulers. In the year spoken of above debates in the British Parliament took place upon the motion of sympathy with the Poles opened by Mr. Hennessy, an Irish member.* The speeches were worthy of the subject, and equal to the best traditions of the House of Commons in the eloquent assertion of those inalienable rights of men for which the noblest of every age and race have given their lives or borne imprisonment and prolonged torture in comparison to which any death would be a crowning mercy. In consequence, Lord John Russell sent instructions to the ambassador at St. Petersburg couched in language of great authority and firmness.

THE POLISH PERSECUTIONS.

As I have said, every country in Europe with the exception of Prussia was roused to rage and grief at the atrocities in Poland. It is not easy to tell them. The hand of the govern-

* Afterwards Sir John Pope Hennessy, a successful governor of several colonies.

ment fell heavily upon all; a great noble who only presented a petition in the most respectful language was sent into exile. Priests were marched off to Siberia, young men in thousands were drafted into the army. Six hundred and eighty-three persons were all that the terrible gleaning spared out of a hundred and eighty-four thousand employed in the trade of the country. Siberia and the Caucasus swallowed them up. In one prison in Warsaw fourteen thousand men and women were packed together in a manner to be imagined, not to be described—in a word, it seemed as if the Czar intended to make a clean sweep of the Poles.*

Austria and France, supposed to represent the opposite extremes of opinion concerning personal and political liberty, were at one in condemnation of the barbarous ferocity of the Russian government. The house of Romanoff and its ministers were Tartars under the thin polish of Western civilization. All Europe viewed the atrocities enacted in Poland with the eyes of men; all with the exception of Prussia, in whose councils Bismarck had already acquired a powerful influence. It is said he was prepared to join Russia, if France and England meant to take action on behalf of the Poles. So much for the reality of Italian aspirations, so much for Italian grievances, so much for the sentiment of "an united Italy." However, we pass from this subject to the early days of Bismarck.

"MAD BISMARCK" IN HIS HOME AND AT THE UNIVERSITY.

It will strike one, we think, that the education and the home influences before he went to the university and after his return from it were in the highest degree calculated to produce an imperious, prejudiced, brutal, and somewhat stolid country gentleman—a German Squire Western—rather than a statesman who for years held in his hands the threads of every movement in Europe, and a parliamentary debater of the first rank. He saw from his childhood that heavy drinking was the custom in his native province of Brandenburg among all classes, and especially in that of the inferior nobility to which his family belonged. His father was so extravagant that he nearly ran the family ashore, and the son was obliged to abandon the pursuit of the law in order to take into his hands the management of the farms at home. There is a curious resemblance in modes and manners between the families of the Bismarcks and the Mirabeaus. A remarkable vein of eccentric wildness dis-

* Report of Lord Napier, British ambassador, to his government.

tinguished many of the predecessors of the French tribune; and certainly the grandfather of the German statesman, if not many more of his line, exhibited a similar quality to an extent which savored of madness. "Mad Bismarck" was the descriptive phrase in the university and in Brandenburg in which his mental and social qualities were crystallized, and the expression vindicated the principle of heredity. The grandfather, who was a colonel of dragoons, used to announce his toasts after dinner by the blaring of trumpets and volleys fired by the dragoons. It was a royal style of doing business in the drinking line which the reader will recollect was practised by Claudius in "Hamlet." "Let the kettle to the trumpet speak, the trumpet to the cannoneer without, the cannon to the heavens, etc." This was an ancestral precedent which the grandson took to heart in all its meaning, and deeply honored in the observance of the drinking part of it.

HIS COPIOUS TOASTS TO THE HONOR OF HIS COUNTRY.

He drank copiously for the honor of Germany in foreign lands; witness the story told by Sir Charles Dilke of his performance in that behalf, when the London brewer on a visit of his to that city handed him a specially made and gigantic flagon full of old October. Bismarck himself described the particulars and his feelings on the occasion. The story is characteristic enough to be told amid the solemn inanities written about him in every country at the present moment,* including America. This man of "Blood and Iron" had something of Mirabeau's wild humor, and he reminds us too in the story of Lord Dufferin's tale about an incident which took place in "High Latitudes"—in fact, at a banquet in Ireland. Bismarck, when the brewer presented him with the argosy, fancied he heard an appeal of his country to sustain her fame; so he took up the mighty measure, which gradually rose as he drank until the bottom was above his face. He then left the brewery, sat down in a corner of London Bridge for a couple of hours, the bridge and the people going round and round him. This was the man of respectable habits who started the Kulturkampf, fined and imprisoned bishops, banished religious orders, persecuted Catholic ladies somewhat in the way that sort of thing used to be done in Warsaw, would not hear of religious education for Catholics and would not go to Canossa.

* August 1.

HE POSSESSED THE BETTER TRAITS OF HIS NATION.

This drinking and duel-fighting student had one splendid virtue, that of purity—like the old Teutons when they descended on the dying and corrupt civilization of Rome. In this respect he was a contrast to the wretched Napoleon III., and the satyr-crew of courtiers and carpet-generals who offered him the flattery of imitation. He made the acquaintance at Göttingen of a law-student from Hanover, afterwards known to fame as Herr Windthorst, leader of the Catholic Centre in the Prussian Reichstag. They fought a duel at the university, those who were to be such opponents in after life, and the giant Bismarck received a wound the scar of which he carried with him to the grave.

After leaving the university the subject of this note passed a year's service as a volunteer and then went home to live as a country gentleman, breeding sheep and attending to agriculture and to horticulture. He took an active part in local affairs as a member of the council, but he enjoyed relaxations from parish politics and farming of a somewhat mixed kind. He read a great deal, and at the same time sustained in his province the right to bear the sobriquet affixed to him at Göttingen, "Mad Bismarck." He roused the house by pistol shots in the morning, a mode of summons one might be prepared for on knowing that his ordinary beverage was champagne and porter, which extraordinary compound he was wont to drink in enormous quantities. Another diversion was remotely similar to the means employed by Samson to burn the vineyards of the Philistines—his trick of turning foxes into a drawing-room, to the alarm of ladies, the injury of upholstery and Berlin wool work.

DARING METHODS AND UNWARRANTABLE POLICIES.

It would be impossible to examine the system of government by which Bismarck, in violation of law, collected taxes, carried on the administration, and increased the army, from the time the king and himself had determined to govern without a parliament. We hope the history of the period will be written by some one not carried away by admiration of the success which followed the labors of this great bad man; or, on the other hand, embittered by a sense of the tyranny which respected no condition of life and regarded no claim of justice and of right. But such a history by some one astute to analyze the

meaning of the policy to which the first imperial chancellor devoted himself, the influences which aided or impeded it, and the part that policy will contribute to the future councils of Europe and the progress of civilization,—such a history would be invaluable, not alone to the secular and the ecclesiastical statesman but to the deep student of politics, who aims at finding in the events of a period and the temper of a people the explanation of great changes, and at the same time evidence of a harmonious system throughout the moral universe regulated by principles certain as the laws of the material order.

Nor is it to be inferred from the observation just made that I discover anything profound or far-reaching in the policy of Bismarck. To refute such a conclusion it would be almost sufficient for me to point out that the favorite reading of his life, in connection with the theory and principles of government, was the *Prince*. That some of the maxims of that work found a congenial soil in his mind, is proved to demonstration by the incidents leading to the war with France. But the *Prince* is not a work which could serve in the business of modern government, unless under conditions largely accidental and temporary. Now, such were the conditions from the time when, as a comparatively young man, Bismarck was elected to the first Prussian House of Commons, until, by a series of unexampled successes, he made his country the foremost power in Europe, stood himself among the highest of the aristocracy below the throne, and was master of estates in value and extent fitted to maintain a quasi-royal state.

ONE OF HIS BOLD IMPOSITIONS.

Some of the accidental and temporary circumstances were to be found in the character and disposition of the two monarchs he served, Frederick William IV. and William, afterwards the first Hohenzollern Emperor of Germany. Of course, this pretence of a revival of the old German Empire can impose on no one outside Prussia, any more than the erection of the statue to Herman (Arminius) could make that savage chieftain, who took Varus in an ambush amid the defiles of a German forest, the northern leader of a civilization in rivalry with the ordered society, the elaborate administration, the exact law of Rome, with its ascertained limits of individual and public rights. Other temporary and accidental circumstances were in the land reforms and the evolution of a peasant-freehold society in pursuance of them, in place of the serf-like class which con-

stituted the lower elements of agricultural life in Prussia. In working out this economic destiny this part of the Prussian people engaged themselves with native confidence and sagacity in the task before them. They were grateful to their monarchs, and because they were, they felt inclined to allow those concerned with other aspirations, even for the benefit of all sections of the people, to carve out their own way without assistance. In this passive attitude the new freehold peasants unconsciously gave more than a moral support to the ultra royalism and Toryism of Bismarck; it appeared upon the surface that he was the unacknowledged leader of this apparently conservative, in reality ignorant, element, from the fields and forests, against the townsmen tainted by the revolutionary societies of Hungary, Italy, and France, and the brawling, strong-drinking students of the German universities. "Now for a spell of hatred," quoted from Heine, told of the passions seething in the towns, and which it was deemed could only be dealt with in Berlin by the galloping of horse-artillery and dragoons through the streets.

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

But the agricultural class, then so stolidly loyal, is now saturated with the spirit of socialism, that unchained devil which the fortune of Bismarck let loose upon the future to gamble for place with his successors. His successors in the dissolving empire and the old kingdom, perhaps, narrowing to more ancient Brandenburg dimensions, may regret that a Schleswig-Holstein question ever rose. To men of affairs it was one of those difficulties never to be touched; but Bismarck took it up, fondled it, defied Europe by it, made it the instrument of Austria's overthrow and supersedure from the leadership of Germany. In pursuing the policy of Prussian aggrandizement he went on farther still, until the two Corsicans, Napoleon III. and his ambassador Benedetti, afforded him the opportunity he waited for so earnestly—the war with France—and for which he had been preparing since the close of the war with Austria. It is unnecessary to recall the mangled telegram which precipitated the declaration of war by France, because hostilities had been fixed upon as a step in the evolution of his policy; it is sufficient to state that Bismarck held any means justifiable by which he could succeed, but fooling the representative of France and playing off his own sovereign as an instrument in the game of deception were means to succeed.

EXTREMES OF GREATNESS AND LITTLENESS IN HIS CHARACTER.

He therefore stands before the world in the days of his power as a colossal lie, and in the days when, driven from power, he ought to have been in dignified retirement, we find him intriguing against his successors, publishing state secrets affecting the honor of his old master, as he called the first emperor, and secrets the publication of which might be a danger to the peace of Europe—and while doing this forgetting he had ruined the career and blasted the life of a great noble, the Count Henry von Arnim, for the bare suspicion of having done an act one-tenth as criminal as the least of his own delinquencies. Indeed, it is difficult to determine what should be said concerning this man, in many respects so great and in many so mean, possessing the virtues which belong to the home, while cold and pitiless in carrying out his schemes of personal ambition and patriotic aspiration. Inseparable from the rise of his own fortune was his desire to make his country great and to place his sovereign foremost among the rulers of the earth. Affecting an exaggerated feudal homage as a native of Brandenburg, he professed the creed that the elector of his native province was in a special sense his lord, and that he himself was his lord's "man," according to the old, old formula. Such a fantasy we could hardly believe would in the nineteenth century govern the acts of a carefully considered policy, only that we were aware there existed in this strong, coarse, hypocritical nature an element of that strange buffoonery akin to madness so often found in men with an amazing talent for the exercise of some forms of statesmanship. There is no doubt but it was possessed by Cromwell, and, going back a long way, such buffoonery marked the most subtle of the Plantagenet kings, Henry II., and, somewhat nearer our own time, the most subtle of the princes of the house of Valois, Louis XI. But be that as it may, we see that Bismarck was full of it; that in his last years it only left him when the disappointment of dismissal turned into spleen. In the angry, jabbering complaints of those years we have a key to his character; and we find him a man without dignity in old age, as in youth and manhood he was without honor and conscience.

ALL'S WELL.

BY C. S. HOWE.

"WHAT is it called—that tune you have just played, and who is it by?"

"The title is 'All's Well' and the composer was Mozart," replied the girl who had been playing, turning half round to face the questioner as she spoke.

"Old-fashioned!" remarked one of the few other occupants of the saloon, for it was on board a Mississippi steamboat that the conversation was taking place. "*Very* old-fashioned, I should think."

"*Old-fashioned! Mozart?*"

"Yes, quite so. You never hear his music now except occasionally in a church; it is entirely out of date."

"You've heard it to-day, and it's awfully pretty," said the girl who had first spoken, and who now, by means of the expression beloved of a wide class of young people when desirous of expressing unmitigated approval, warmly championed her friend's choice.

The elder lady, the critic of the small audience, smiled indulgently as one who made every allowance for invincible ignorance as she returned to the pages of the journal from which the music had been a temporary distraction. The two girls quitted the saloon together, and going to the deck, amused themselves by promenading it. They had only known each other a very few days, yet a certain subtle attraction had already developed their acquaintance into a friendship that had in it some elements of permanence. Their dissimilarity in almost every point excepting age may have had something to do with this, if there is any truth in the saying that opposites agree. One—the musician—was from the Southern States, of an old Louisiana family, and on her return to her home in New Orleans after a summer tour among the great lakes and other water-wonders of the North.

It was at Niagara that she had met Beryl Yeldon, who lived in Boston, but who, like herself, was now on sight-seeing bound. It had been easily arranged that their paths should lie together

for as long as might possibly be, but this was for only a few days at longest, and this short time was nearly at an end.

"I wonder," said Beryl, "why I was so smitten with that old tune. Perhaps it was your playing that made it so telling. There seemed to be a story in the music—a musical picture; pathetic, yet with a ring of triumph in it. What can it be?"

"That same old tune has always had a strange fascination for me, and a story as well, although *I* don't know how to put it into words. It seems as though it might be the first song of a newly arrived soul standing on the very threshold of heaven, its uttermost hopes fulfilled, its final bliss secure. All over the long exile, the watching, the pain, and—for ever!"

"Ah, Monica! *Now* I seem to know why I was so thrilled. Your fingers, obeying some subtle nerve-power from your dreaming brain, stirred the dull keys of the piano to breathe an echo of your fancy into me—a mere embryo, which your words have put into form. Your imagination is stronger, I fancy, than mine could ever be. Is it because you are a Southerner or a Catholic, or both?"

"I must plead ignorance," replied Monica, smiling.

"Unfortunately," said Beryl, "it is not always of beautiful things you dream. Purgatory, for instance. That soul you picture, if it has passed through *that* ordeal, must have good reason for rejoicing that it is over, and for ever! Would not you in its place?"

"I should," said Monica simply.

"The belief in purgatory must make you terribly afraid of death. I suppose you *must* believe in it, must you not? *I* never could. It is far nicer to know, to feel sure, that when we die we go straight to heaven. I only wonder that you can be happy and think otherwise."

"Then *you* are not afraid of death?"

"Oh, no, not at all!"

"You *know*, so you say, that you would go straight to heaven?"

Beryl hesitated before replying. Her sense of truthfulness, which though it sometimes allowed her tongue to slip unwarily, was still strong enough, when she had sufficient time, to arrest the tergiversation that trembled on her tongue. She had already said too much, and feeling the ground beneath her feet uncertain at the best, hastened to make use of one of the convenient commonplaces that seem made to fit undesirable emergencies of speech.

"Of course. We all hope to go there."

"But did you not say you were sure?" persisted Monica.

"As far as one can be," replied Beryl, who, finding herself "cornered," was seeking eagerly for some loophole to escape. "But really, now, Monica darling, are we not getting rather uncheerful?"

"*Uncheerful!* The prospect of immediate possession of heaven?"

"How you teaze! You know that is not a bit like what I *meant*. No, indeed; this world may not be heavenly, but it's good enough for me at present. I am not at all tired of it; neither, I am sure, are you."

Beryl here spoke the whole truth. The world was at its brightest for Monica Clive. Involuntarily she glanced at the hand on which glittered the as yet unfamiliar betrothal ring; for Beryl's last words were a forcible reminder of the high stakes she held in this world's happiness, and she smiled brightly as she replied:

"I am very willing to stay the whole length of my tether."

"I should think so! Is it not near here that you expect to meet Mr. Barham? I am longing to see your Frank, and hope he will come on board before I leave the boat. Do you really think he will?"

"Certainly I do. I expect he will come along-side early to-morrow morning, to go the rest of the way home with me. We cannot be far from the point where he promised to meet me."

"Then I shall be sure to see him, as I have nearly the whole of another day before me. Then comes the parting with you, Monica! I wonder, wonder when and where we shall meet again!"

"Why, next winter, of course. Have you not promised to come and stay with me at my home in New Orleans?"

But even this prospect of reunion, at no very far distant time, apparently failed to comfort Beryl for present separation from the new-found friend whose society had grown, she hardly knew why, so delightful, and after a few more turns on deck under the clear starlit night both girls went to seek their berths somewhat earlier than usual; for one of them, at least, meant to be up by sunrise on the morrow.

There is a fanciful transparency about to-morrow that permits us, so we think, to see not only all it contains, but, as

in a vista, the long procession of days that are to follow it. Yet, can it well hide its own secrets until the hour for their disclosure too often surprises us into owning it for the mystery that, as a part of the unknown future, it must ever be! It dawned over the broad waters of the Mississippi on one of the most awful sights the world can show—a ship on fire!

Hopelessly so. Almost from the hour when the fearful peril had been discovered it had been known that no possibility existed of saving the vessel.

All those who could had already left it in the boats; the rest, and there were many, remained to meet their fate. That fate—death by fire or drowning—was not only inexorable, but immediate. Already several of the unhappy people, maddened by the dreadful alternative, had thrown themselves into the waters; some of them to sink at once, while others, clinging to any floating thing that came within reach, tried to postpone the end that seemed to be inevitable.

One of those who had remained on the burning steamboat was Monica Clive, who—among a few others huddled together at the stern, the only place as yet free from the raging flames—was watching with intense anxiety the movements of one of the boats in which she perceived the form of her friend, Beryl Yeldon. She herself had helped to place her there—in the *last*, the only possible space available. She could have had it for herself, but had resigned it for her friend's sake; while Beryl, sick with mortal terror, was scarcely conscious of the vital sacrifice enacted on her behalf. She certainly did not overrate it, for in that eventful moment when they had stood side by side, the "one to be taken, the other left," she had cried, as she clung convulsively to Monica's arm:

"O Monica! I would not go only I know *you* can swim—*I* cannot."

The answer did not reach her, for acts in time of deadly peril take up less time than words; and the boat, with its perilously heavy freight, was over the side and afloat on the turbid, heaving waters; and Monica's voice was lost in the noise and confusion of the moment.

"Swim?" she asked herself. "Could she?" Yes, for a few minutes, in a smooth sea close to a safe beach, with ready assistance at hand in case of real or imaginary danger. One glance at the rough, tumbling waters, already dotted with the heads of desperate human creatures more or less vainly trying to keep death at bay to the utmost of their power, gave a

truer answer to the question than any she could frame for herself.

But now, as she stood at the stern looking far out towards the horizon, she saw something that she had not seen before—something that all along she had been hoping almost against hope to see coming towards her. She knew what it was, though as yet it was scarcely discernible. The steam-launch that carried her lover was bringing him as swiftly as might be to her side.

Would he arrive in time?

Again was her question answered by the elements, for an outburst of flames close to her last standing-place forced her to clamber down to the water's edge. No one but herself took the fearful descent, but life, just at this moment, looked very sweet to Monica Clive—when it and death had seemingly met to contest hand to hand, inch by inch, their right in her. As she touched the water a piece of wood drifted within her reach, this she promptly seized and, clinging to the frail support it afforded, she pushed as far as she could away from the burning boat.

The tide helped her efforts and the waves, which were high, occasionally raised her sufficiently to catch a transitory glimpse of the cause of her revived hopes. Nearer and nearer each time it surely came, until among those who were standing on the deck she was able to clearly distinguish the form of Frank Barham.

A little longer time, a renewed effort, and the next wave would lift her to eyes that she knew were, among the countless objects floating around, seeking *her* in every direction.

Next time!

A dark face rose above the water close by her poor raft, which was simultaneously clutched by the hands of some one in the last extremity of abject terror. It was one of the negro stokers who, with despairing eyes fixed on the crucifix suspended from Monica's neck, cried wildly:

"O missis! save me; pray for me! Me bad man—Cath'lic man—bad, bad! Good missis, *pray!*"

"Will you promise to be good if you live?" asked Monica.

"Ah! me will if—"

The water rolled over them both, drowning the rest of the sentence. The spar would not bear the weight of more than *one*.

Monica knew what was required of her. Her young life for

this nameless stranger's soul! Nor was the price, costly as it seemed at such a moment, too much for her to give. When the spar rose again only the man was clinging to it, too dazed to be more than half aware that his own safety had been secured by the sacrifice of his co-religionist and companion in misfortune.

"A wasted life," sighed those who set themselves to judge the individual merits of Monica Clive; and those—the frivolous friend of a day, the outcast companion of a minute—both of whom only lived because she died, and deemed the sacrifice, in its best light, as *useless* heroism! But to those thus saved was it given to see in Monica's a sudden, vivid glimpse of the Great Sacrifice, and seeing, they caught hold and saved their souls from hell.

MARQUETTE ON THE SHORES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

On seeing the original manuscript map of the Mississippi River by its discoverer, Father Marquette.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

HERE, in the midnight of the solemn wood,
He heard a roar as of a mighty wind,—
The onward rush of waters unconfined
Trampling in legions thro' the solitude.
Then, lo! before him swept the conquering flood,
Free as the freedom of the truth-strong mind
Which hills of Doubt could neither hide nor bind,
Which, all in vain, the valley mounds withstood!
With glowing eye he saw the prancing tide
With yellow mane rush onward thro' the night
Into the Vastness he had never trod:
Nor dreamt of conquest of that kingdom wide
As down the flood his spirit took its flight
Seeking the long-lost children of his God!

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. DIMPHNA.

GHEEL, THE INSANE COLONY OF BELGIUM.

BY J. H. GORE.

"But he that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staffe of wisedome him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadfull is that ship's event;
So is the man that wants intendiment."
—*Spenser*, "Teares of the Muses."

I.

IN the sixth century of the Christian era the north of Ireland was divided into a number of small, independent kingdoms. Over one of these independencies bordering upon the sea ruled a certain pagan king whose fame has been so completely eclipsed by his daughter's that his name has been forgotten. The legend merely states that his queen was a woman of surpassing beauty, gentleness, and grace, and that she brought up her only daughter to be like her in thought, word, and action. Just as Dimphna, for such was the name of the

princess, was entering into womanhood her mother died, leaving the king in the very depths of sorrow over his great loss. So great indeed was his grief that the court attendants urged him to take to himself another wife, hoping that by so doing a part at least of his grief might wear away.

The advice of his counsellors prevailed, and a delegation was sent out to visit the neighboring courts in search of a worthy consort. They kept in mind their former queen and zealously sought her equal, but not meeting with success, they returned to report that none could be found comparable with the noble woman who had shared his throne with him. The hope that he might again be happy had buoyed him up, so this unfavorable report cast him down and caused him to rebuke his emissaries sorely. Then, to protect themselves, they appealed to their sovereign's vanity and said: "O king, we have not found the spouse whom you desire because there is none worthy of you. She whom you seek is near you; the living image of the deceased, one who is not her inferior in grace nor in beauty, one in whom the queen, whose love made you so happy, seems to live again. It is Dimphna, your daughter; she alone is worthy of you; choose her, raise her to the dignity of wife." Seeing that the proposition was not met with expressions of indignation, they hastened to paint her charms and describe her many virtues, nor did they cease until they saw their suggestions bearing fruit. The king at once called his daughter into his presence and declared to her his intentions.

But she, having accepted Christianity, saw in this unnatural proposition sins of which he knew nothing, and resolutely refused obedience. This brought about a conflict which very soon showed the father's greater power, and so, to avoid an immediate union, she feigned a less stubborn resistance and asked for a fortnight in which to reach a decision. The request was cheerfully granted, but Dimphna made use of this time in preparing for flight instead of arguing herself into acquiescence. In this labor she was aided by her religious instructor and two of her servants. The four succeeded in escaping, reached the coast and embarked in a sail-boat that had been put in readiness for that purpose. Propitious winds and a smooth sea enabled them to round Scotland and finally enter the mouth of the Scheldt, up which they journeyed until Antwerp was reached. But owing to the busy life of this town they feared to make it their home, thinking that the knowledge of their flight, which would sooner or later reach this world-port, might

CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN.

cause them to be suspected as the fugitives. They therefore decided to go further inland, stopping eventually at the hamlet of Gheel. Here the little church built in honor of St. Martin, the good saint who had shared his cloak with a beggar, and the quiet life around offered the homeless a promising asylum.

When the king learned of the escape of his daughter he sent men in pursuit, promising rich presents for success and death for failure. The pursuers eventually reached Antwerp. Here they heard of the party of strangers who had stopped in that city for awhile and the direction they had taken upon leaving. This unexpected trail was quickly followed and southward the hopeful seekers journeyed. At Oelen the party stopped for refreshments, and upon leaving offered a piece of gold in payment. To their surprise it was promptly refused, the hostess declaring that she had once before accepted a similar piece and up to the present time had been unable to dispose of it. In answer to the question from whom she had received it, she explained that there lived in the neighborhood two men and two women who frequently bought supplies of her, and that the younger lady was so amiable and beautiful

that she could not refuse the coin when proffered, although ignorant of its value and currency. The men learned where this party dwelt, and in a short time came near enough to the cabin they occupied to see that their suspicions were correct—that the occupants were the persons whom they sought.

The king, who had come to Antwerp when informed that definite clues had been discovered there, was promptly informed of the successful issue of the search, and immediately hastened to bring surprise and confusion to the peaceful dwellers in the little cabin. He commanded his daughter to prepare to accompany him home; she resolutely refused, nor was she moved by threats even when aimed at her life. Her faithful companion urged her to remain steadfast in her resolution, and received as his reward his death. The murder of this good man brought forth such expressions of grief from the daughter as to anger her father beyond all bounds. He commanded his attendants to kill her; they refused; then, incensed by a second disregard of his authority, he struck her down with his own sword.

The instant he realized the magnitude of his crime he fled, leaving the two lifeless bodies to the beasts of the fields. However the good people of the neighborhood, having been attracted to the gentle lady from over the seas and indignant that such a crime should have been committed in their midst, buried the two martyrs where they fell.

In a short time the report of the horrible deed spread abroad, and the pious folk of the land used it as an illustration of the extent to which vicious desires could carry one. The prominence thus given to the heroic defence of a principle made by Dimphna suggested that a more worthy sepulture should be provided, but as the suggestion was being put into execution those present were greatly surprised to find that the bodies were encased in coffins of the purest alabaster, instead of the rough boards to which they had been consigned. Thus a miracle had been performed, the victory over the cravings of a disordered mind had been crowned, and an intimation given that the act of honoring the dead received marks of the highest approval. It was then decided to further sanctify this hallowed spot by erecting here a stately church and dedicating it, in the name of St. Dimphna, to the healing of such mental disorders as might have come from base desires.

In the building of this church provisions were made for the reception of patients, for it was thought persons from a dis-

tance might be brought for cure, and even yet these rooms may be seen in one of the towers of this noble edifice. But it was not long until these accommodations were too limited, and neighbors were asked to house the unfortunates while seeking

A STREET IN GHEEL.

relief from their thraldom; then religious orders obtained permission to build chapter-houses where the afflicted and their friends might sojourn. Thus it was that the town of Gheel became a city. Each house erected was for a family coming in answer to the demand for homes for the unfortunates, or with a desire to administer to their wants. In but few cases was the occupation of caring for this class thrust upon the households; consequently, in the election of this form of hospitality, the moving force was that sympathetic nature which in its transmission from generation to generation shows itself now in the inhabitants of this kindly city.

The "innocents"—for by this name the insane were called—innocent of course, for "it was not this man who has sinned," said One wiser than we—sought healing in a pilgrimage such as Dimphna made in fleeing from evil, in close personal contact with the relics of her who was so pure as to resist the incar-

nate fiend personified in her maddened father, and in prayers to her who now as saint was the intermediary of the afflicted. The cure, therefore, was superhuman, and religious offices were the efficient causes.

Such was Gheel during the first period of its history.

II.

The second chapter, dating from 1851, does not begin with legend. It starts with a recognition of two facts: the advantages offered by home-life over the asylum in the treatment of certain phases of insanity, and the special adaptability of the Gheelois for the care of the insane. This realization forced itself upon the humanitarians of Belgium and brought about the establishment of state control at Gheel, with attendant measures for the application of more active remedial agencies than were formerly practised.

The inmate of an asylum is a being aloof from his fellowmen, and however careful his attendants may be, there will escape casual glances of an inquiring nature that show that he is the object of forethought and continual watchfulness, which, even though most humane and judicious to the last degree, will appear to the unfortunate as evidences of the dividing line that separates him from others. The grated windows, locked doors, and alert guards reveal only too plainly that he is there to be cured, and before the thought can shape itself into words comes and comes again the realization of the gravity of his ailment. Every softened word and pitying look bespeak only too plainly the engulfing floods that are closing over his mental world. The whole equipment by which he is surrounded keeps constantly before him the malady from which he suffers, and his chief food for thought is a conviction of his helplessness, with an ever-growing fear that recovery is beyond the bounds of the possible.

Scarcely better is the fate of the insane one who is left at home. The sight of objects once the source of joy but now of aversion is a constant irritation, the incessant calls for answers to idle questions is sure to bring impatient responses, the astonished stare of one unused to seeing persons thus afflicted causes the unfortunate one to look within, only to find its reason in his sad mental plight, and the passer-by stepping aside as if in fear reminds him of peculiarities that are beyond his control.

How different it is at Gheel!

For quite thirteen centuries the insane have walked its streets, and the peasants' familiarity with the whims and caprices of its guests eliminates every look and tone that might point to any inequalities of condition, and in time the new-comer will act as he sees others act. No notice is taken of their presence, the usual vocations are neither interrupted nor modified on their account, and thus uncontradicted and unnoticed the incentive for introspection is removed, they lose sight of the fact that they differ from those about them, and the first step towards recovery is taken.

When a patient is brought to Gheel he is taken at once to the infirmary, a commodious, comfortable building situated in a large garden on the outskirts of the town. Here the first diagnosis is made, and if there is no fear of violence to himself or others, he is put in the general ward for closer observation. Should the exigencies demand it, he may be isolated for a longer or shorter period; but if the necessity for continuous restraint be beyond question, the patient will be removed to an asylum, for a time at least. When a minute examination reveals the specific nature of the trouble and the characteristics of the patient, the council in its next weekly meeting decides where he is to be placed. In reaching this decision several things must be considered. If the patient is an object of charity for whose support the state and commune make provision, then he is assigned to an available household where such patients are taken, and where the care of persons with this particular form of insanity has been to the satisfaction of the authorities. If the patient, or his friends, pay for his keep, accommodations corresponding to the means at his command are secured. The nurse is then summoned to take to his home his new charge, and he is told as much of the patient's history and peculiarities as he should know in addition to the explicit directions as to the diet and care that is demanded.

The patient is taken at once into completely new surroundings; into a home, in fact, where he will be regarded with interest and not suspicion, with affection, not dread. He lives the life of the family and shares in its prosperity and adversity, he attends with them religious service in the church, kneels with them at the Angelus bell, joins in the family devotions; he recites the tale of his fancied wrong, and if it be for the thousandth time, he finds a willing listener whose experience suggests the most soothing answer; he sees himself the object of their filial concern—he who before, if not mistreated, was regarded with

scorn and disgrace by those to whom he was allied by blood and social ties; and thus he rises in his own estimation—rises towards the level of those by whom he is surrounded. He is free to go as he wishes, and no one anxiously asks him when he will return; he does not seek to escape, for where could he be happier? If he wanders away through inadvertence, he will be brought back by a neighbor or one of the guards, and feel grateful that he is home again.

Occupation also is provided as far as possible, and the guest encouraged by pay and praise to assist in the work of the house or farm, and in the withdrawal of his thoughts from himself he takes an interest in the joys and sorrows, trials and labors of those around him. Strange as it may seem, many of the patients work at trades, and although daily handling tools that might be used as weapons, but one injury has been intentionally inflicted within the past fifty years. It was interesting to notice in a shop where a number of men were making wooden shoes that one of them was reading aloud to his comrades, who seemingly enjoyed the story, if not his elocutionary effort.

Corresponding to the ward for men is one for women, with its series of individual rooms for such as may be violent. The entire building is otherwise free from evidences of restraint; the windows are not barred, padded cells are not seen, and no clanking chains are heard. It is the justifiable boast of the director that the only coercive measure employed is the leather wristlet that fastens the hands in such a way as to prevent any act of violence. In the one case in which I saw this used the woman pulled down her sleeves so as to practically hide this restriction upon a suicidal mania. No nurse is permitted to strike or bind a patient. In case of any great outburst the nurse must notify the physician of his district, and he alone can authorize the use of force or the application of the wristlet.

The female patients assist in the work of the families with whom they live. Many of them look after the children, and it seems as though the society of the little ones and their simple amusements find an echo in the undeveloped mind of the larger playmate. I watched for some time a man of at least sixty playing hide-and-seek with a group of children; it was evident that he did not regard this as a task; he followed without an effort the meaning of their simple prattle, and their little confidences awakened a responsive chord in his heart and brought

out the better feelings of his nature. It was particularly interesting to observe the attitude of the larger boys towards the insane whom they met. They appear to look upon each other as an overgrown boy with whom they might play, not as one to tease and annoy, or even stare at with anxious concern. But then why should they regard them otherwise? Was not each one as a baby carried about by such an one? And were not many of his wants attended to by one who could but little more than meet her own?

CHAPEL OF ST. DIMPHNA.

The rules do not allow any family to take more than two patients, and they also prescribe in explicit terms the care which they must receive, even the way in which the rooms must be furnished, the clothing to be worn, the beds on which they sleep, and the food provided. The physician must visit each patient at least once a month, and the inspectors drop in at irregular intervals, by day or night, while the family is at work or at meals, and every violation of the rules or failure to follow instructions is recorded. This record furnishes in part the basis on which is determined the worthiness of each family to serve as nurse. Since the majority of the households of Gheel are supported by their insane boarders, it is important that the

record be good. It is pleasant to say that this is not the only motive for acting humanely. When we recall that for generation after generation the people have been daily exercising patience and showing sympathy, it is easy to see that it is the very nature of these people to be kind and gentle, and in walking through the streets of Gheel peace and good-will toward men shine in the faces of all whom you meet, show themselves in the clean houses on either side, and even in the demure way in which the occasional cart passes along there is evidence of the desire for quiet as well as peace.

Certificates are given to those who show especial kindness to their charges, or who at risk to themselves were able to restrain a violent person without resorting to force, and the diplomas, given out once a year with great ceremony, are objects of pride in the homes of the winners.

One of the questions which frames itself in the minds of all who hear of this unique institution is: "How does this large contingent of feeble-minded affect the native population?" The daily association with the simple from childhood on would surely influence more and more each generation—at least this would seem to be inevitable; but it does not appear to be the case, and in fact the great success which has attended the college at Gheel proves conclusively that the Gheelois are as clever as any of their neighbors. The explanation for this unexpected immunity from mental atrophy is found in the same fact that gives to the form of treatment here employed its great potency—that is, the entire population is apparently oblivious to the presence in their midst of anything abnormal. If this were not the case, it is easy to see how 2,000 insane living in the homes and walking the streets might cast a blighting influence over the mind-world of those who serve them.

The practical reader will by this time ask for results. Taking the last eight years, they can be shown in the following table:

Year.	*Admitted.*	*Cured.*	*Benefited.*	*Death-rate per 1000.*
1889	235	40	9	60
1890	227	55	11	63
1891	218	52	9	95
1892	243	46	15	84
1893	193	45	7	56
1894	266	42	6	55
1895	264	45	7	55
1896	275	30	8	56

THE INFIRMARY.

It will be understood that those who are released as cured or benefited are from the entire colony and not from the number admitted during that year, and the same is true of the death-rate. The decrease in the number of cures in the most recent years is owing to the strenuous efforts the director is making to have the curables kept at home, leaving the time and resources available at Gheel for the less fortunate but more needy.

When a patient has been pronounced cured, heart-breaking on both sides is the parting. He has become endeared to the family of his nurse by the sympathy born of his helplessness, and in turn he loves every member of the household as contributors to his release from the most terrible calamity that can fall to man. Rarely does an instance occur in Gheel of a patient wishing to change his domicile, much less to leave for good its hospitable walls. The affection for the sick one is like that tender love a mother has for an afflicted child or wayward son, and truly touching it is to see a slight woman take up in her arms her epileptic patient and gently carry him to a place of comfort, or when a grandmother walks along the street with her charge holding her by the hand—a patient whose malady

was such that he could not be left alone while she went to the nearest store. The patients invariably in their lucid moments speak with affection of their nurses, and also say that *they* are merely stopping for awhile in Gheel to rest, "for Gheel is such a restful place"; "but," they usually add, "there is a poor creature next to us who imagines he is here on a visit. But alas! he is insane and does not know it."

In other respects Gheel is like the average Belgian town, except perhaps somewhat quieter, for it has no manufactories, the people being engaged in farming or the conduct of the small shops usual in such places. The amusements are in no sense lessened in number nor changed in character because of the presence there of so many simple persons; the two bands give frequent concerts, sometimes with the assistance of one or more of the patients, for unfortunately several once famous musicians are among their number. If a performer refuses at the last moment to play or sing nothing is said, for such exhibitions of whims are by no means rare. In general music is found to have a beneficent influence over the patients and every encouragement is given for its support. The perennial kermesse, on the other hand, with its attendant side-shows, crowds of country folk, and excitement, has a contrary effect; but this institution is so firmly fixed in the land that a village would as willingly give up its curate or charter, or even its carillon, as to forego the autumnal kermesse.

There is one church festival, however, to which the Gheelois look forward throughout the year—the feast of St. Dimphna, on May 15, when every released patient who can possibly afford it makes a pilgrimage to the church of his patron saint, and in 1900, on the thirteen-hundredth anniversary, for whose celebration preparations are now making, thousands from many lands will journey to Gheel, walk again the streets whose stones they once listlessly trod, look upon the houses which in years gone by sheltered them—helpless as children—cross themselves before the grated recess containing a group of carved wood figures which represent the saint's martyrdom, reverently kneel in prayer of thanksgiving in the church dedicated to this patron saint; and as each one earnestly pleads that to others may come the blessing of cure, the pious priest will gladly respond "Ainsi soit-il."

ICH DIEN.

A FRAGMENT OF ROYALTY.

BY ELIZABETH ANGELA HENRY.

AYHAP you are of the city for generations back and know naught of the homely charm of "milking-time" on the farm—that quiet sunset hour when the cows have come from the pasture and the hired hands gather around the kitchen table for their evening luncheon of bread and milk. It is an hour of gentle peacefulness denied, unless it be in misty retrospect, to the dweller on asphalt streets.

It was milking-time at Squaw Lake farm. At the foot of the lane stood the placid-faced cows patiently waiting the pleasure of the women-folk. The ripening grain was tinged with the reddish glow of the harvest sun dropping behind the old log barn, while overhead a flock of crows, lazily circling to the shadowy woods, cawed a plaintive "good-night" to the world beneath them.

Down the grassy lane went two girls, carrying stools and brightly scoured tin pails. As they walked leisurely along a young man came towards them from the bars leading to the public road.

"O Mr. Bertram! we thought you had gone to the store," exclaimed Bessie Moore, the younger of the girls.

"And so I did. Behold the result," he gaily returned, unrolling at the same time a package of late magazines.

The girls dropped stools and pails to examine the bundle, for such entertaining literature was scarce in the days of the early sixties.

"But, Mr. Bertram," questioned Bessie's companion, her sunny face half-hidden by a flapping sun-bonnet, "surely our poor little country store never risked an order like this without a buyer in view?"

Before she was answered a young man with a rake lying across his shoulder came around the bend of the lane and joined the little group. The last comer was a wholesome specimen of Irish-Canadian manhood, with the breeziness of the fields in his manly bearing and the tint of the flax-blossom in his clear

blue eye. He was Paul Moore, the only son of the house, and in whom centred all the love and hopes of the Moore family. Paul's rugged honesty is the standard by which his sister Bessie measures the moral calibre of the neighboring young men, while to Nora, the girl of the sunny face, Cousin Paul has been the boundary line of her simple life ever since her coming to the farm, sixteen years ago, an orphan without kith or kin. The cousinship is but the natural sequence of the loving terms of "aunt" and "uncle" bestowed upon his parents.

Some couple of hours later the same group of young people were seated upon the broad stoop by the kitchen door. Twilight's delicate dove-tints were veiling the farm, softening the angles in the zigzag rail fences and giving to Nora's face an added tenderness. In the pond down by the orchard the frogs sang their guttural night songs, the barking of a neighbor's dog echoed faintly over the hills, the whip-poor-wills whistled a cooing message as they flew from tree to tree, and as the gray shades deepened into dusk the tiny fire-flies appeared about which Nora told Mr. Bertram a pretty legend: how the early French settlers were accustomed to make a lamp for Our Lady's picture by imprisoning a number of the flies beneath a tumbler, and how the fierce wolves of the forest prowling around the cabins, seeing the sparkling bits of light, were frightened from any nearer approach.

Paul Moore, seated on a bench smoking, knew that this evening was not more free from care than the many that had come and gone during his twenty-five years of unruffled existence. Still he was uneasily conscious of looking his last on his household gods of peace and contentment. And yet, he thought, what could happen? His gray-haired father, laboriously reading the *True Witness* by the evening lamp, had no sign of unrest on his weather-worn face; his mother in the yellow rocker by the window, tirelessly knitting, was solely occupied in watching for nine o'clock, when the Rosary might be said and her day ended. Bessie was lightly lilting the air of a new song heard at the last quilting bee, and Nora—what about Nora? Paul took an unusually long pull at his pipe. He had not told her why he was about to bid upon neighbor Armstrong's hundred acres, but surely she might guess. Besides, he must first know if John Bertram can effect the loan he has promised him, and at bank interest.

John Bertram had come to the farm three months before. Paul was doing the spring ploughing on the Pine Ridge, a cor-

ner of his farm bounded by the town-road, when he first met Mr. Bertram, looking for a few weeks' lodging in the vicinity of Squaw Lake, convalescing, he said, after a long illness and requiring country air. So it came about that John Bertram was made welcome at the Moore farm-house and allowed to use the spare room, where for pastime he set up a laboratory and dabbled in chemistry.

Paul soon became interested in the quiet, well-read stranger. It was pleasant to have a man with whom to discuss the doings of the world so distant from his fields of wheat and clover. There are times when the state of the crops, the weather, and even the company of a charming girl, will not satisfy a man like Paul Moore. He craves, as it were, a keener mind to whet his own against.

The stranger, on his part, enjoyed the long country days, the rowing on Squaw Lake, and the chance talks beneath the big apple-tree with Paul's cousin Nora. He never worked among his chemicals until after nightfall, when he would frequently invite Paul to try his hand at experimenting, and long after the young farmer had retired sounds would reach him from the stranger's room, awakening in him dim longings for a life beyond Squaw Lake.

"Paul, it is nine o'clock."

"All right, mother."

"I believe it would be an easier matter to persuade the Archbishop of Dublin to eat meat on Friday than mother to miss saying the Rosary," remarked Bessie, as she crossed over to the red wooden pump for a drink of water before prayers.

Ever since Michael and Mary Moore's wedding-night had this pious Catholic custom of saying the beads in common been the rigid rule of the house. John Bertram, who had long ago forgotten to claim any creed as his own, was growing accustomed to the familiar sight of the family kneeling about the crucifix standing on a small table, beside it a bottle of holy water, but whether he ever wished to join in the evening prayers is uncertain. His hosts, with the innate courtesy of Celtic instincts, forebore expressing a desire that might be regarded as intrusion.

The lamp-light fell upon the bowed head of Michael Moore as he read the sacred mysteries with a voice full of reverence and strong faith; and as the fresh tones of the young people repeated the "Holy Marys," over the old mother's face passed a look of deep thankfulness that that Queen whom she had

taught her children to honor had, in turn, showered such countless blessings upon them. And with a glance of maternal pride her blue eyes rested a moment upon Paul, her first born, her darling.

"Do not fear; all will be made right, and may God keep you," were Paul's last words, as he resolutely turned from four white faces full of anguish and love.

It was evening of the next day, and over the peaceful farmhouse had swept a wave of black trouble, bending every head beneath it. Paul's presentiment of evil had taken shape an hour before, when two government detectives had appeared and arrested John Bertram as a long-wanted counterfeiter of her Majesty's stamp on paper and mint, and Paul Moore as an accomplice. Then was explained the real use of the laboratory, out of which was to be realized the promised loan for neighbor Armstrong's farm; and when the old father and mother pitifully implored Bertram to save their son, not by a word would the man who had broken their bread and enjoyed their friendship exonerate the young farmer from complicity in his crime! It was the first time he had been associated with an honest man, and he doubtless built on the efforts made for young Moore benefiting himself. Any admission of Paul's innocence implied his own guilt, he selfishly reasoned.

Days of weary watching and waiting followed. Michael Moore's gray head seemed to lower every day as mortgage after mortgage ate its way into the heart of the farm, with small help to Paul. Innocence counts for little against circumstantial evidence, especially in a poorly-feed lawyer's defence.

So Paul, the man whose word was as good as another man's bond, saw the sun rise and set through iron bars made strong for murderers and forgers. He thought his pain had reached its depths when looking on the sufferings of the dear ones at home, but at the turning of the heavy prison key his strong, upright heart seemed clinched by an icy hand that cruelly squeezed out drop by drop the warm blood pulsing with pride and youthful hopes.

A woman is most keenly wounded through her affections, but a man cannot live without the good name his father gave him. Paul thought of his fields; and his cell, roomy though it really was, grew close as an iron cage. He could see his old gray horse "Sib," which had carried him on many a merry prank in his school-boy days, coming through the clover to look for

apples in the pocket that always had one, and with an almost childish longing he wished to feel again the caress of that shaggy face. He crossed to the window to catch a glimpse of the sun that was now setting upon Squaw Lake, but his hot forehead chancing to touch the iron bars, a rush of shame went over him, making him feel as if he were what he was accused of being—a felon.

Paul well knew how desperate was his case. He had but his neighbors' word against the eloquence of a queen's counsel, backed by strong circumstantial evidence. Farther down the stone hall-way was the cell where the real culprit, John Bertram, was confined. At the memory of the callous selfishness which would end perhaps in sending him, innocent, to Kingston Penitentiary, Paul well-nigh forgot his Christian training under the weight of the cruel injustice done to him by the man who had violated a trust that even a savage would have respected. In a few days his case would be called, and should the verdict be against him, Paul knew he must submit. To appeal to a higher court would mean the selling of Squaw Lake farm, and what then would shelter his aged parents, loving little Bessie and Nora?

Dusk had crept unheeded upon the lonely prisoner, who was aroused from his bitter thoughts by a passing guard saying:

"It is nine o'clock."

At home they would be now saying the Rosary, and for him no doubt. Paul dropped upon his knees with a choking moan.

"Surely there is a higher court for such as I. Mary, Mother, have pity on me and mine!"

There by the iron-latticed window knelt the strong young figure, his hands holding the precious rosary and his clear blue eyes, so like his mother's, trustingly turned towards his pious Catholic home, confident in the mighty power of the "Communion of Saints."

It was early in September, and at Squaw Lake the farmers were busily threshing their grain, when Nora and Bessie found themselves in Toronto, where Paul's case was being tried. They were staying at the Red Lion Hotel, opposite the Government House.

The Queen City was in a big commotion. Last evening, the 7th of September, 1860, had come a royal guest to Toronto—Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. His was a triumphal march

from the wild coast of Newfoundland's Island along the shore of the St. Lawrence. Through village, town, and city he passed, carrying all before him by the prestige of his mother's name and his own winning, boyish grace. But it remained for Toronto to give the heartiest of loyal welcomes. It was late when he arrived by the *Kingston,* and the evening shadows were thickly gathering about his slight young form as he was cheered, addressed, and sung to by tireless throats. Yet even in the twilight could be seen the lighting up of the somewhat satiated eyes when five thousand children burst forth in "God save the Queen."

Seated by the window of her hotel, Bessie was listlessly watching the crowds coming and going to the afternoon reception held at the Government House in honor of the Prince, when Nora broke a rather long silence:

"This is the eighth. Only three days more."

And Bessie, knowing her cousin's thoughts, sadly repeated:

"Only three days more."

"Bessie, to-night his Royal Highness attends a ball at Osgode Hall, and—"

"Nora, why can't you talk of Paul, and not of that boy who has all the world to think of him? Oh, my poor brother!" and the quivering face turned from Nora.

"Bessie, you and I must also attend this levee. Hush a moment! We must be there as actors, not spectators, for I must dance with the Prince of Wales. Patience a little longer, dear, and please do not look as if you thought trouble had driven me crazy; for great Heaven, if this fail, Paul will go to prison, and then you may pity me, for my heart will surely be broken!"

But Bessie's warm, caressing arms quickly encircled the drooping figure, while she eagerly entreated Nora to tell her of the wonderful plan for saving Paul.

And then Nora told her that she had already obtained invitation cards through the assistance of the representative of their district in the Provincial House, who did not forget that when stumping the country Michael Moore's door was always open. But she did not add that her own bright eyes, exercised on a committee-man having more heart than head, were of considerable help in the matter. She would be one of the merry throng, while a costumer's rich brocade and white wig would transform little Bessie into a stately chaperon.

At nine o'clock that same evening, among the line of car-

riages that whirled up to Osgode Hall was one containing "Mrs. Moore and Miss Mona Moore."

Along the beautiful corridors of Caen stone swept Canada's wealth and fashion, put forth with its mightiest efforts. First came the reading of the address of welcome in the main atrium by her eminent Scotch lawyer, after which the guests ascended the broad marble staircase to one of the finest law libraries in America. The galleries were filled to overflowing, and the attention of every one was intently fixed upon a dais where sat a boy of nineteen, surrounded by gray-haired judges of the bench, humbly soliciting him to become a member of their law society.

A while later and dancing had begun, and as the young Prince moved in admirable time to the witching strains of Poppinberg's band it often chanced his eyes met Nora's.

Who would have imagined that the country girl's guileless gaze would accomplish more than a well-trained society manœuvre and so compel royal eyes to rest with pleasure upon her sunny face above a gown of simple white mull? In her hand was his emblem, a fan of three white plumes, tipped with gold. Perhaps it was but the natural gravitation of youth to youth.

Nora was apparently lightly chatting with her white-haired chaperon, when by the surging of the crowd in her direction she knew her chance had come. Another moment, and the heir apparent to a kingdom on whose dominions the sun never sets was proffering his request with as modest a grace as did ever the young men claim her hand at the harvest dances in the barn at Squaw Lake farm. As Nora turned to accept the royal arm she flashed a glance at Bessie that made that loving but timorous little companion pray as she had never prayed before.

Was it the sly young Royalty's doings that half his suite was also on the floor, thereby encouraging others and diverting attention from himself? The guests, looking on with envious amazement, did not wonder at the girl's flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, in face of the honor paid her, a nobody, by one who, as a boy, was "father to the first gentleman in Europe."

But Nora, with the memory of Paul's dear face as she last saw it, saw only in the Prince one who could help her to win the prize of her life. Under cover of the dreamy music, the flashing of passing jewels, the ripples of low laughter, as the guests glided around the ball-room floor, she told her story to

her boyish partner, whose face was turned devotedly to her's, praying him to interpose his royal favor in her cousin's behalf.

The dance was ended, and when the Prince had led her back to little Bessie, whose part in the plot of the evening Nora had also told him, he murmured, bending low with as reverential a homage as ever afterward he rendered to the lovely Princess of Denmark:

"There are three of Her Majesty's Canadian subjects whom I shall never forget."

On Wednesday, the 12th of September, 1860, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, stood on the rear of the royal car which was to convey him east to the United States. Thousands crowded the amphitheatre to catch a last glimpse of their future king. Close to the car stood a group of three: a young man between two girls. The Prince saw them, saw the grateful tears in the bonny eyes of Nora, saw Bessie's color come and go as she looked at him and then at her brother, and bared his young head with a smile so pleased and satisfied that an old woman called out:

"God bless your Highness, and bring you safe home to your mother!"

MARY'S BIRTHDAY.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

BENEATH Judean skies of heavenly blue
Upon this day a maiden undefiled
Was born of royal David's kingly line;
Ah, Mother Mary! sweet and pure and mild,
How must the very morning sun which saw thy birth
Have gleamed a thousand joyous beams upon the earth!

THE FUTURE OF THE TOTAL-ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT.

THE holding of the Annual Temperance Convention in Boston affords the opportunity of making some comment on the Total-Abstinence movement, as it is a potential factor in the life of the American Catholic.

The report made at the convention claims an organized membership of seventy-seven thousand pledged total abstainers, and it adds, by way of commentary on this display of figures, that there is no other Catholic fraternal organization in the country whose membership is as large. A review of the reports of previous years shows that this growth has been attained by no methods of galvanic shocks whereby a false life has been imparted to a dying or dead organism, but there has been a healthy and normal growth from small beginnings through larger showings until the pretentious figures of to-day become statements of notable facts. In 1881 the delegates assembled in Boston College and represented a membership of 31,890. In 1888, seven years later, they occupied Tremont Temple and represented a membership of 53,755, while after a decade of years, in 1898, the membership has climbed to 77,223, and the organization is in the van of Catholic fraternal societies.

But, it may be asked, is this comparative membership a measure of the advance of temperance sentiment among Catholics, or if so, has it reached a point at which, its vigor having been expended, there is before it the period of decadence? There comes to all organizations, unless it be the divinely constituted Church of God, created to live all days even unto the consummation of all things, a time when from internal or external causes disintegration sets in. Especially is this the case with reform movements which have been called into existence by evils that are local and temporary. The Catholic Church has shown itself quite capable, by its approved methods of prayer and life-imparting sacraments, of coping with moral evil in any particular age, and we believe that the normal method of fighting vice is through the divinely given agencies in the church. To select one particular vice and make it the object of special antagonism by ways and means other than the ordinary remedial measures contained in the church's pharma

copœia can only be justified by an abnormal prevalence of the vice to be antagonized, and consequently these remedial measures are to be utilized only as long as that vice exists in a condition of prevalency.

There has been no time in the previous history of the church when the condition of human affairs has demanded the existence of a special temperance crusade as we have seen it exist during the last half of the nineteenth century. While drunkenness has been a vice to be deplored on account of its blighting influences on body and soul, as well as its disastrous effects in other points of view, in every age, yet it has been given to our race and generation to see it raise its destructive hand over innumerable homes and hearts that have been laid waste by its baneful influence. Why this is so it is not ours to discuss here. We have a certain theory that the fierce strivings of mercantile competition which are the outcome of the spirit which makes this world the be-all and end-all of life, together with a strife for pre-eminence in other departments of human activity, has generated a debased state of nervous energy which has demanded the goad of alcohol in order to keep up in the race. That so-much-lauded "brilliant and restless activity of modern life" which has placed the English-speaking races in the lead of modern civilization has had as one of its waste products the vice of intemperance. A more contented and placid existence, which looks to the next world for complete satisfaction, which prefers to permit the shadow of this world to pass away, which never results in heaping up great fortunes or in creating wonderful industrial prosperity, which scarcely knows what strained vitality and over-wrought nerves are—this placid, contented existence of Catholic countries is evidently repressive of intemperance. Its festas are periods of innocent rejoicings, not debauches. Its drinking customs are but to satisfy the legitimate demands of nature, not to pander to the insatiate cravings of a diseased appetite. These are our theories; but whether they be true or not, the fact remains that in Catholic countries intemperance is scarcely known, and only among races that have lost the true faith, and only since they have lost the true faith, has drunkenness become an alarming evil.

We are considering just now not a theory but an actual condition of affairs. The fact remains in America, there has been such a prevalence of drunkenness as to warrant the use of extraordinary means to suppress the vice, and in our opinion, notwithstanding the efforts made by extra-church agencies, there will always be such a prevalence of the vice as will necessitate

the use of every energy that can be brought to bear, to encompass it.

The conditions of American life are favorable to the spread of the vice of drunkenness. The "pace that kills" has been set for the eager worker. One dreads being left behind. If vitality is insufficient, the only resource is to increase the pressure, even if it does jar and rack the machine. If the nerves give way, stiffen them up by increased potations of alcohol. Little wonder the percentages of the insane are growing day by day. Moreover, there is an all-powerful and far-reaching American institution which has for its main purpose the developing of the taste for alcohol. It is the saloon. By methods peculiar to the trade, with a shrewd business sagacity, through the dispensation of political favors and in other ways, the saloon deliberately cultivates the drink habit and thus generates a craving for alcohol. After this craving has been once created, by readily satisfying it it is so fostered that it easily becomes a passion. Millions of capital are directly invested in this business, and where there is so much behind a definite agency one may readily see that its purposes are sure to be more or less attained. Given, then, a widely extended and fully developed craving for drink, given the conditions of life which serve to increase it, given the easy means of satisfying it, and one may always expect results in the widespread evil of Intemperance. Be it remembered, also, that the above conditions are rooted in American life, and not easily to be eradicated except by a universal upheaval of all things.

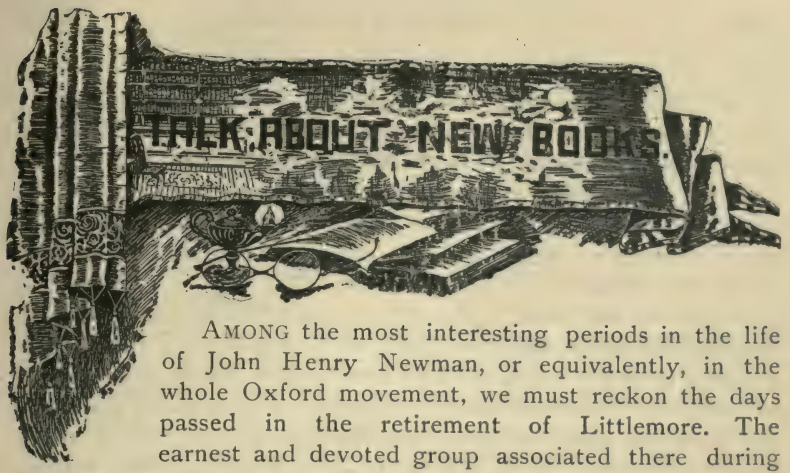
While there is abundant evidence that the opposition to the drink evil is increasing day by day, still in view of the aforesaid facts one may readily believe that drunkenness has come to stay. The continued existence of its causes becomes a sufficient reason. The immigrant races, who never knew what intemperance was in their own land, are hardly acclimatized before they too are infected by the vice. The refining influences of culture do something to repress the vice, but it is only "something." Among the cultured classes the vice exists all the same, it only loses the element of brutality and bestiality and takes on the complexion of a refined "weakness." Even if we can say that with the elevation in the social scale there is less intemperance than there was a generation ago, there are other races not so elevated, and yet related to us by ties of religion if not of blood, who have need of the same methods of reform that have uplifted us. A perennial supply of material to be reformed will give a perpetual energy to the Temperence movement in the United States. It is the continued ex-

istence of the vice which imparts virility to the movements of reform directed towards its extirpation. We are quite prepared, then, to believe that the membership of eighty thousand is only the beginning of the army that will be arrayed against the drink evil.

While this army increases in numbers there is little doubt that it will increase in influence. The presidency of the national organization is now lodged in the hierarchy, giving it both prestige and influence as a religious work. It has secured such ecclesiastical approbations that the flippant scoffer is silenced. To seriously attack the basic principles of the movement is to place one's self in opposition to approved teaching of ascetic theologians. While the common opinion of the Catholic body commends activity on the lines laid down, it applauds the results secured. The recent convention shows that wise and prudent leaders are in the saddle and are able to guide the organization through the shoals which lie in its pathway.

The practice of Total Abstinence in high places is no longer a singular occurrence, but is becoming matter of common and every-day notoriety. These and many other facts point to a strong leavening influence which is not to be indicated by mere increase in membership, but which can only be measured by contrasting social customs through a long period of years. What perchance was the most significant event of the Boston gathering was the clearly-worded address presented to the convention and signed by the most influential of the clergy of the city. One who knows the springs of activity in the circles of church work in Boston will realize that so pronounced a profession of belief in and loyalty to the principles of Total Abstinence, as well as of antagonism to the degrading saloon, means in the early future a good deal of practical work done by the younger clergy on the lines indicated by the professions of their seniors. One cannot but comment on the fact that the practice of personal total abstinence is well-nigh a very common thing among the younger clergy in Boston as well as elsewhere; in Boston, undoubtedly, through the influence of their venerable archbishop, and elsewhere by a like example given by the watchmen on the towers of Israel.

The impetus given at the recent conventions to the organization of juveniles into societies, as well as the prospective teaching of Total Abstinence principles among the young in the parochial schools, are significant of what the movement will grow to if wisely guided and energetically pushed. It is our belief, then, with what has been done in the Total Abstinence movement, there are still further successes to be achieved.



AMONG the most interesting periods in the life of John Henry Newman, or equivalently, in the whole Oxford movement, we must reckon the days passed in the retirement of Littlemore. The earnest and devoted group associated there during the long months of struggle and doubt present a rare and inspiring picture of unselfish zeal. Any detail of their life, anything connected with their struggles, will always possess an interest for the many to whom the Oxford movement, its personnel, and its inner detail are matters of affectionate regard.

Surely not least is their undertaking a series of Lives of English Saints under the editorship of their guiding star. The experiment was a bold and novel one Of hagiography England knew nothing; the very method of this new work seemed to promise opposition and contradiction, for Catholic lives were to be written and Catholic in tone they must needs be made.

The biographers, for the most part, were men of distinction among the Tractarians, and equally prominent in their subsequent career as Catholics, and not the least interesting aspect of the attempt was the ferment of religious feeling that close acquaintance with Catholic asceticism was nourishing in the writers' bosoms—just as familiarity with Catholic doctrine had already caused disturbance in their intellectual convictions.

The purpose and character of that series our readers are acquainted with; certainly not without delight do they witness the issuing of a new edition at the present moment. *The Life of St. Stephen Harding* is the one of that series just now before us.*

Perhaps you barely can recall who Stephen Harding was. He was one of the answers to those libels you meet with every day—those villanous calumnies about the wickedness and ignorance of the church of the middle ages. Have you

* *Life of St. Stephen Harding, Abbot of Citeaux and Founder of the Cistercian Order.* By J. B. Dalgairns. Edited by John Henry Newman. New edition, with Notes by Herbert Thurston, S.J. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

read *The Dark Ages*, by the non-Catholic Maitland? Well, the life of Stephen Harding will carry you through a long gallery of pictures that might have been picked from the leaves of that book—sketches of piety, industry, unselfishness, and devoted zeal that would put even some of our contemporaries to the blush. If you become familiar with the book, you will have ready answers on many a topic frequented by the cheap slanderer of Catholicity.

There we are, back again in the days of Hildebrand and William the Conqueror and the Truce of God, following the fervent group as they file out from their comfortable abbey at Molesmes to build up a new monastery at Citeaux, where, under the name of Cistercians, they can carry out the Benedictine rule in all its startling severity. With infinite labor and patience the author, in his fervent admiration of his subject, has consulted annals and chronicles and ancient biographies, cherishing for us each little detail that may bring nearer to us the great souls portrayed.

The present edition corrects numerous errors in scholarship which the original author—no trained historian—had permitted to creep in despite, no doubt, sedulous and constant care. The biography itself, though, is by no means in what is called popular style, and would interest nobody incapable of reading an historical essay. The style and composition are nothing like what we know Father Dalgairns can do—witness his happy and immortal volume on *The Holy Communion*, a book that most of us cannot even speak of without experiencing a thrill of joy and gratitude for its existence. But, of course—need we say it?—this Life is among the sensible, reasonable, helpful biographies of saints, is full of absorbing interest for the intelligent reader, and replete with information on topics of intensest usefulness. If you love to go back a half-dozen centuries and become acquainted with the great ones of the time, feeling and seeing their Catholicity, learning just how they went through the detail of religious life, gradually coming to discern their garments, features, customs—if you love to do all this, the reading of Father Dalgairns' book will assist you to it.

It has come to be a commonplace now, that a successful hagiographer must be well endowed with common sense. Mere piety, fervor, credulity, accurate collecting of details and grouping of facts, need to be supplemented by a generous supply of large-hearted human sympathy.

The lingering imperfections of the saints, says some one—we think Newman—make them all the dearer to us. The author who will help his readers must begin by realizing his subject less in the light of an incarnated perfection than as a sinful creature struggling by God's grace to cultivate and develop those glorious powers and capacities bestowed by a bountiful Creator.

If any, surely Augustine lends himself to such portrayal as will incite to emulation. Godless, reckless, vicious, he not only felt but actually succumbed to the violence of the temptations that surged about him, as about us. Up from the wreck of his faith and his purity he rose, by God's good grace and his own faithful co-operation, into the crowning glory of his day—to be for ever more among the brightest of the galaxy in the spiritual and intellectual universe. So to him has many a doubter and many a tempted one been drawn, no doubt to learn, from study of his living, lessons that will save from sin and shame.

More than once, and in various ways, his biography has been attempted. There lies before us now a translation of M. Hatzfeld's recent French publication.* It is neither heavy nor voluminous, the writer's aim being merely to introduce us to closer acquaintance with one whose multitudinous writings can scarcely be a means for impressing his personality on the general reader. But with the *Confessions*—inspired and inspiring book—we should all be familiar, and the present work forms such an interesting and instructive comment on the classic, that it will no doubt induce many to peruse that immortal autobiography.

A second section of the book gives us in two parts a sort of general sketch of the theological and philosophical teaching of the founder of scientific theology in the West. Those who are unfamiliar with the great doctor's characteristics, his marvellous learning, profound insight, piercing logic, and incredible versatility, will do well to gain from M. Hatzfeld an idea of why all succeeding ages have looked back to that illustrious convert as a standing wonder in the world of intellect. The volume is brief and easily read, and those of a speculative turn, or attracted by philosophic discussion, if they peruse this book, will probably conclude their few hours of labor to be well rewarded.

* *Saint Augustine.* By A. Hatzfeld. Translated by E. Holt, with a preface and notes by Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Benziger Brothers.

It is a good indication of how universal the custom of congregational singing has become when there is a constant demand for new hymn-books. There are no churches that pretend to any vigorous life that have not in some way or other, if not as a constant custom at least at recurrent devotional seasons, introduced the practice of having all the people sing. It was strange some years ago, when congregational singing was only talked about, how the purpose of the movement was misunderstood. By some it was thought to have as its object to supplant the gallery choir and have all the singing done in the pews. If there were any at that time, we are sure there is none now among the most ardent advocates of the practice who has any design of abolishing the regularly constituted choir. The extent of the scheme is just to give the devout people who long for it an opportunity to voice the religious sentiments of their heart. Hence in extra-rubrical services, particularly, is the opportunity found for all the people to sing. A book so complete and so carefully edited as *The Parochial Hymn-Book** must certainly be a desideratum in making useful as well as popular so laudable a custom as congregational singing.

The argument that has the greatest weight with most religious people who are tossed here and there by every wind of doctrine is, To whom shall I go? Where is the voice that can speak to my soul with more than human authority? In a recent brochure† Father Edmund Hill, C.P., has in a very taking way that is all his own lifted the veil of his life's history and given the public some account of the reasons that made him, when a young man of twenty-three studying at the University of Cambridge, England, throw aside "a smiling future" and go over to Rome. The telling of his story in so attractive a way will undoubtedly give this booklet a considerable value as a missionary agency. Father Hill's experience will find its counterpart among the multitudes of young men and young women of the day. If this little book could be placed in their hands, it might be a guide to many through the dark and devious ways of doubt into a haven of rest. If some public-spirited Catholic, realizing the value of a book like this, would

* *The Parochial Hymn-Book.* Complete edition. Containing Exercises for all the Faithful and for the different Confraternities; the Ordinary of the Mass; complete Vespers and Compline; the Liturgical Hymns for the Year. Also more than Three Hundred Beautiful Hymns, a Mass for Children, etc. Edited by Rev. A. Police, S.M. House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

† *The Voice of the Good Shepherd: Does it Live, and Where?* By Rev. Edmund Hill, C.P. Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th Street, New York.

take it into his heart to place copies of it in the hands of all the collegiate students of the country, what a wonderful harvest might be expected in conversions. The book is gotten out at a low price, evidently with a missionary end in view. It probably could be printed in large quantities for a cent, or at most two cents, apiece. Five hundred dollars invested in this way would give a copy to every student in the country. Yet frequently twice that amount is given for purposes which can only gratify vanity or contribute to personal pleasure. We bespeak for this valuable booklet a useful missionary career.

*Cyril Westward** is a controversial work intended to illustrate the reasoning which led the author—a sometime Anglican vicar—to make his submission to the Catholic Church. The argumentation is strung together on the thread of a quasi novel similar in kind to Newman's *Loss and Gain*. Viewed as a story, the book does not call for, nor was it designed to pretend to, any serious consideration. From beginning to end it is polemical, and only according to the measure of its success in giving cogency, clearness, keenness, and point to the church's defence and attack in the face of English churchism ought it to be judged and appreciated. Still, even in its former aspect, it is hardly possible not to notice that the action would gain in verisimilitude and be less likely to repel an unfriendly reader if certain characters—Ritualists like Mr. Gandful and even a Calvinistic Broad-Churchman like Mr. Broadwag—were less vehement in their standing up for the Catholic and Roman side of the question, and more solicitous not precipitately to cut the ground from under their own feet in the presence of those who could not fail to notice and to take advantage of their temerity. Furthermore there are one or two little intrusions of the public debate sort which, few though they undoubtedly are, take away decidedly from dignity of treatment. For example, in speaking of a joke passed among a group of Anglican ministers at the expense of the organist of one of them, the author lets slip the following: "Whereupon there was a laugh and a general agreement that organists were a difficult race to manage. The said organists doubtless held a like opinion of the clergy, and especially of their wives."

As an apology and polemic the work is a good one. Indeed, accidental considerations aside, we confess to thinking

* *Cyril Westward: A Story of a Grave Decision.* By Henry Patrick Russell. London: Art and Book Co.; New York: Benziger Bros.

that scarcely any book of this nature, no matter how familiar the ground it covers, can well be deemed superfluous or other than interesting and beneficial. For, what soul that has ever toiled up the steep ascent that leads from fragments to the integrity of truth but exhibits in its stubborn fidelity to its guiding "Kindly Light," and in its vicissitudes of hope and fear and doubt and joy, a picture that moves both to gratitude the hearts of those already on the summit, and to encouragement and intelligent effort those still struggling on the way? Not that formally and of intent the work before us depicts any intense suffering of soul, such as it is the lot of many to whom faith comes late to undergo, for, once more, it is a controversial treatise; but, notwithstanding, there is the equivalent of pathos, even under the frequent appearance of the ridiculous hedging and twisting to which the Anglican contention has accustomed us, in the wild groping of earnest souls for a support which they know exists, and which, if they but opened wide their eyes, they could not possibly avoid seeing. Such soul-history is of too deep a human and spiritual interest ever to grow old.

So far as the author's argument is concerned, he gives us in his own presentation much of what is best in Newman and Rivington, and animadverts not unsuccessfully upon such strong Anglican authorities as Gore, Bright, Pusey, and Puller. What he aims principally at bringing out is that a visible, teaching, infallible church is a past, present, and future necessity, if the promises of our Lord are not to be barren of fulfilment, and that the Church of England is hopelessly at sea in its appeal to antiquity and categorically condemned by the historic churches of the *orbis terrarum*. Obviously the reasoning is not elaborated or exhaustive, but chiefly such as a skilful paragraph, a fair and square answer, a keen retort, or a well-levelled question is capable of conveying. This much is done uniformly well, at times cleverly, and nearly always with suggestiveness. To sum up, the book has a great interest inherent in its subject-matter, it gives a fair acquaintance with most of the leading questions of the Anglican controversy, and is popular and sketchy without being extravagant or shallow.

In this little book* the history of an ivory tooth venerated by the Singalese at Kandy is interestingly told. The tooth, which was a fraud from the very beginning, was captured by

* *Buddha's Tooth at Kandy.* Printed by L. Doneda, Codialbail Press, Mangalore.

the Portuguese and by them reduced to a powder in the presence of a great multitude, but it still lives at Kandy and is yet worshipped as the real tooth of the holy prophet. The book should be of profit to those who will not yet admit the absurdity and deceit of the Buddhist religion.

American statute legislation on matters ecclesiastical is a proper subject for careful study, and rapidly gaining in prominence and importance as the rapid development of the law continues year by year. It is clear enough to the lawyer that we are in the current of a movement toward more definite and precise legal establishment of the churches.

Such law, as a rule, is not within easy reach of the average American, and still acquaintance with its details is becoming daily a matter of more and more necessity. In different States, too, there exists such diversity that for some time past need has been felt of some such publication as that now presented to the public by Mr. Bayles.* In order to set forth this body of law as it develops the plan of publishing a series of State digests has been adopted, and we have now before us the volume dealing with Civil Church Law in New York State. It presents in handy compass the constitutional guaranties of religious liberty, the general provisions for the incorporation of religious organizations and regulation thereof, the powers and duties of church trustees before the law, and a summary of the special provisions for the various denominations. The book will be welcomed by a great many among the clergy, church officers, trustees, and attorneys, who at one time or another have to concern themselves with questions affecting the legal standing of religious bodies.

These little works† are in the style and appearance of Catholic Truth Society publications, and are exceedingly well done. In crisp, acute argument and cleverly-pointed dialogue they sketch such subjects as Private Interpretation, Bad Catholics, Talks with Nonconformists, Extreme Unction, and others of a like nature, and end with an Anthology to Mary from non-Catholic sources. This popularizing of Catholic controversy and theology is God's own work—perhaps in our day his chief work—and every well-managed attempt to carry it on should meet

* *New York Civil Church Law.* Edited by George James Bayles, Ph.D., Lecturer on the civil aspects of ecclesiastical organization, Columbia University. New York: James Pott & Co.

† *St. Andrew's Pamphlets.* By the Rev. G. Bampfield. Two vols. Barnet: St. Andrew's Press.

with enthusiastic encouragement and support. Both for this reason and for the further one that Father Bampfield's collection is exceptionally fine, we commend it to Catholic readers with the earnest petition that they first master it themselves and then put it in the way of some of those thousands of honest souls who are only waiting until the veil of misunderstanding be removed from before the face of the ancient church to rush forward to her maternal embrace.

I.—LIGHT AND PEACE.*

Good spiritual books in English are scarcely numerous enough to be called common, and those of which we have the largest majority, perhaps, are translations from the French, Italian, and Latin languages. In Italian above all, the language par excellence of spiritual writers, so much has been written that some one has declared it worth while to learn Italian merely for the sake of becoming conversant with its abundant spiritual literature. We must recognize, however, the vast difference of value existing among these numerous non-English books, not a few of them strange and distasteful to us Westerns, because alien in conception, tone, and execution. So it actually happens that first-class books of spirituality adapted for our use are no great drug in the market.

Let us on that account be all the quicker in drawing attention to one that has just been published. It is the new translation of a venerable work written two hundred years ago by Padre Quadrupani, the Barnabite. Thirty-two editions of the original Italian and twenty editions of the French translation attest to the esteem it has gained at different times and among various peoples. A translation presented to the English reading public many years ago is now out of print and has become practically unknown, so that we have to welcome the volume brought forth this current year as practically a new one.

And now as to its character. The book is superb. Free from exaggerated piety and shallow sentimentalism, lofty and aspiring in tone, broad, sensible, clear—in a word, breathing the spirit of St. Francis de Sales—*Light and Peace* is a book certain to bring increase of divine knowledge and divine love to those who nourish themselves with its savory maxims. Disciple of the great master of spirituality just mentioned, how could the author be other than he is?—inspired by that breadth of mind, that liberty of soul, that kind and gentle sympathy with human

* *Light and Peace.* By R. P. Quadrupani. Translated from the French, with an introduction by the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

weakness which we who love and revere the sainted Bishop of Geneva have come to view as the distinctive note of him and his.

We regret our inability here to portray in a few short passages the splendid characteristics of this new publication. The language is charming, the style simple, the treatment brief and succinct. Intended, as the title tells us, to "dispel the doubts and allay the fears of devout souls," Father Quadrupani's book in its new garment will surely continue and enlarge that wonderful work it has been doing for the past two centuries. It can hardly be recommended too strongly to the American public, for they find comparatively few spiritual books devotional in that cool, rational, practical, practicable fashion that accords with their busy, matter-of-fact temperament. Many a wearied soul, harassed with doubt and temptation, and frightened by the vision of stern, exacting, mathematical piety, will find in obedience to its counsels balm for wounds, and sweet solace in torture; in a word, will learn the comfort and the utility of a broad, easy, trusting habit of mind, that realizes God's love for us is the supreme fact of human existence.

2.—CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.*

Psychology, the study of the human soul, has certainly received of late more attention than any other branch of philosophy. But what honest mind is there who, seeing the disorder and the anarchy which have long held sway in this part of the field of non-Catholic philosophy, seeing the many systems, hypotheses, and theories that have been seriously proposed, every one destined in its turn to prove misleading and unsatisfactory, will not admit, after the failure of them all, that there is still need of an impregnable system which is to harmonize the mighty truths that the untiring labors of scientific men are constantly making known to us and show to what conclusions they logically lead.

Catholic philosophers have ever been able to walk with safety amidst the maze of widely-varying systems; not so their fellows of a different faith, or perhaps of no faith at all, as the history of psychology for the last century or more would suffice to show. And herein we think that Father Driscoll's book will do its best work, for its tone is so fair and dispassionate, its arguments so simple and direct, that it cannot but increase the respect which scholastic philosophy is beginning to receive even among non-Catholics, and give to many a stranger a good view

* *Christian Philosophy.* By the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L. New York: Benziger Bros.

of at least one side of that "greatest monument of carefully reasoned and connected thought that the human mind has produced."

As the author states, his object has been to show that the teaching of the schoolmen is in perfect harmony with the progress of scientific thought, that the doctrines of Christian philosophy appeal to men to-day with the same force with which they appealed to the minds of Justin and Augustine. The book is therefore very opportune, and we think that the author has performed his task most admirably. The method which he employs is one of comparison.

The question is stated, then follow the different theories, after that a proof of the true doctrine, and finally a refutation of the false systems—very much after the manner of the *Summa* of St. Thomas. The first chapter deals with the substantiality of the soul, then the author treats in turn the soul's spirituality, the relation between body and soul, the creation of the soul, immortality, and finally ends with a chapter on the notion of personality. The claims of materialism, pantheism, positivism, etc., are fairly examined and rejected. Through the whole book there runs a very interesting and instructive history of modern philosophy, much of which, especially that which regards the origin and growth of American philosophic thought, has never before been gathered together. Of course many matters are necessarily put concisely, as the book contains but two hundred and sixty-six pages, but the references for those who wish more extended reading are innumerable and of the highest value. The work itself gives evidence of an extraordinary amount of reading on the part of its author, even outside of works purely philosophical.

It gives us added pleasure to say that the author is an alumnus of the Catholic University of America, and if that seat of learning continues to produce such works as those of Rev. G. J. Lucas, D.D., and Du Blanchy, and the present volume, it will certainly fulfil the best hopes of its founders. That Father Driscoll's work may become rapidly known throughout the land is our sincere hope, for its religious value, though perhaps not so apparent, is very great, and its careful perusal will, as the author hopes, rouse every honest student to a sense of the dignity and value of a human life.

3.—HISTORY OF THE ROMAN BREVIARY.

It is pleasant in these days of hurried reading and writing, this age of sketches and reviews, to come upon a work such as the one just named, in the composition of which erudition and

piety, personal choice and easy style, equally blend.* It has been to its learned author manifestly a labor of love.

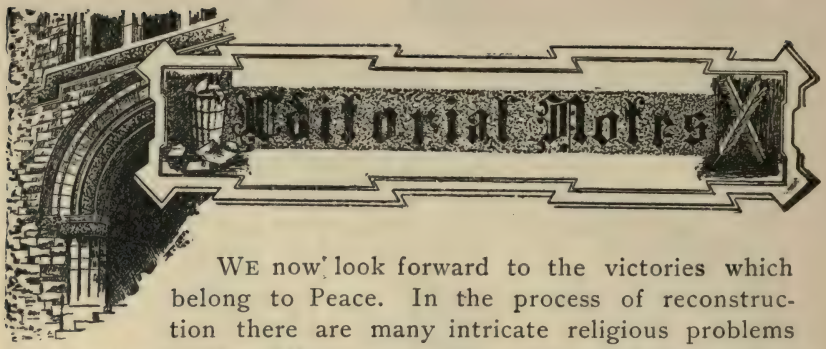
To present the sources, the history, the composition and arrangement of the Roman Breviary, the author has found himself under the necessity of giving us the genesis and development of public prayer in God's Church from the beginning, for as the Acts of the Apostles tell us, "the faithful were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles, in the breaking of bread, and *in prayer*." The germ-idea of public and official prayer—distinct, that is, from the celebration of the Eucharist—was the promised return of Christ to the earth. To obey in literal simplicity the command to be waiting for their Lord, His followers betook themselves to the churches or places of assembly, where, in vigil, in prayer and psalmody, they made ready their hearts.

As his advent delayed, they in turn enlarged the scope of their desires, hopes, and gratitude, by commemorating the events and mysteries of his earthly life and the anniversaries of his glorious servants, the martyrs and confessors. From these beginnings, from the inability later of the whole multitude so to attend, we are led on to see the relinquishment and deputation by them of this duty of public prayer to the ascetics, the consecrated virgins, the monks, the secular clergy set apart to the custody of churches and basilicas. And as by the apostolic command "all things were to be done decently and in order," we are made acquainted with the traditions of the recitations of the Divine Office until we reach the set forms of the Roman Church, the Mater et Magistra Ecclesiarum. Even in this traditional and seemingly crystallized usage reforms and improvements were and are possible. These, whether projected by the popes themselves, such as Benedict XIV. and St. Pius V., or suggested by national churches, are set forth at length and discussed.

Newman, still an Anglican, remarked not only on the excellence and beauty of the Roman Breviary, but also on the controversial force of its use by us as the official Catholic book of devotion—and this attraction and force have undoubtedly led many of our Anglican brethren into greater love of her who, did they know it, is the true mother of their souls.

The translator, an Anglican clergyman, has, with the author's approval and thanks, given us a most readable version of the French original.

* *History of the Roman Breviary*. By Pierre Batiffol, Litt. Doc. Translated by Atwell M. Y. Baglay, M.A., Rector of Thurgarton, Notts. New York : Longmans, Green & Co.



WE now look forward to the victories which belong to Peace. In the process of reconstruction there are many intricate religious problems to be solved. To shift from a basis where the clergy were largely supported by the state to an American *modus vivendi* will entail much straining of sinews and wrenching of joints.

The efforts of the proselytizing minister in seducing the Spanish Catholic from his faith will be as futile in Cuba and the Philippines as it has been in the Latin countries of the old world, or even in South America. Spanish America may be wicked and irreligious, but it will never be Protestant. The efforts of the Missionary Societies to send a bevy of missionaries to our newly acquired American possessions will result only in discrediting Americanism among the people. If they are really anxious to follow up the victories of Dewey and Sampson, let them secure a number of accredited priests and supply them with the sinews of peaceful warfare from their bulging treasuries.

The beatification of Bishop Neumann, the saintly bishop of Philadelphia, will add to the glories of the Apostolic life in America and be an incentive to more earnest strivings among the clergy. It, too, will bring added honor and greater *éclat* to the Redemptorist Fathers. There are not more devoted religious, nor a body of more apostolic men, among the American clergy than they who follow the spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori.

The Encyclical to the Scotch, calling them back to the unity of the faith, will have a telling effect on the existing missionary agencies. It also indicates the lines of work which will the more readily lead to success. The Scotsman is hard-headed and of so gritty a nature that he will not be driven. Leo's policy is to affirm the fact that we are one at heart. The glorious achievements of your race, he says in effect, have been inspired by Catholicism. We love the self-same Scriptures to which you are so devoted, and we supply the "Magis-

terium" whereby they are to be perfectly understood. Come back to the old home of your heart, from which you have been driven by political storm and stress.

WHAT THE THINKERS SAY.

THE CATHOLIC TOTAL-ABSTINENCE UNION AND THE MONASTIC BREWERY.

Rev. James M. Cleary (Annual Address to the Boston Convention).

THE drink habit is intrenched in social custom. We must follow it into society and expose its deceitful pretensions, without unduly meddling with the rights and liberties of our neighbors. The drink habit aims to strengthen itself and to perpetuate its powers, by appealing to national prejudices and long-standing traditions. Our aim, as honest Catholics, must be to establish the fact that this work of elevating the people from the thraldom of abnormal appetite recognizes no national lines, no national traditions, no national prejudices, and we will not be diverted from our unselfish aim of benefiting all the people by any hypocritical cry of national bigotry or national prejudice. We are total abstainers after the spirit of the Church of God, our mother, our divinely appointed teacher and unerring spiritual guide. We have no ambition but to follow her commands and respect her counsels, for the spiritual and moral welfare of all the people of this fair land. We are not so foolish as to claim greater wisdom than our spiritual guides. We are loyal to the authority and to the spirit of the church in this country.

For this reason, as a Catholic body, united for the promotion of the cardinal virtue of temperance, and for impeding the progress of the drink power; as a Catholic organization that has always sought to merit the approval of the church, we are justified in recording our earnest protest against the manufacture and public sale of lager beer, or other intoxicating beverages, in Catholic institutions. The men who thus defy public opinion in this country, and who, under special privileges, secured under different circumstances, evade the legislation of the church councils, may be better men and better Catholics by far than we. They may have rendered greater service to religion in this country than has been rendered by all the total abstainers combined. Total abstainers will yield to none in their readiness to do them generous justice. This, however, is not a question of comparison as to the relative merits of total abstainers and moderate drinkers. It is not a question as to whether a great religious body has done heroic service for religion and learning, both in recent times and in bygone ages; it is simply a question, and a question that calls for only an affirmative answer, of whether a religious community is doing injury to the Catholic name, and antagonizing the legislation of the church in this country, by maintaining a brewery and selling its product in public saloons. While, however, we condemn abuses, and we protest against conduct that scandalizes our people, and that is not in harmony with the legislation of the church in this country, we are not justified in arraigning the motives of men who do not harmonize with us. Christian charity compels us to give them credit for acting according to their consciences. We are not their judges, and will not be held responsible for their conduct.

LIVING CATHOLIC AUTHORS.

One of the chief points of interest in connection with Miss Clarke is, that she is descended on the mother's side from an old Herefordshire family, a member of which won the palm of martyrdom during the days of persecution and was amongst those who were beatified by Leo XIII. in 1886. This priest, whose name was Thomson, lies buried in a village near Monmouth. A few miles distant is a stream, crossed by stepping-stones; upon these stones tradition says are the stains left by his blood, when he was struck down by his pursuers, while in the act of escaping. Nor can the mountain streams which in winter turn the quiet brook into a swirling torrent, avail to lessen, much less to efface, the vividness of those crimson stains.

Miss A. M. Clarke.

Of this martyred ancestor Miss Clarke is without the never thinks tude, for she deepest gratitude under God, it believes that, that she owes is to his prayers which took her conversion, years ago that place so many her in the light it appears to of an historical fact. This feeling is quite natural, because she could never have been described as a Protestant, properly so called. She ever held in supreme contempt the shallow and conflicting tenets of the Anglican Establishment, with its married clergy and royal headship. Her creed was contained in the words of the poet:

> "For modes of faith let senseless bigots fight;
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

With this vague but plausible theory she might have remained content had not a succession of storms burst over her head,

and blurred for ever the smiling landscape of her life. She saw that those only can face with courage and resignation the tempests of this world whose feet are firmly planted on the rock of Peter.

In regard to her life as a Catholic, she can take upon her lips the words of the late Father John Morris, S.J. He says: "I cannot remember a single temptation against faith. My mind is absolutely satisfied. Faith is an unmixed pleasure to me—without any pain, any difficulty, any drawback."

Our authoress was, so to speak, born with a pen in her hand, and it is almost ludicrous to hear at how early an age her favorite pastime consisted in the composition of simple tales and the abridgment of any biography that she could succeed in abstracting from her father's library. She began to keep a diary when seven years old, but in later life abandoned this habit as useless and consigned the volumes containing her journal to the flames.

Though of a vivacious temperament and exceedingly fond of society, ill-health has for many years precluded her from enjoying its pleasures. She can, however, still take delight in the society of a few chosen friends. But her main source of pleasure is in her pen. She has contributed, for many years past, short stories and papers on various subjects to different periodicals, both American and English. Her longer works are the lives of St. Francis di Geronimo, St. Francis Borgia, and Mother St. Euphrasia, foundress of the Good Shepherd at Angers. We hear that she has recently concluded the life of the Venerable Jean Eudes, the founder of the Eudists, and is now engaged on the biography of a member of the English aristocracy. None of these lives has ever been written before in English, and have been most favorably received both in England and elsewhere.

Miss Clarke was born in London, although the greater part of her life has been spent in the country. Her only brother is the Rev. Father Richard Clarke, S.J., one of the best-known men in the English province of the Society of Jesus.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT least one Catholic editor has not yet been convinced that the movement endorsed by so many intelligent prelates, priests, and people at Madison, Wisconsin, and at Lake Champlain deserves to be approved. The article in which his weak objections are stated is far behind the times, and indicates that the writer has failed to observe correctly the signs of the times. He needs to study the facts of the case. It may be conceded that some individuals would derive little or no advantage from the best lectures either in summer or winter. But there is fortunately a sufficient number of people to appreciate such advantages. Dr. Thomas P. Hart, of Cincinnati, rushed into print some time ago with an account of how vacation could be utilized at a Summer-School. He found that Webster's Unabridged Dictionary allowed leisure to be associated with the word school; also the time given to studies. The ideas comprised in this etymology are truly expressive of what is meant by the term Summer-School. As at present conducted the Catholic Summer-School provides for recreation as well as the acquisition of knowledge. It is the consummation of the desire *miscere utile cum dulce*. It takes one away from the wearing toil and care of every-day life, and, amid quiet, rural scenes, rests the weary body and eases the worried mind. It surrounds you with a distinctively Catholic society—not the *noli me tangere* sort, but the generous, open-handed, open-hearted kind, that rejoices in its hospitality. Formality is thrown to the winds. You become acquainted with everybody, and everybody is glad to meet you in the Catholic Bohemia. There are strolling parties, and boating parties, and fishing parties. There are entertainments and concerts and receptions, but there are no wall-flowers in the Catholic Bohemia. Every one is bent on being happy himself and on seeing that his neighbor is happy.

And there is no roll-call in this Catholic Bohemia. So, if Morpheus detains you in the morning, or if you are particularly anxious to land another perch or a gamy bass, or if you prefer to chat with a friend in some shady grove, you need have no fear of being taken to task for playing truant. You are as free as the birds that greet you with their gladsome songs. Moreover the lectures are so arranged that ample time is given to leisure. In fact, there is almost as much care taken to provide ways and means of recreation as to secure teachers and orators.

You need carry no books to this Catholic Bohemia. Your teachers delve into the mines of knowledge all the year through, and present you their choicest gems mounted in chaste and impressive settings. You get the rubies of religion, the diamonds of science, the sapphires of literature, and the iridescent opals of art. You get pure gems, and, as they scintillate in the bright light of Catholic truth, you wax enthusiastic and resolve to become a miner yourself. Eminent specialists direct your efforts and point out the landmarks.

The Columbian Catholic Summer-School is located at Madison, Wisconsin, in the very heart of the Four-Lake Region, so named from the charming chain of crystal lakes which cool the balmy breezes as they hospitably fan the happy visitor in his walks beneath hardy oaks and stately elms. Madison of all Western cities is pre-eminently the place to spend an enjoyable vacation. It affords every resource for rest and healthful recreation of all kinds—fishing, sailing, rowing, bathing, riding, driving, walking, entertainments, and excursions. The lover of nature can revel in the delights of the most beautiful and pictur-

esque scenery. Within a few hours' ride are the summer resorts of Sparta, Waukesha, Devil's Lake, Oconomowoc, and the wonderful Dells of Wisconsin.

In Madison itself are many objects of interest. The capitol building of Wisconsin is situated almost in the centre of Madison, on Capitol Hill. It is modelled after the Capitol at Washington, D. C., and raises its grand dome above the trees which shade a delightful grove of fourteen acres. A mile west of the capitol is the State University. Wisconsin is proud of her university, and well may she be. It is probably one of the best-equipped institutions of its kind in the land, and its location is unsurpassed by any in the world. The grounds comprise two hundred and fifty acres of land, which rises gradually from the general level of the city to the summit of the university. A little further on a turn brings you to the knob of a bluff and lays before you a magnificent piece of God's handiwork. From the foot of the cliff, some hundred feet below, Lake Mendota spreads its liquid loveliness for miles around. Here you see row-boats surging forward with their oarsmen swinging regularly and laboriously to and fro. Over to the left white-winged sail-boats, bearing more leisure-loving sailors, careen gracefully around Picnic Point, which ventures far out to the cool plashing of the waves.

The Champlain Summer-School, situated as it is on the shores of historic Lake Champlain, near the mouth of the Saranac River, fears no rival in its climate, its scenery, its surroundings, its opportunities for quiet or exciting sports. It has the advantage of owning its assembly grounds, a magnificent site of four hundred acres. Here, amid the native forest trees, the directors of the school have made clearings and erected an administration building and an auditorium, a chapel, and many cottages. Catholic clubs and Reading Circles are acquiring sites and building summer villas for their organizations.

The grand lake, with its many islands, its inexhaustible stock of fish, its two hundred and fifty miles of varied and highly picturesque scenery, offers more pleasure than can be even tasted during the short course of a summer vacation. Then there are quiet walks and grateful nooks for the sedate, concerts and entertainments for the gay. There are the fastnesses of the forest with their insects for the entomologist and their flora for the amateur botanist. The body must be senseless and the soul must be dead that cannot find recreation and pleasure on Lake Champlain.

The course of lectures at the Champlain Summer-School extended seven weeks. The subjects discussed were as wide as the interest of the present intellectual world, while the educational institutions and professional ranks of the East have been drawn upon for master minds to treat the various subjects. Some of the burning questions of to-day's social and political world were discussed by master minds who are devoting their lives to the study of these topics. The course was an intellectual feast, and every one, no matter what his education may have been, found something to interest him and gratify his appetite for knowledge and self-improvement. Indeed, it is an education in itself to mingle with the students of various ages, from widely-separated cities, engaged throughout the year in different avocations, who gather at this intellectual centre for the combined purpose of recreation and culture.

Every one who was present went home a zealous missionary, and has ever since been singing the praises of Summer-Schools. Reports from Reading Circles and other correspondents give indications of large and enthusiastic audiences, and all are wondering why Catholic Summer-Schools were not established long years ago. Let us be thankful that the Catholic Summer-School is no

longer an experiment; that it is a well-established and popular institution, where between the leisure hours of vacation, with little expense, one may listen to the best thought of the world expounded by trained and impartial masters.

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It is not necessary to state here how much the Summer-School is indebted for its existence to the Reading Circles. The latter represent a desire among Catholics for a better knowledge of the history and literature of their church and its achievements in every department of human thought and enterprise. Its importance was long felt, and its organization has given a notable impulse to reading and study along lines of great interest and value. Its purpose is to review, to advance, and to incite to original research; and the great success it has attained is evidence of its merit and excellence. The growth in the number of circles has been steady, and as their aim and significance become better known, every community having the spirit of intellectual and social progress will participate in the movement.

To encourage the organization of Reading Circles, and to secure more systematic conduct, better direction, closer association, and more satisfactory results, the Reading Circle Alliance of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School, at its meeting in Madison, July 21, 1897, adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

In view of the illustrious and inspiring character, the glorious history, and wealth of achievement of the Catholic Church in every department of human activity; and mindful that Reading Circles may, better than any other agency, serve as centres for the study, crystallization, and diffusion of all that is great and good, and beautiful and true, in the boundless field of Catholic thought and enterprise; therefore be it

Resolved, That the purpose of Catholic Reading Circles is to get and disseminate Catholic knowledge and culture; to stimulate a zealous pursuit of Catholic study, research, and accomplishment; to foster, promote, and popularize Catholic truth as found in history, science, art, literature, and religion; to cultivate and encourage an intimacy with the history, philosophy, and literature of the Catholic Church in all its aspects and attitudes; to give those who desire to study an available opportunity to follow a prescribed course of the most approved reading; to enable those who have made much progress in education to review and extend their studies; and to encourage and urge home reading on systematic and Catholic lines; and be it further

Resolved, That, to secure unity, harmony, and system, and therefore better direction, closer fraternity, and more effective work, all Catholic Reading Circles Clubs, Lyceums, and other Societies affiliate with the Columbian Catholic Summer-School; that the *Reading Circle Review*, published by Mr. Warren E. Mosher, Youngstown, Ohio, be the authorized organ of Reading Circle work; and that all Reading Circles of the Columbian Catholic Summer-School follow, in whole or in part, the course of study prescribed by the Committee on Studies selected by the officers of the Reading Circle Union.

During the session of 1898 a number of meetings were held to advance the interests of Reading Circles, under the direction of the Rev. W. J. Dalton, Kansas City, Mo. By request the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., gave an account of his experience with Reading Circles in New York City and elsewhere.

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At the Champlain Summer-School the Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., presented some very practical considerations for those about to begin a Reading Circle. He declared that any one with a well-trained mind can organize

a Reading Circle. First select a few kindred spirits, hold one or two preliminary meetings, frame a few simple rules, elect the usual number of officers, form a board of studies—two or three will be sufficient; select a subject for study, and then you are in good working order. This means will secure a membership that will have a special intellectual fitness for the work to be undertaken. It will also have the advantage of bringing together a circle made up entirely of congenial friends. This method has its advantages and also its drawbacks.

Another method would be the bringing together all desirous of such intellectual work, by a general call through the press or the pulpit. This would reach a greater number, and would have the advantage of awakening in many minds a desire of self improvement. The organization might be effected as in the first method suggested: the preliminary meetings, selection of officers, choice of subject for study, and then the practical work. A circle formed in this manner is sure to have some material that will grow weary of the labor, and finally drop out entirely. The advantage of this method is in the fact that the public call will stimulate many to make the effort to cultivate a love for books and study; its weak point is the difficulty of finding a miscellaneous gathering with the necessary ground-work for higher studies.

There is little difficulty in outlining courses. A circle made up of bright men and women in any locality can appoint a committee to formulate a plan and select a subject. The result of its labors should be submitted to the circle, and the whole question settled in a satisfactory manner. The board of studies must keep in mind the scholarship of the members in selecting a subject, otherwise there will be poor results. For instance, to attempt to read Dante before having made some studies in mediæval church history, scholastic philosophy, mystic theology, the formation of the European languages, the art and literature of the middle ages, will give results that cannot be satisfactory. The same will hold good for all deep subjects needing long and serious study.

Perhaps the most important feature of the circle work is the regular lesson recitation. All other exercises are supplementary. This one is essential. The moderator, who takes the place of the professor or teacher, should use great prudence in asking questions. After a short acquaintance with the members of the circle he will become conversant with the individual peculiarities. Some are timid and find great difficulty in expressing their thoughts in public, others are perhaps defective in memory when called upon, and so on, but the good interrogator will always find means of making it easy for such people.

Supplementary readings are of great value in Reading Circle work. They should be judiciously selected, and should bear directly or indirectly on the main subject. For instance, in the study of English history, English literature or church history, standard novels or poems might be selected to illuminate certain epochs of history or literature. They make pleasing and interesting the otherwise dry record of historical events.

Another form of the supplementary work is the essay. Certain members may be selected to write short essays on the leading events or the great personages that are met with in the course of study. Sufficient time should be given so as to make this work beneficial. But it should be borne in mind that all this special work, such as reading, must be done at home, and should in no way interfere with the regular work.

The leading members in every circle should keep as much as possible in

the background. They should encourage the timid and backward members by drawing them out in every way possible. Once you make them interested and cause them to break through their first bashfulness, the victory is won. The putting of leading questions, suggesting the proper answers, will do much to overcome this difficulty. People grow tired of listening to the same persons monopolizing topics and time at every meeting. It is only when there arises some great difficulty that requires leaders to clear away the mists that they should be heard.

Reading Circles can do good work in every city, every village, every church society, and in every Catholic home. The large cities are well supplied with devoted leaders, grand libraries, clubs and literary societies of all kinds, but in our sparsely populated districts we are not so fortunate. Our Catholics are few in number and scattered over large areas. However, they are coming to the front, but they need our direction and assistance. When they wish book information they have to seek too frequently from poisoned sources. They, as a rule, have to depend on the town or the high-school library, wherein they will find little to be relied upon from a Catholic point of view. We can help this most deserving class of people by publishing in connection with our Reading Circle programmes the names of books of reference, written by Catholics or by honest, fair-minded non-Catholics. In this way we can assist Catholics far removed from the great centres. We can tell them how they can have standard authors placed in every public library in the country. It requires but little effort. This is a part of our work. We can also call attention to the necessity of home libraries for Catholic families. The family Reading Circle is coming to the front. The work may not be as systematic and scholarly as circles among adult members, but it is destined to accomplish much good.

The Columbian Reading Union pamphlet, containing a list of books and suggestions for organizing Reading Circles, will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in postage.

* * *

A writer in *Church Progress* has opened a good subject for discussion. He states that book-learning is a very small part of real education. A person may be well educated who does not know how to read and write, while, on the other hand, thousands of persons who read and write exceedingly well are very far from being well educated.

Education has two objects: personal culture and preparation for life. While all real education subserves both these objects in some measure, yet one or the other of these must predominate in any particular scheme of education.

Education for culture aims at producing a well-rounded character, a well-balanced mind, a correct taste, and a general familiarity with the constitution, structure, and history of the universe at large, of our planet and its inhabitants, and especially of the human race.

Education for life aims at preparing each individual to perform the duties of his station in life towards his neighbor, himself, and Almighty God.

Education for culture can, in the nature of the case, only be the lot of a chosen few; but practical education is needed by every child.

Education for culture is, indeed, only one form of practical education. It is the special preparation for the life-work of those who are to devote themselves to science, art, or letters; and especially for those whose inherited wealth exempts them from the necessity of expending all their energy in the mere provision of

shelter, food, and clothing for themselves and their families. In a normal condition of society the learned and cultured classes are, as it were, an orb of light by which the masses of the people are illuminated and guided.

To measure the degree of education which any people possesses it is necessary to make the following inquiries:

How broad and profound is the erudition of its men of learning? How extended is the acquaintance of its cultured classes with philosophy, science, history, literature, and the fine arts?

How learned and competent are its professional men?

Especially, how skilful, contented, courteous, virtuous, and devout are its craftsmen and yeomen, and its people generally, and how numerous, appropriate, and useful are their accomplishments or diversions?

These are the real standards by which a nation's education must be measured, and not by the ability to read and write.

* * *

Miss Mary E. McEnroe, president of the Ozanam Reading Circle, New York City, prepared the following report, which was read, with many others, at the Champlain Summer-School:

"Give a man a taste for reading and the means of gratifying it and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hand a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period in history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all countries, a contemporary of all ages."—*Sir J. Herschel.*

The chief aim of the Ozanam Reading Circle has been to select from the vast and ever-increasing quantity of literature that which is sound and calculated to arouse among its members a knowledge of their own capabilities, as well as to assist them to appreciate those books that "teach the right in principle and the good in taste."

During the past year American literature has had a prominent place at all our meetings. With the study of American literature we have considered the development of the various correlated groups of authors belonging to the same period, or to the same section of the country. Each group was given particular attention at the regular weekly meetings held on Monday evenings, and interest centred on those writers of the group who especially embody its characteristics. To some members was assigned the work of bringing to the circle a description of the period under discussion, or a sketch of an author's life; others read or analyzed some characteristic selection, while each member was requested to commit to memory a quotation suitable to the subject of the evening.

A short part of each meeting was devoted to the continuation of the study of "Phases of Thought and Criticism," by Brother Azarias. Among the books recommended for private study were: "The Mastery of Books," by Harry Lyman Koopman; "Dante and Catholic Philosophy," by Frederic Ozanam; "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "Success: A Book of Ideals and Examples for all desiring to make the Most of Life," by Orison; "The Larger Life," by Henry Austin Adams.

In a course of readings by the Director of the Circle, Rev. Thomas McMillan, the members have become more familiar with the history of their own city. The book used by Father McMillan was "New York as an Historic Town," by Theodore Roosevelt.

Dr. Henry L. De Zayas, in a "Study of Othello," afforded the members and

their friends a very instructive and enjoyable evening during the month of April.

The social gathering was held, as usual, on Washington's Birthday, February 22. On this occasion a large number were entertained by the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, who read from the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson. Miss Frances Travers rendered selections of vocal music which gave a rare pleasure.

The Ozanam Reading Circle took an active interest in the Progressive Euchre Party held at the Grand Central Palace on April 18, and had the pleasure of supplying ten of the valiant captains.

This brief summary of the many advantages enjoyed by the Reading Circle does not indicate all the benefits derived by its members. This maxim has guided their efforts: "To read with purpose, method, and judgment, developing one's own experience in the light of counsel, is the key to the mastery of books." M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

LIBRAIRIE RELIGIEUSE H. OUDIN, Paris:

La Polémique Française sur la Vie du Père Hecker. Par M. E. Coppinger, Archiviste-Paléographe.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO., London:

The History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by Frederick Ignatius Antrobus, of the Oratory.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., Baltimore:

Guide to True Religion. By Rev. P. Woods.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London; CATHOLIC BOOK EXCHANGE, New York:

A Prominent Protestant (Mr. John Kensit). By James Britten. *St. Martin.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. *Draper's "Conflict between Religion and Science."* By the Rev. M. O'Riordan, Ph.D., D.D., D.C.L. *Who Was the Author of "The Imitation of Christ"?* By Sir Francis Richard Cruise, D.L., M.D.

R. WASHBOURNE, London; BENZIGER BROS., New York:

Catholic Teaching for Children. By Winifred Wray.

MARLIER, CALLANAN & CO., Boston:

Jerome Savonarola: A Sketch. By Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Psychology of the Saints. By Henri Joly. Preface and Notes by G. Tyrrell, S.J. *St. Augustine.* By A. Hatzfeld. Translated by E. Holt. Preface and Notes by George Tyrrell, S.J.

ART AND BOOK CO., London and Leamington:

St. Stephen Harding. By J. B. Dalgairns.

CODIALBAIL PRESS, Mangalore:

Buddha's Tooth at Kandy.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York:

Selections from the Works of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. Edited by George Stuart Collins, Ph.D.

JAMES POTT & CO., New York:

Civil Church Law. Edited by George James Bayles, Ph.D.

ST. ANDREW'S PRESS, Barnet, Scotland:

St. Andrew's Pamphlets. By Rev. G. Bampfield. 2 vols.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. London; R. GRANT & SON, Edinburgh:

Studies in Scottish Ecclesiastical History in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

Staves of the Triple Alliance. By St. James Cummings. Published by the author, Charleston, S.C.

Twenty-second Year Book of the New York State Reformatory, Elmira, N. Y.

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